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THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR

*A Study in the Tensions of the
Modern World*

BY

JOHN BAKELESS



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To

MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER

P R E F A C E

THIS book is an effort to state with definiteness and intelligibility an important truth that has been glanced at and expertly avoided in a thousand editorial paragraphs and as many political speeches. The war to end war failed, and forces essentially identical with those that caused the last World War are actively at work today, preparing the way for a new one. Though an uneasy consciousness that this is so prevails pretty generally, the facts have not hitherto been frankly faced.

The Origin of the Next War is not fatalistic. It does not pretend that a World War next week is probable. It does not even assert that a World War must come at all; but it points out the alarming similarity of war-producing forces before 1914 and after 1918. It does not attempt to mince matters or prettify the truth when it suggests that the landmarks along humanity's present path are familiar and ought to contain a warning.

Mr. Christian A. Herter and Mr. Stewart Beach, of the *Independent*, have been kind enough to criticize the manuscript as a whole, and Mr. Philip Kerby, Far Eastern correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has

PREFACE

read the chapter on the Pacific; but I need hardly say that though I have profited by their opinions, these gentlemen are in no wise responsible for mine.

I am indebted to Sir Philip Gibbs for setting me right on doubtful points as to which he possessed first-hand information; to Professor Charles Sarolea, of Edinburgh University, for aid in finding references; and to Lieut.-Col. Walter V. Faber, late of the British Army, for information on the Agadir crisis. Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, as editor of *Foreign Affairs*, has kindly permitted the reproduction of the maps on pages 9, 100 and 118; and as director of the Harvard College Library has guided me to source material that I should otherwise have missed. Dr. W. Lee Lewis, the inventor of Lewisite, Lieut.-Col. H. L. Gilchrist, Lieut.-Col. C. E. Brigham, and Lieut. Alden H. Waitt of the Chemical Warfare Service, United States Army, have aided in checking certain figures. Nor must I forget my long-standing debt to the ever-helpful staffs of the Boston Public Library and the Harvard College Library.

JOHN BAKELESS

Cambridge, Massachusetts,
Armistice Day, 1925.

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*Prévoir la guerre n'est ni la
désirer, ni la provoquer; c'est
même l'inverse.*

—GENERAL MAITROT

CHAPTER I

THE FAILURE OF THE WAR TO END WAR

*Earth will grow worse till men redeem it,
And wars more evil, ere all wars cease.*

—G. K. CHESTERTON: *A Song of Defeat*.

SEVEN years have passed since the last shots of the "war to end war" died away one hour before noon on November 11, 1918, and for the first time since 1914 fighting ceased at every point along the weary line from the Alps to the sea. The war to end war had been fought to a victorious close; the greatest military power in history had been forced to an ignominious capitulation; and since the group of Allied and Associated Powers, now triumphant, had for four years been persuading their several populations to unheard-of sacrifices by vociferous pronouncements of their devotion to the cause of peace, it seemed reasonable to assume that at last a pacific era had dawned upon a world which during the preceding half century had enjoyed but four years free from war.

This was, indeed, the rash assumption of the soldiers who had risked their lives "to end war." This was the assumption even of the ferocious patriots safe and sound in comfortable clubs at home. No one who, in

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post-armistice November, heard the plaintive refrain, "We want to go home!" from passing khaki columns, could doubt the mood of the fighting men. *The war was over.* War as an institution had ceased to be. Had not the governments promised?

It is not difficult, however, to overestimate the value of a statesman's pledge. War as an institution did not cease. Even when the armistice had been signed, German forces at the east end of the Baltic went blandly on with their more or less official campaign against the Bolsheviki. Presently three or four loosely co-ordinated campaigns against the Soviet Government were in progress; while from 1918 to 1921 a conflict that, at any other period in the world's history, would have been regarded as a full-sized war, raged between Russia and Poland. In 1919 the Greeks, aided and abetted by the principal Powers, occupied Smyrna and the allotted zone beyond it, whose confines they subsequently exceeded—thereby initiating the second full-dress war since the armistice, and one that was destined to drag on for three years more until the spectacular capture and destruction of the city in September, 1922, definitely ended Greek dreams of hegemony in Asia Minor.

The world-wide pacification announced to follow the "war to end war" was evidently not proceeding according to schedule, for 1919, the year of the Peace Conference, was signalized by half-a-dozen minor explosions—without counting the Russian campaigns,

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which were then in full blast. In March the Egyptians rose against British rule, in May the Poles burst into Galicia and the Afghans into India, in August the Rumanians marched into Hungary, and in September Gabriele d'Annunzio began his theatrical exploit at Fiume. In the early summer the Turks set to work organizing resistance to the Greek invasion of Anatolia, although the Greek Army was then acting at the behest of the Allies. During 1920 the several anti-Bolshevist campaigns gradually flickered out, but as if to offset the comparative (but only comparative) peace that now settled over the Tsar's late domains, there was fighting between the French and Arabs in Syria, which was to continue intermittently for years; between the French and the Turks; between the Italians and the Albanians; while British troops were operating in Mesopotamia, and the Polish leader, Zeligowsky—officially disowned, but unofficially encouraged—seized the disputed city of Vilna, to the indignation of the helpless Lithuanians.

The year of grace 1921 was only a trifle less stormy. Russia and Poland patched up a surly and suspicious peace; but Greece, backed by the British, and Turkey, backed by the French, went on with their war; while the fiery Montenegrin mountaineers rose against the Yugoslav state in which they had been incorporated against their wills; and the Silesian plebiscite led to armed protest. Minor difficulties with tribes in Spanish Morocco now blazed up into a struggle whose serious-

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ness increased year by year, until in 1925 Spain had been virtually defeated and France was seriously involved.

Relatively calm though 1921 may seem, there was no reason to believe the world was growing peaceful. 1922 saw a Communist rising in South Africa, a minor affair but in its own way nasty enough; while in China the two great tuchuns, Wu Pei Fu and Chang Tso Lin, came to grips and the latter was driven back into his Manchurian strongholds, there to lick his wounds, strengthen his armies, and plan revenge in 1924. The Greco-Turkish war culminated in the capture of Smyrna on September 9, and its spectacular destruction by fire four days later; but dreadful as were the atrocities—after all mere matters of custom in the Near East—that accompanied the burning of Smyrna, they could hardly match the threat to civilization implicit in the tension between Turkey and the British Empire.

When in September Prime Minister Lloyd George appealed to the Dominions to stand ready for another war, and received in reply their by no means enthusiastic messages of puzzled anxiety and protest, the shattered continent of Europe faced the immediate possibility of another Armageddon, which might easily have finished off once and for all such rags and tatters of civilization as the first World War had left. Had Great Britain, at a time when the Entente with France was wearing perilously thin, declared war on the

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Turkish Nationalists—then flushed with their dazzling victory and linked, albeit in somewhat loose alliance, with the Soviets—the British declaration would very likely have been the signal for general disturbances. That would have been the very chance the Bolsheviks—avowed foes of the capitalistic organization of European society—were waiting for, and much too good a chance for them to let slip. France had so much at stake in the Near East that she could not be disinterested. The Balkans can never be quiet when Turkey is in arms; and it would have been asking too much of human nature to expect Germany, Hungary, and Austria, still newly smarting from their wounds, to neglect any opportunity, once their late foes were sufficiently embroiled, to win back a little of their own—as Turkey had just done with such conspicuous success. Besides, Germany had already patched up a kind of alliance with Soviet Russia. The British Dominions, then, did well by the world when they returned a veiled but unmistakable refusal to the demand of the war premier.

The years 1923 and 1924 can hardly be called peaceful. In January, 1923, the Lithuanians seized Memel by violence, thereby affecting the interests of Poland, Russia, and Germany, and necessitating intervention by the Council of Ambassadors. In June a Bulgarian revolution led to the overthrow of the government and the slaying of Premier Stambulsky. On August 31 Italy bombarded Corfu—testing the world's

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new instruments of peace to their extreme limit. 1924 presented us with an unsuccessful attempt at revolution in Brazil, an equally unsuccessful revolt against the Soviet Government in Georgia, a three-cornered civil war in China, and the climax of Spain's perennial troubles with the Riffian tribesmen in Morocco. In 1925 France, as well as Spain, was dragged into the Moroccan struggle. French troops fought the Druses in Syria and shelled Damascus. Greece and Bulgaria came to blows. And the petty Chinese wars continued, with prospects ever more menacing of their involving the rest of the world.

What will this year, next year, and the years to come produce?

The question deserves pondering, for it is fairly clear that the war to end war was not a success. Between 1878 and 1918 the world enjoyed four perfectly peaceful years—1886, 1888, 1889, and 1910. Since the armistice we have not had one. The Russo-Polish and Greco-Turkish struggles, if they had not been dwarfed by the monstrous catastrophe that preceded them, would have been regarded as major wars. And even the quietest and most peaceful years between 1918 and 1926 have been blessed with three or four small wars apiece, not to mention the constant French alarms over alleged German preparations for revenge; equally genuine British apprehensions over French aircraft—which France, in all good faith, believes a necessary precaution to meet the German menace; anxious ques-

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tionings by the Little Entente of plans for the restoration of a Hapsburg king in Hungary; and Japanese uneasiness over the British naval base at Singapore, America's "Defense Day," and the manœuvres of the American battle fleet in the Pacific.

As if these were not enough, there are perennially recurrent alarms in various parts of the earth—for which there is more or less justification—over the machinations of the Third Internationale, perpetually busied from its headquarters in Moscow with fomenting unrest wherever in our troubled modern world there are stirrings of discontent. Truly, neither peace nor confidence can be said to prevail in the world the war has left us.

It is an extraordinary fact that wars are still possible after the terrible lessons of 1914-1918, and after the equally stern schooling of the years since the armistice, in which it has been hard to tell whether victors or vanquished face the more distressing problems. The persistence of international conflicts suggests the existence of national needs so fundamental that even war—or the risk of war—is not too high a price for their satisfaction. Else why should modern statesmen—whose possession of a remarkably accurate eye for the main chance no one will deny—continue so obviously nasty, wasteful, and bloody a business?

The extraordinary notion that there is something valuable about war as an institution, in and of itself—which has at various times been entertained with more

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or less seriousness in both France and Germany—received its final quietus from the world-wide distress during and after the events of 1914-1918. Heraclitus of Ephesus could declare that “war is the father of all things”—but Heraclitus flourished in those happy far-off days when war was simply a more arduous branch of athletics. In the eighteenth century Frederick the Great, whose sense of humor nobody has ever yet praised, could laud warfare as “the most fruitful field of all the virtues.” In the latter part of the eighteenth century and early part of the nineteenth, it was still possible for the French diplomat, Joseph de Maistre, to declare that “war is divine in itself, since it is a law of the world.” Even Wilhelm von Humboldt, who was a scholar and should have known better, could “recognize in the effect of war upon national character one of the most salutary elements in the moulding of the human race.” Clauss Wagner, indeed, wrote a whole book on war as a “creative world principle.” Late in the nineteenth century the first von Moltke could declare bluntly that “perpetual peace is a dream, *and not even a beautiful dream*”; and as the century closed Treitschke could refer casually to “the moral majesty of war,” asserting that “wars must continue to the end of history as long as there is a plurality of states. Neither logic nor human nature reveals any probability that it could ever be otherwise, nor indeed is it all desirable that it should be otherwise.”¹ Even in the earlier years of our own

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century, a Bernhardi could talk about the "blessing of war" and the duty to make war, declaring that "war is a biological necessity of the first importance."² But that was in 1911, and everyone (except perhaps the doughty general) long ago learned a great deal better.

The generations that have lived through the first World War—still more the generation that fought it—are freed from that particular illusion. The necessity of war is an open question. Its supreme undesirability is settled once for all, the condition of modern Europe being a bit of evidence a little too glaring to be glossed over. Yet war continues.

Why?

CHAPTER II

WHY WARS HAPPEN

The potent pressure of economic expansion is the motive force in an international struggle.

—H. N. BRAILSFORD: *The War of Steel and Gold*.

THERE are two reasons for every war: one, the obvious and immediate occasion of hostilities; the other, the true cause—a deep-seated conflict of national interests, which, though perfectly apparent to a nation's responsible statesmen and a few scattered students of international politics, is but vaguely felt and understood (if it is felt and understood at all) by the people who have to fight the war.¹

The violated neutrality of "little Belgium," for example, was the immediate occasion of the British declaration of war against Germany. At least it furnished a first-class refrain for recruiting sergeants who might have experienced considerable difficulty in elucidating the true inwardness of the relations between the French and British general staffs, the probable effect upon British trade and security of a larger German frontage on the North Sea, or a whole series of commercial and colonial rivalries that ranged around the globe. Centuries of history demonstrate, however,

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that any great Power seeking to establish itself—with or without right—along that coast so menacing to the British, must reckon on a death-grapple with the lion.

Germany's struggle for a larger outlet to the sea, then, and the threat to British safety that it inevitably involved, were fundamental causes of Britain's share in the World War. But while the War was in progress, it was natural that as little emphasis as possible should be laid on these legitimate but quite unidealistic and—for purposes of propaganda—quite useless fundamentals.

Trivial though the immediate occasions of war may be, however, they are usually picturesque, and so tend forever after to bulk large in history, obscuring the true causes, which are much harder to understand and much duller to read about. Great Britain and the United States once nearly went to war over a pig. Another pig nearly led to hostilities between France and Texas, then an independent republic. Early in our own century the so-called "pig war" between Austria and Serbia—a tariff struggle over the Serbian pigs which form an important article of export in that agricultural land—was not too grotesque to embitter national hatreds that later had a tragic outcome at Serajevo. One might almost suspect that there is something fatal to international good-will in this humble quadruped.

The throwing of two envoys out of a window was enough to start the Thirty Years' War. A sentence

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from a balcony at Versailles precipitated the War of the Spanish Succession. The war between England and Spain which opened in 1738 began because the Spaniards cut off the ear of a certain Captain Jenkins—an act reprehensible in itself and undoubtedly painful for the unfortunate officer; but hardly weighty enough in itself to be regarded as the fundamental cause of the War of the Austrian Succession, which afterward developed out of the Anglo-Spanish struggle. A Dutch medal representing Joshua bidding the sun stand still mortally offended Louis XIV—*le roi soleil*—and thus provided one of the excuses for the War of 1672.

History is full of these trifles—the Boston Tea Party, which ushered in the American Revolution; the Fms telegram, which brought on the Franco-German War; the blowing up of the *Maine*, which made the Spanish-American War unavoidable—none in itself sufficient to produce war, but each quite capable of providing the incentive that pushes into open hostilities nations whose interests have long been in conflict. To use a conventional phrase, these provocative incidents are sparks in the powder magazine. They set off forces that have long been gathering.

A list of the real causes of warfare through the ages would be extensive and imposing, but it would find no place for these provocative trifles. It would include differences of race and religion; the ambitions of dynasties; efforts to reduce domestic discord or

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secure union by directing civil animosities against a foreign foe; ostensibly altruistic endeavors to impose a "superior" culture upon unwilling and "inferior" beneficiaries; the defense of neutral rights; fulfillment of alliances; aid offered to rebels fighting against an unfriendly state; national or merely royal yearnings for hegemony and prestige; resentment of affronts, both genuine and imaginary, to that dubious quality known as national honor; revenge for defeats suffered in previous wars; "defensive" onslaughts based on the sound military principle that attack is the best defense; the traditional enmities of particular nations; the chauvinism frequent among army and navy officers and high-ranking civilians; the commercial interests of armament firms.

Yet although every one of these might be found operating—more or less disguised—in the complex chain of causes which produced the World War, none, if we except racial differences, will be of great importance in future wars; and many of them have practically disappeared. Religious rivalries played an undeniable part in the World War—but the German effort to stir up the Moslem World to a Holy War failed; and while Moslem Turks fought for the Kaiser, Moslems from India were fighting gallantly for Britain and Moslems from Africa for France. There are few royal houses left in the modern world; and those that still remain are more concerned with clinging to their somewhat wobbly thrones than with risking them in

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vain adventures. Even such ancient and traditional enmities as those of Scot and Briton, Frenchman and Briton, Spaniard and Briton, and the various Scandinavian peoples have long since disappeared.

The world has lost many of its old reasons for going to war; but what is conventionally styled progress has brought with it a new series of war causes—not quite new, after all, for throughout history they have always been operative to some extent. But never have they been so inexorable in their operation as they are today.

These are the economic forces which in the modern world make war almost inevitable. The wars of the future, like the World War, will be due primarily to a complex chain of causes, beginning with the general increase of population in almost every portion of the globe, which in turn compels all nations to expand and thus inevitably brings them into collision with one another. Increase of population forces nations to seek colonies overseas as outlets for their too numerous citizens. It also compels them—unless they are willing to watch their people slowly sinking to such a scale of living as that of India and China—to become industrial instead of agricultural. And then, as they cannot produce food sufficient for their own needs once industrialism is accomplished, the industrial states face the new necessity of looking abroad for safe and secure sources of food supplies; and they must also look abroad for the raw materials and the markets essential to their industries.

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As all the nations of the world are already in this condition or approaching it, as almost all must expand, and as all without exception *think* they must expand—which in practice comes to very much the same thing—struggles are inevitable.

The inexorable operation of this sequence of causes is obscured by the picturesque incidents that so often precede hostilities—scraps of paper, apocryphal invasions by phantom aircraft, murdered princes, and sea-captains' ears; by the strange psychological state into which the merest hint of war throws the most composed of nations; by the subsequent activities of "patriotic" historians, actually no better than apologists. And it is obscured most of all by the enormous complexity of our economic system and the accompanying international rivalries whose problems spread like groping, evil tentacles to every corner of the world. Its operation is, however, none the less certain because it is not obvious to the unreflecting.

The doubling of the world's population during the last hundred years is the first and most striking fact in the sequence. In 1775 Dr. Johnson could look with complacence upon England's economic position and could observe with approximate accuracy: "Suppose we had no commerce at all, we could live very well on the produce of our own country." Today that very Tory party to which the great Doctor was so sincerely devoted is foremost in its efforts to expand the Empire and ensure the security of the sea lanes upon which

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the British Isles—industrialized since Dr. Johnson delivered his dictum—must rely if they are to escape starvation. The difference is that when Dr. Johnson spoke Great Britain had somewhere between nine and eleven million inhabitants; whereas today there are forty-six million who in case of need can live—though not “very well”—for but ninety days out of every year upon what their own country produces, while the food supply ordinarily on hand suffices for but a month.

A similar growth in population has gone on throughout the world. Although conventionally supposed to suffer from a declining birth-rate, even France has some forty million citizens today where there were but twenty-seven million at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the preponderance of French numbers made her the terror of the Continent. The present sixty million Germans were then represented by but twenty-five million scattered among the innumerable petty states that now make up the Reich.

In 1800 the population of Europe as a whole was a hundred and fifty million. By 1914 it was four hundred and sixty million. The estimated population of the whole world, which was but six hundred and eighty-two million 1810, stood in 1919 at about a billion seven hundred million. And though the rate of increase in the numbers of the human race is now perceptibly slowing down, careful statisticians prophesy that within another hundred years our little planet will have some three billion inhabitants.²

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The principal causes of this astonishing growth are not at all obscure, no matter how much scholars may differ as to details. During the latter half of the nineteenth century two great discoveries, anæsthesia and the germ theory of disease, gave medical science the power to save hundreds of lives daily that would otherwise certainly have been extinguished before their time. Without anæsthesia the surgeon's knife is barred from the body cavity and the miracles of modern surgery are impossible. An ordinary case of appendicitis, for example, is no great matter in a hospital of our day; but before anæsthetics were available it was "inflammation of the bowels"—and almost inevitably fatal.

Our knowledge of bacteria has done far more than merely provide new means of treating diseases and thus prolonging life. We can do more than cure disease. We can in many cases prevent its occurrence, and when an epidemic does break out, we can hold it rigidly within definite bounds. Such scourges as smallpox, yellow fever, rabies, tetanus, and typhoid, the terrors of days gone by, are now perfectly understood and in consequence almost perfectly controllable. Fewer mothers die in child-birth and fewer babies perish since puerperal fever ceased to rage in every maternity hospital. Once it was usual for two-thirds of all the children born to die in infancy. Today such states as Switzerland, Great Britain, Norway, and Sweden save ninety per cent of all the children born. Modern ideas

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in realms so diverse as dentistry, personal cleanliness, government inspection of cattle, milk, meat, and other food supplies, are all directly affected by fifty years' study of bacteriology, and many owe their origin to it.

Imagine an apothecary from one of Jane Austen's early-nineteenth-century novels or even the medical students in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* returning to earth and being conducted through a modern hospital, to learn of prophylaxis and preventive serums; of modern chemotherapy, as contrasted with the old ignorant drug-mongering; of anæsthesia; of the complexities of the blood stream, which even Harvey never suspected; of such glandular secretions as insulin, thyroxin, and adrenalin; of vitamins and balanced diets; the miracles of the X-ray; and ultra-violet light. Meantime, it is true, the birthrate is falling—partly through deliberate birth control, partly through the unfavorable effects of urban life upon human fertility; but the birth-rate does not fall so rapidly as the achievements of medical science drive down the death-rate. The population of the world as a whole grows—and grows steadily.

All this is admirable. It is difficult not to feel a thrill of personal achievement in the dazzling story of the race's progress, however negligible or even negative one's personal contribution. But there is shadow with the sunlight, a darker side to the picture; for as our world is at present organized, the growth of population sets up pressure within every nation which ultimately brings it into a quite unavoidable conflict with other

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nations. Mr. Harold Cox, the brilliant editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, sums up the matter when he observes that "the growth of population with the resulting desire for economic expansion is a necessary cause of war." And Raymond Pearl, an eminent biologist who for years has studied the problems of population, echoing his view, points toward a perilous future: "That population pressure will in the future, as it has in the past, lead to wars, seems to me to be, unfortunately, in the highest degree probable, at least for a long time to come."³

Hand in hand with the growth of population goes another phenomenon—the rise of an industrial system. Which is cause, which effect, or whether each is part cause and part effect, it is impossible to say. Obviously a system that provides employment at an early age for all the children that the laboring classes see fit to create, at the same time paying the laborer not much more than a living wage (the factory system does and always has done both these things) tends to cause a growth in population. It is therefore quite reasonable to say that the rise of industrialism helped to cause the tremendously rapid growth of the world's population which began in the nineteenth century, while industrialism was growing up, and which still goes steadily on in our present machine-made civilization.

But it is equally obvious that a country with a growing population—some parts of Europe have six or seven hundred inhabitants to the square mile and almost

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all have more than three hundred—will eventually reach the point where it can no longer feed itself and where it must begin to import foreign food-stuffs. New imported food can be paid for only by the products of domestic manufactures; and the heavily populated state has therefore no choice but to become industrial, unless it is content to see its citizens emigrating to other lands in quest of the livelihood denied them at home, or sinking to the economic level of the Indian or Chinese peasant. It is not unreasonable, then, to say that the growth of population has been at least part cause of the world-wide growth in industrialism. Quite probably the reverse is also true. In any case the two go together—and that is sufficient for our argument.

No matter which is cause, then, and which effect, the increase of population in every part of the globe and the rise of the industrial system,—together with the complex series of imperative needs that every nation necessarily feels as soon as it becomes thickly populated and is fairly well advanced on the road to industrialism,—are the primary causes of all modern wars. Both necessitate national expansion, which—given a single and relatively small planet available for the expansion of numerous nations—must inevitably lead to collisions.

From the Congress of Berlin in 1878 to the outbreak of the World War in 1914, there were some twenty full-dress wars—not to mention numerous

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smaller affrays—which left the world only four entirely peaceful years; and in each of these conflicts it is easy to detect expansion due to increasing populations and developing industries as a primary cause of hostilities.*

The requirements of a growing state of the modern industrialized type are as complex as they are imperative. The first need is colonies to serve as an outlet for superfluous population and later, as they grow and develop, to become profitable markets for the manufactures of the Fatherland. Colonial markets, then—or lacking them, access on favorable terms to foreign markets—constitute the second need of the industrial state, which must sell its wares if it is to buy the food-stuffs with which it cannot wholly supply itself.

Food-stuffs are the third requirement. As industrialism rises, agriculture correspondingly declines, so that the completely industrialized state ultimately becomes unable to feed itself. But mills must be fed as well as workers, and modern industry requires a bewildering array of raw materials, beginning with such indispensable substances as coal, oil, and iron, and ranging on to apparently unimportant trifles like jute and the dried meat of coconuts. Access to food, raw materials, and markets, then, is absolutely indispensable to any state that has become primarily industrial

* See the present writer's *Economic Causes of Modern War* (New York, 1921), especially Chapter III, for a fuller treatment of the facts.

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and has ceased to keep up enough agriculture to feed itself.

If ours were a better and more intelligently ordered world, populated by a kindly, tolerant, and honest race, it would make no particular difference to any nation whether it sold its goods in foreign or colonial markets, or whether such colonies as might under these idyllic circumstances exist were under its own or another flag. Taking our extraordinary planet and the quaint human race as it has pleased God to make them, however, it is not hard to see that there is a tremendous difference between trading with fellow citizens (or fellow subjects)—men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, accustomed to identical commercial usages, eager to promote the prosperity of the Fatherland—and attempting to deal with aliens who quite naturally prefer to aid business men of their own race or nation; and who are ready to give their countrymen preference in such all-important matters as loading and unloading, mails, freights, telegrams, cables, and all the thousand and one devices by which commerce saves the indispensable minute.

Let us take two perfectly safe and wholly inoffensive examples—neither country being a maritime Power. Merchants of the Swiss Republic trading with hypothetical Czechoslovak colonies situated somewhere on the continent of Antarctica need not be surprised—assuming that citizens of Czechoslovakia possess the ordinary amount of normal human guile and patriotism

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—to find that lighters for their cargoes arrive only after all native Czechoslovak consignments have been taken care of, that customs officials are upon occasion abnormally inquisitive, freight cars hard to get, telegrams and cables unaccountably delayed; while, strange to say, none of these difficulties harass the Czechoslovak citizens who compete with the baffled Swiss. Vessels bringing goods from Switzerland to the coasts of Czechoslovakia would probably have more trouble with harbor regulations than native Bohemian craft. Equally hypothetical Czechoslovak business men dealing with Swiss colonies quite as imaginary would meet the same tribulations.

Because such conditions universally exist, each industrial state of the modern world—likewise each state that foresees the approaching time when it, too, will have to become industrial—naturally seeks lands where it may find room for its surplus population, food for the people left at home, raw materials for its industries, and markets for its manufactures. Even Tsarist Russia, with scarcely any manufactures and a goodly share of two continents in which to house her people, entered the Russo-Japanese War seeking, in General Kuropatkin's words, the outlet that would "eventually be a necessity in view of the immense growth of our population." 4

Now if the diminutive little ball upon which we all go spinning round the sun together were less painfully limited in area, all would be well. There would be

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room for everybody. Each nation should have its own individual place in the sun. Colonies, food supplies, raw materials, and markets would abound upon this Utopian planet; and peace would prevail forever unless our race—perverse from too much happiness—took to warring out of sheer boredom. But unhappily the desirable portions of the earth's crust not already occupied by civilized nations—this in the beautiful language of diplomacy means industrial nations with large armies or navies or with both—are extremely few. And a fair proportion is already pre-empted by that world-encircling Empire which several centuries of good luck coupled with a genius for colonization have conferred upon our British cousins. The territory available for colonies or mandates—a word fashionable since 1919 which means pretty much the same thing—being limited, and the various nations being driven imperatively on by economic forces, friction of one kind or another, either latent or apparent, is not to be avoided. Latent friction is dangerously likely to emerge in the end as apparent friction—in other words, war.

Most modern states must reconcile themselves, therefore, to controlling less colonial territory than each thinks it could use. Unhappily, however, the reconciliation is only apparent and temporary. The statesmen recognize, not the impossible, but the inopportune. They bide their time and wait on opportunity. When Japan presented her Twenty-One De-

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mands for domination over China, Japanese statesmen were seizing what they believed to be such an opportunity; and though partly balked in the Demands, Japan today is still waiting, as patiently as may be, new opportunities for the expansion that her circumstances make necessary. Italy, with her crowded population, looks uneasily across the Mediterranean at Tunis—a French colony populated by Italians—and across the narrow Adriatic at the opportunities for development in the Balkan Peninsula. The beaten Powers—Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria—nurse their hurts and ponder surlily on what they have lost. They, too, wait on opportunity; and opportunity is one of the things which in international affairs is sure to come to governments if they wait long enough.

The situation is hardly reassuring. It is, indeed, disconcertingly like the situation that existed before the whole world went to war; and it is quite as rich in its promise of wars to come as even that era of tension and distrust from 1878 to 1914.

If, however, nations find themselves—temporarily they hope—cut off from colonial expansion, they are none the less compelled to look abroad beyond their own borders for food supplies, raw materials, and markets under the flags of other nations and in circumstances less favorable than colonies of their own would afford. Their citizens will go abroad to live, either to create international friction of a type only too well known to America on both her coasts; or else

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to build up nationalistic problems for the future like the problem which is slowly developing in French-ruled, Italian-populated Tunis.

Where pretexts for seizing colonies are wanting, powerful industrial nations frequently have recourse to the system of exclusive "concessions" or "spheres of influence." Thus before the Russo-Japanese War, British and Russian "spheres" in China were already well recognized; and it was the failure of Russia and Japan to adjust their mutual jealousies over their respective spheres of influence that made the war necessary. In 1907 Russia and Great Britain without so much as a by-your-leave to other Powers or even to the little country most concerned in the proceedings, cut up Persia into a northern "sphere of influence" for Russia and a southern one for Britain, leaving a neutral zone to keep the peace between them. This was not, indeed, an ostensible encroachment on Persian independence,—but fancy the howl of protest from lusty Yankee throats if Canada and Mexico proceeded with similar blandness to delimit spheres of influence in our United States!

These special concessions produce international rivalries essentially identical with those that develop from struggles for outright colonial possession, since both spheres of influence and colonies serve as exclusive markets or sources of raw materials. And the former have an odd way of transforming themselves into the latter by imperceptible degrees.

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Tense and dangerous as this condition is, the matter does not end here, for the triple quest after food-stuffs, raw materials, and markets outside the modern industrialized state—no matter whether these are sought in colonies of its own or in spheres of influence or in other states—means that each nation must possess adequate opportunities for shipping overseas whatever it may have to sell and for carrying homeward the commodities that it requires. Practically interpreted, this means that every nation must have unhampered access to the sea through its own ports. There are, of course, exceptions. Switzerland thrives with no ports whatever; but then its principal industry is mountain scenery, which does not export its product. Instead, the market—that is, the tourist—comes to the mountain.

Switzerland, however, is a small country in an exceptional situation. Ordinarily where less fortunate nations are entirely cut off from the sea, or where they think such ports as they possess inadequate, one may be sure of war, or at least the rumors of war. Germany invaded Belgium primarily, it is true, from strictly military motives. She wished to envelop the left flank of the French armies at the earliest possible instant, thereby exerting her full military superiority before the foe was ready to meet it. A second motive, however, and perhaps a more important motive outside of strictly professional military circles, was the acquisition of ports on the North Sea; and the original

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plan of attack had been drawn by Schlieffen to include Holland as well as Belgium.

The importance of universal access to the sea as a means of preserving peace is obvious enough. One has but to pass in review a few vexed questions—the interests of Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria in the eternal struggles over Constantinople and the Straits; Bulgaria's efforts to reach the coast in Thrace—thwarted in turn by Greece and Turkey; Jugoslavia's difficulties with Greece over the port of Saloniki; the melodrama at Fiume—primarily a clash between Italian coast dwellers and the populace of a Yugoslav hinterland pressing toward salt water; Jugoslavia's past efforts to secure the port of Durazzo; Belgium's grievance over the Dutch hold on the mouth of the Scheldt; the dispute over Memel; or Poland's grim determination to retain her precarious hold upon the sea at Danzig.

But the struggle is not so simple as the preceding paragraphs might lead one to suppose. Access to the sea is necessary but it is not enough. A host of complicating forces come into play as soon as an industrial nation finds its interests becoming intimately interwoven with those of distant and less developed lands. Colonies and markets, mines, forests, wheat fields, and oil wells are very little use to any nation unless it is able to reach them unhindered at all times; and hence trade routes by land and sea—in a few more years probably by air as well—offer fresh causes for inter-

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national struggles. Industrialized Britain is the stock example of a state whose national existence depends upon its control of the sea. But the British problem, though peculiar, is not unique. The sea lanes along which the tramp steamers glide with their wheat and frozen beef, their ores and oil and cotton, their cargoes which John Masefield catalogues,

*of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Fire-wood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays*

are of vital importance to every industrial state. Consequently all great nations are driven into a struggle for sea power. The sea lanes being indispensable to all, all seek to control them—or at least some of them. The fears, suspicions, and jealousies which the struggle engenders smoulder sullenly, growing until they are ready to flame out in actual war whenever an immediate provocation offers, or whenever affairs present a favorable juncture and an excuse can be manufactured.

The results may be profitably studied in the tabulations of relative naval strengths, or in the casualty lists of the great naval battles of Jutland, Tsushima, and the Falkland Islands.

Naval rivalry, however, involves far more than mere competitive building of rival fleets. In the days of sailing vessels, battle fleets were able to keep the sea for months, and were well-nigh independent of the

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land. The tremendous warcraft of today, driven by oil and electricity, have grown in strength—and weakness. For though a single shot from a modern naval gun of large calibre far exceeds in weight of metal the entire broadside of a ship in Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, the hull of armored steel that carries it is delicate as a watch and infinitely more complex. Our battle-ships have become floating machines, and like most machines they demand constant repair. For an ordinary peace-time cruise, far more for a battle, these huge steel beasts of prey must have their lairs—naval bases where drydocks, giant cranes, and skilful workmen wait to ease them of their hurts. Since the rivalries of modern trade are world-wide, naval rivalries must be world-wide too; and battle fleets that may be called to fight here, there, or anywhere about the globe must have their bases everywhere—Jamaica, Malta, Pearl Harbor, Helgoland, Gibraltar, Port Arthur, Singapore.

Such naval bases in their turn breed rivalry. Powers struggle for the same favorable sites. The Japanese were driven out of Port Arthur in 1895 that the Russians might install themselves there in 1898—to be driven out in 1905; while the British Navy promptly found a base of its own in Wei-hai-Wei, just a hundred miles to the south across the Straits of Pechili. Naval bases lead to still more friction and distrust because they constitute latent threats against ostensibly friendly powers. The British base at Jamaica threatens

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the Panama Canal—or would if it were strong enough. The much-discussed Singapore base threatens, perhaps not Japan, but at any rate the routes of Japanese trade, which for an island empire amounts to precisely the same thing. Helgoland, an ideal advanced base for Germany's naval defense in the days before the war, was also a constant terror to Great Britain. Japan would bitterly resent further American development at Guam, which is now prohibited by treaty.

Then too, naval bases frequently create small nationalist problems, since no nation can possibly contrive to establish all its bases on territory inhabited by its own people. So we have the British base at Malta, an offense to Italian Nationalists; the Italian base in the Dodecanese, an affront to patriotic Greeks; the Japanese base on foreign soil at Port Arthur; or our own at Fonseca Bay in Nicaragua.

As if all the friction thus created were not enough, the efforts of rival navies to secure the same strategic points leave many a sting behind. The interminable squabbles over Tangier are partly due to Morocco's supposed riches; but they are also motivated by the extreme facility with which the port of Tangier might, if it were fortified and its harbor developed, be made to rival Gibraltar for the control of the western entrance to the Mediterranean and the route to India. Within thirty years, at least four nations besides the rightful owners have fixed covetous eyes upon Port Arthur—and two of them have occupied it.

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All this is no doubt very distressing and very dangerous, yet it is absolutely inseparable from naval rivalry, which is itself inseparable from modern commercial struggles; and these, as we have seen, are ultimately due to the growth of population and the consequent needs of the industrial states. To the same cause are likewise chargeable the rivalries of nations over narrow waterways, whether man-made canals or natural straits and rivers of commercial and strategic importance. Hence the centuries of squabbling and interminable war over Constantinople and the Straits, the jealous eye which British foreign policy keeps fixed upon the Suez Canal, American uneasiness over the safety of Panama, Occidental gunboats on Chinese rivers, and friction on the Danube.

Of late years, too, the battle fleets have taken to burning oil, partly for convenience in fueling, partly for its superior efficiency, partly because, being almost smokeless, it enables a fleet to pounce over the horizon and be upon its prey with no towering columns of coal smoke to betray its presence prematurely. And while armed forces afloat are demanding oil fuel by the millions of barrels, land armies require it in time of war in the same unthinkable quantities, because military success has come to be wholly dependent upon motor transport for ammunition and ration supply as well as troop movements—especially of infantry in pursuit—while aircraft, tanks, and motorized artillery use oil in unbelievable quantities. The pacific commercial uses

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of oil fuel have correspondingly increased. We heat our houses with oil. Oil drives fifteen million automobiles in America alone. And since it is indispensable as a machine lubricant, the world's industries and the world's railways would have to stop if deprived of it. Clearly this vital fluid is a prime necessity to every industrial state. The result is a scramble for oil lands and possible oil lands which if anything exceeds in bitterness the wrangles over the partition of Africa during the last quarter of the last century and which extends around the globe—from Sakhalin by way of Mosul and San Remo to Teapot Dome!

Such are the fundamental motives that underlie the international struggles of the twentieth century. Prosaic, commercial, and entirely practical—not to say, at times, a trifle sordid—they do not lend themselves to the process of whipping up a nation's opinion into that white-hot unity without which wars cannot be won. For a responsible statesman to emphasize this side of his policy would be a fatal error; since the average substantial citizen of the average modern state, though in his personal practice the least idealistic of mortals, has got used to having ideals with his wars and will not shed his own blood—or even his son's—without them. Many a patriotic Frenchman who in the anxious years between 1870 and 1918 vibrated at the thought of restoring the lost provinces would have found a coldly economic discussion of the necessary

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relation between Ruhr coal and the iron ore of Lorraine—in which the meat of the problem really lay—distinctly dull. The glaring wrong to Belgium, as we have already seen, was a far more convenient battle cry for Britain than tedious economic or strategic discussion of the certain results of a larger German frontage on that North Sea coast from which, with one exception, every threat against the tight little island has been launched since the Norman Conquest. Germany's demand for a "place in the sun" recognized but did not specify the Empire's economic needs, and had to be supplemented by an "iron ring" of foes for popular consumption.

There is a certain school which professes to discern, in this natural dichotomy between real and avowed purposes, a dark plot for the exploitation of the workers. This view constitutes one of the bases for the familiar Socialist and Communist appeals for union among the workers of the world. The working man—so runs the argument—is transformed into a soldier and lured to the field of battle by high-sounding phrases that are mere cloaks for the sinister and starkly commercial designs of the capitalist. Now recruits are, as a matter of fact, thus secured in every modern war; but not always because the objects of the war are unavowable or even discreditable—often only because they are dull, or complex, or hard to popularize.

The economic gains of modern wars serve, or are intended to serve, the interests of the whole nation.

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The governing classes, it is quite true, get rather more than their share of the profits of war—when there are any; but so they do in all the other activities of the state. If the British Isles are ever isolated by a complete aerial and naval blockade—and they very nearly were isolated in the last war—all classes will starve together. The master classes might last a little longer because of superior physique or private food reserves, but the end would be the death or submission of all alike. Similarly, after a successful war, the foreign food supply and the profits that industry reaps from access to markets and raw materials in rich colonies, accessible along safely guarded sea lanes, are shared by all—not shared alike, by any means, but at least in some proportion shared.

It will be pointed out that this happy state of affairs was not produced by the World War; but the World War was not, from a strictly business standpoint, a successful venture, the cost having largely exceeded profits because of erroneous calculations by all belligerents. One observes, however, no haste on the part of the victors to divest themselves of their very considerable gains in territory and population, which include potential oil and phosphate lands, rich deposits of other minerals, cable stations, harbors, and the like; and still less haste to further those idealistic aims which they announced under the stress of war needs, and which, as President Wilson in a slightly cynical moment pointed out, were almost identical on both sides.⁵

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Economic objects, then, were predominant in the international plots, bickerings, squabblings, haggling, and other manœuvres that preceded the World War. The War itself was fought for the sake of economic prizes—colonies, access to the sea, sea lanes, markets, food, and raw materials. The dominating military power from which we sought to free the world was itself built up, more or less consciously, to serve such ends as these.

Have these primary causes of warfare disappeared from the world? Hardly, or warfare—which, as we have seen, has been frequent in the years since the war closed—would have vanished with them. Hardly, or we should not see the Great Powers, the wounds of the late conflict still unhealed, as busy with their intrigues as ever. The “war to end war” succeeded in some of its purposes. It destroyed, for the time being at least, the world’s greatest military Power, but it did not end wars. The period before the World War was an era of little wars accompanied by warnings of a great one. We are now living in another era of little wars, in which warnings are not lacking.

Are these relatively trivial struggles the precursors of another World War? And if so, what will that war be like? It is to discuss these questions, though without presuming to don the prophetic mantle and return definite answer, that I have written this book.

CHAPTER III

THE TENSIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD: POPULATION AND EXPANSION

It would seem that there must be a natural limit to the ability of a state to provide for its population. And in some this limit seems very near. When that time comes it will be as natural for a people to swarm as for a hive of bees. Where can the swarms go?

—GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS: *Approaches to World Problems.*

If another war is coming, or if there is even so much as a chance that another war may come, it behooves the men who will have to fight it—not to mention their wives and mothers—to find out where it is coming from and why it is coming at all. Perhaps that knowledge will aid them to avert this new war entirely. Perhaps it will only enable them to postpone it and themselves practise the expedient—so popular in 1914—of gaily passing on the duty of fighting to a still younger and guileless generation, unschooled in the real meaning of war and therefore idealistically unsuspecting and ready to accept the task. A very little knowledge will at least help them to understand what is happening when the world falls to pieces around them; and the lambs led

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to the slaughter will have the satisfaction of knowing precisely whither they are being led and why.

What, then, are the tensions of the modern world out of which the next war is now developing? They are of the old familiar sort: Questions of population, as in the quarrel between ourselves and the overcrowded Japanese, or as in Italy with her longing eye on the French colony in Tunis. Questions of race and irridentism, as in Asia Minor, the Tyrol, along the east coast of the Adriatic, in Macedonia, and in most of the "Succession States" made up of what was once Austria-Hungary. Questions of raw materials as in Mosul—and wherever else oil deposits exist in the possession of states too weak to defend or too backward to exploit them; or as in iron-producing Silesia and Lorraine; or in the coal fields of the Ruhr and Saar; or in Japan, looking abroad for the mineral wealth she needs so desperately at home. Questions of waterways, as at Constantinople, the Suez Canal, Panama, Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean; or the effort to defend those waterways as at Guam, the Philippines, Singapore, or the Dodecanese Islands, where Italy hopes to find a base for her naval power in those eastern Mediterranean waters that she would like to make her own.

Let us deal first of all, however, with the pressure of population as it affects the relations of modern states, for the population problem is fundamental in all the various rivalries that modern expansion and imperial-

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ism involve. Eugenics and the grave question whether we are or are not slowly exterminating the fit while encouraging the unfit to breed are quite outside the question here. We need consider the problem only in its international, not in its social, aspects. All we need ask ourselves is the single question: In what parts of our world is the growth of population beginning to press upon national boundaries, producing conflicts of national interests and so threatening to breed new wars? Three such states at once suggest themselves: Japan, Italy, and Germany.

India and China are also densely over-populated, but we may leave them out of account because both are powerless to help themselves—India under foreign rule, China in a state approaching anarchy. Such helpless giants may give rise to broils among other nations, quarreling for the right to exploit them; but that is no part of the population problem, since these unfortunates among the nations cannot themselves make war, being too weak to reach out and seize the lands they need for their relief.

To Americans the difficulties due to Japanese fecundity, which have already narrowly missed producing war on two or three occasions, are of immediate and intimate significance. There is not the least reason why a Japanese-American war need ever take place; but there is the best reason in the world why we should not ignore or minimize its possibility. The conflicts caused by Japan's expanding population and limited area are,

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it is true, complicated by racial prejudice; but population is still the root of the trouble, for our anti-Japanese prejudices do not come into play until population pressure begins to drive Japanese laborers overseas and into collision with us; or until Japanese capitalists begin to look abroad for Chinese markets and raw materials.

The assertion has repeatedly been made that the Mikado's island empire is not really over-populated; that, on the contrary, the Japanese merely imagine their islands are unduly crowded. This assertion, which is not true to begin with, is in any case open to the obvious reply that nations which are actually over-populated and nations which merely think they are over-populated, behave in exactly the same way and therefore present exactly the same international problem. Both try to expand, and in the process both inevitably come into conflict with other Powers, so that fact and fiction lead for once to identical results.

There need be no particular doubt, however, about the basic facts relating to problems in the Pacific. The native islands of the Japanese include about 150,000 square miles. In 1846 there were twenty-seven million inhabitants, today there are some sixty millions, tomorrow there will assuredly be millions more.¹ It is quite obvious that Japan must expand; and, as has been made abundantly evident by the wars with China over Korea and with Russia over Manchuria—not to mention the perpetual friction on our own Pacific coast—she cannot expand in any direction

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without a fight. The situation is further complicated by the peculiar living conditions required by the Japanese people. Sturdy and inured to hardships though they are, these little brown men cannot—or at least they will not—settle in any but warm or temperate countries; and they therefore leave practically unoccupied the northernmost portion of their elsewhere overcrowded islands. Most of China is already densely populated. The island of Sakhalin is cold. Korea, now the Japanese province of Chosen, is not proving wholly satisfactory for Japanese settlement. California is ideal but closed by American possession. Formosa is already full.

Where is Japan to turn?

Three possible alternatives are left. One is in South and Central America, where climates are warm and racial prejudices weak; but these countries are distant and many of them are already under a fairly definite American domination. Here, too, any very considerable penetration, if interpreted as a possible future menace to the United States, would lead to friction. Further to the south, however, lies the smallest of the continents, Australia, warm, fertile, ideally suited to Asiatic settlement—and empty. Some five million white men occupy nearly three million square miles of territory, a large proportion of which is habitable, with a population density of less than two persons to the square mile. In the great Murray River basin a scant three million are in occupation of a fertile territory

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equal in area to France, Italy, and Germany combined—which is very tempting when surveyed from an island empire whose population in crowded areas rises to the astonishing density of a thousand per square mile.²

Now glance at the map. Observe how from Bering Sea to Formosa, a stretch of nearly three thousand miles, the Mikado's dominions lie like a barrier along the eastern coast of Asia, controlling, if properly fortified and equipped as submarine bases, the sea lanes leading to the rich markets of China—a future source of incredible wealth for any industrial state that is lucky enough to win the opportunity to exploit them. But though the flag of the rising sun stops in Formosa, the island chain does not. It goes on down the Asiatic coast—the Philippines, Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, New Guinea, and last of all, in the southern seas, the richest prize of all, Australia and New Zealand. Along this island chain, leading straight south toward Australia and its potential wealth, lies one of the most logical and promising avenues of future Japanese expansion.

Who shall say what is in the minds of the brilliant staffs that controlled the Mikado's Army and Navy in the Russian war like some intricate and marvelous machine of clockwork precision? Who shall presume to read the intentions of any foreign people? But then, again, who shall venture to gainsay the plain logic of geography and a population that grows at the rate of seven or eight hundred thousand souls a year in a

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land already filled, where the government rigidly prohibits the teaching of birth control?

Japan is determined to expand. Australia is determined to remain a white man's country. They are both laudable ambitions, but they are quite incompatible with each other, for—as has already been observed—we dwell upon a limited planet.

It is not remarkable, then, that Great Britain, ever with a keen eye fixed upon all that transpires on any of the seven seas, should be building a new naval base at Singapore, set squarely athwart the path of Japanese expansion and capable of sheltering the hugest of the sea monsters that can dispute the pathway. In every discussion of the proposed development of this new base, the British have emphasized their friendship for their quondam Japanese allies. Singapore, it has been pointed out repeatedly, is as far from Tokyo as Gibraltar is from Boston. And, since Gibraltar obviously does not threaten Massachusetts, Singapore, we are told, cannot under any conceivable circumstances be a threat against Japan. But the British Admiralty, which for centuries has been guessing the next move in the game of sea power correctly—and in advance—does not spend millions on a useless naval base. It is assuredly significant that, whatever the motives of its creation, the new dock at Singapore will enable the British to throw their heaviest battleships, at need, directly across the sea lanes from Japan to Australia which—and this is no idle coincidence—are the same

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sea lanes that lead to India. Australia as an outlet for future population, India as a market for future industry—and two powerful island empires at silent sword-play for them both!

Only one other course—except expansion at America's expense—is open to the Japanese. They may try, if they like, to make Manchuria still more definitely their own than it is today. For Manchuria is not only rich in the resources that Japan desires, but it is one of the regions occasionally found, even in Asia, which is not yet fully populated; and it therefore offers ground for Japanese settlement close to the homeland and in an area where Japanese influence has long been felt. But in spite of the defeat of 1905 and the treaty of 1925, is it quite certain that Russia will acquiesce in the transformation of her Pacific outlet into Japanese territory? How will the present recrudescence of Chinese nationalism regard it? And what will Europe and America do?

Japan is not the only country in the modern world with a growing population. Two, perhaps three, population problems—unless we are to conclude that they are all part of a single great problem—exist in the oldest and most civilized European states. Germany, France, and Italy are a trio whose future relations may well cause uneasiness to all lovers of peace. The old physicists were wont to assert that "nature abhors a vacuum." It was not a strictly scientific way of stating

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matters, but it was a reasonably accurate rule o' thumb means of expressing a perfectly obvious and exceedingly important truth, which applies equally as well to world affairs as to gases, solids, and liquids. As populations go today, France, with her hundred and eighty-four people to the square mile, is a vacuum into which German and Italian reservoirs, crowded with humanity, on both her northern and southern boundaries, must in the end inevitably overflow. There are three hundred and twenty-eight Germans to the square mile, three hundred and thirty-seven Italians, and the overflow has already begun.³

Just now this is a peaceful process; but it may not always remain so, for the French are a sensitive people, aflame with national pride, who are not likely to stand calmly by while the foreigner takes their land. The immigrants into France now number less than two millions. In a few years, as their numbers begin to rise, we may expect to hear protests from the French peasants and see the evidences of friction between native and newcomer in a country where the peasantry love their land as some men love their souls; and where farms have been handed down in an unbroken succession since the days of Charlemagne.

It is the fashion to gibe at the French for their failure to populate their own soil; but to do this is to assume an attitude which is not quite fair nor even intelligent, betraying as it does an entire misunderstanding of the situation. French law—and custom,

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more powerful far than law—decree that all children must share equally in their inheritance. A few centuries of this process, if the French peasants bred at the rate of their neighbors, and we might expect to see France parcelled out in half-acre lots; but there is nothing quite so characteristic of the peasant as his love of his farm. Rather than see his precious holding cut up among too many heirs, he limits the number of those heirs, and thereby the population of his country. It is not an ill system, and there is much to commend it when compared with the English law of primogeniture, which hands everything to the eldest son and turns the younger sons out to shift for themselves, or when it is contrasted with the illimitable spawning of Italy and Germany. But the French numerical inferiority is not solely due to an intelligent restriction of the birth rate. It is in part also the result of an appalling ignorance of child hygiene, which expresses itself in a disgracefully high infant death rate.

The limitation of population is not a game at which one nation can safely play alone. Either all must limit or none may safely do so; else the population balance is disturbed and the migrations thus set up produce war. As neither Germany with her rapidly growing sixty million who will be eighty million tomorrow, nor Italy with her thirty-seven million who already press upon her narrow borders, show any signs of checking the annual additions to their numbers, France can allow her own population to stand permanently at

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forty million—or perhaps even to decrease—only if she can find means of offsetting her statistical inferiority. Or if she is willing to give up her position as one of the great Powers in this bad modern world of ours, in which a nation's place is determined by virtue of strength and nothing else.⁴

Hence M. Clemenceau's cynical observation that there are twenty million Germans too many in the world. Hence the effort to make up with levies of black troops the lack of white Frenchmen. Hence the frantic assertions that France is a nation not of forty but of a hundred millions—the extra sixty millions being colonial natives! And hence, too, the hysterical fear of the northern neighbor—powerless now, but certain by virtue of sheer arithmetic to win dominance with the passing of time—the fear chiefly responsible for those French policies of seizure, persecution, and pin-pricks that since the war have repeatedly fanned German hatred to white heat.

The whole Franco-German tangle is a standing illustration of the complexity of population problems. If one nation limits its population it promptly falls behind its neighbor, whose luxuriant numbers tend to flow across the border and swamp the less populous race. If neither nation limits its population, both expand; and the struggle for the globe's unoccupied areas or the lands of weaker peoples is simply embittered and accelerated. And—to state an unimaginable condition—if all states were to consent to limit their populations,

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what umpire would assign appropriate numbers to each or induce them to accept the figures assigned? And who should persuade reluctant couples, frequently the most desirable of potential parents, to reproduce; or explain to the less fit that their kind must cumber the planet no longer? What political party could retain power or what cabinet could hold office for a moment if it ventured to embark upon a policy so thoroughly and so rashly intelligent?

Mais revenons à nos moutons. The Franco-German situation, the immediate aspect of the world-wide population question under discussion here, is not wholly a matter of population. It is complicated by the question of Alsace and Lorraine—not to mention certain valuable deposits of iron ore contained therein; by the traditional hatreds of generations, which mere common sense cannot easily eradicate from the national mind; by war memories, bitter on both sides; by terrible losses of man-power and devastated factory areas in France; and by the post-war psychosis which affects us all.

So far as Italy is concerned the question of population is further complicated by French possession of the provinces, once Italian, from which the Italian royal house of Savoy derives its name. The sorest spot in Franco-Italian relations, however, is not the territory that Italy lost in 1860, bitterness over which has largely died down, but rivalry with France for the north coast of Africa, and especially for Tunis. A bitter memory,

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has rankled in Italian minds ever since 1881 when Bismarck—here as elsewhere a great deal too clever for his own good or the peace of the world—egged on the French to seize the colony, with the deliberate purpose of making the Italians, whose hearts were set upon the same tempting bit of territory, permanent foes of France and consequently allies of Germany. The evil that he did by this sorry stratagem lives after him. The good, if any, must certainly have been interred with his bones. It has never been discovered elsewhere.

The coast of North Africa—directly across the Mediterranean and readily accessible—lies invitingly open to Italian penetration. Here is room for Italy's constantly growing population to expand at will. The sea unites rather than divides. Here might be built up a new and greater Italy. How irritating, then, for an over-crowded state like Italy to realize that her under-populated French neighbor monopolizes not only a fair expanse of European territory for which she cannot find inhabitants; but also territory that was once Italian, and most of the North African colonies which Italy herself so badly needs and for which she provides a good part of the settlers.

One of the gravest aspects of the population problem is its permanence. A nation that has once got into the habit of promiscuous breeding and is prevented by legislation, religion, or simple ignorance, from the general practice of contraception, cannot hope that

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emigration will permanently relieve its over-population. Even if the pressure is temporarily relieved by the departure of emigrants, a country like Italy soon fills up again.

The only portion of North Africa where Italians can settle under their own flag is Tripoli, which was wrested from Turkey in the war of 1911; but Tunis, though it is under the French flag, is none the less an Italian settlement. Of the white settlers eighty thousand—some British estimates say a hundred and fifty thousand—are Italian, and only fifty thousand French. This is a state of affairs that hardly favors future concord between the two powers; especially as fresh immigrants are perpetually being squeezed out of Italy, while our new immigration law has suddenly reduced the inflow of Italians to America from three hundred thousand to four thousand a year, leaving Italy sorely beset to find new lands for her relief.

France, then, is a relatively empty area, midway between the expanding populations of two over-crowded nations; and her position is all the more perilous because she holds lands to which the Germans and Italians think they have a claim. Nor must we be deceived by the fact that in the World War Italy fought for the Allies. The friendships of nations are the most mutable of all human relationships. In 1915 England and France bid higher than Germany and Austria, high enough to detach the Italians from an alliance that had always been dubious at best—that is all. The align-

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ment of forces in the new war which Signor Mussolini assures us must inevitably come is not likely to be the old one; and it will be determined by considerations no more idealistic than those which determined the last.

Though not the only population problems, these are the most obvious, most pressing, and most dangerous of our day. They may never lead to war in the future, despite the disastrous record of similar problems in the past; but in the shift and play of international forces they must inevitably have a part that will increase as populations continue their swift and certain growth in Europe, America, and the Far East. Nor can any save fools and bigots pretend that tremendous future development in the numbers of our race will promote the cause of peace.

CHAPTER IV
THE TENSIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD:
THE MEDITERRANEAN

Passage to more than India!

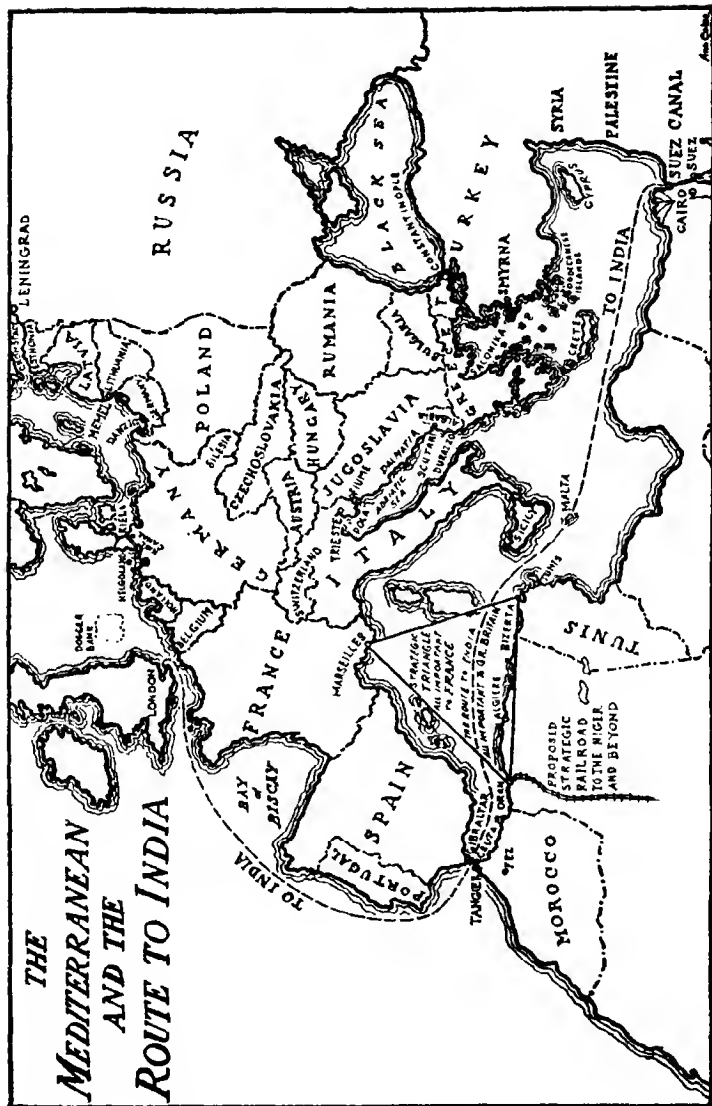
—WALT WHITMAN: *Passage to India*.

IF you draw a line from London down the Thames, through the English Channel, past the Bay of Biscay where France curves out to meet Spain, through the Strait of Gibraltar, over the Mediterranean, past the island of Malta, between the sunbaked banks of the Suez Canal, along the torrid length of the Red Sea, out into the Gulf of Aden, through the Indian Ocean to Bombay and Calcutta; and then if you prolong that line a few more hundred miles across the Bay of Bengal and through the Malacca Straits to Singapore, you will have traced an exact outline of the British Empire's backbone.

Cut that line at any point East of India and imperial Britain staggers. Cut it at any point West of India and keep it cut—and the greatest Empire of all time perishes like a hanged man or a pithed frog or any other vertebrate whose spinal marrow has been snapped.

India and the security of the route to India are abso-

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lutely vital to Great Britain. That is one of the central facts in world politics, as it has been ever since Great Britain became an industrial state. For India, though its people are sorely impoverished, is so enormous, so densely populated, and possesses such undeveloped native industries, that it provides an indispensable market for British goods, on which depends the prosperity, indeed the very existence, of hundreds of British factories, their owners, and their workers.

Of all the European countries, only one is a better purchaser of British goods than India. The United States, Australia, and Canada alone send Britain more imports. Among the most important products of British mills, for example, are textiles and machinery. In 1922-23 India imported more than a billion and a half yards of cotton piece goods and British merchants made profits on from ninety to ninety-eight per cent. of it all. India imported nearly seventy-seven million dollars worth of machinery, of which almost eighty-five per cent came from Great Britain. To make such trade possible a vast fleet of merchant shipping sails the seas and behind the ships, at home, stands a huge business organization, whose bare existence is dependent on the Indian Empire. To British shareholders, creditors, and officials, India pays annually nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars.¹

An industrial nation like Great Britain does not willingly relinquish trade and profits of such huge dimensions, which mean employment for British work-

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men and immense wealth for British business men. Without the trade of India and the Far East sundry millions of Britons living at home must resign themselves to emigration or starvation—a fact which pacifists, advocates of naval disarmament, and sympathizers with native Indian aspirations for independence would do well to ponder long and deeply; for it is the key to most of their difficulties and to a fair share of the diplomatic bickerings of the last century besides.

It is no wonder, then, that Imperial Britain should exert herself to provide for the protection of this peculiarly vital trade route. Not even the most rabid pacifist can find fault with her for doing so; and a casual glance at the map shows instantly that British statesmen, soldiers, and sailors of the last hundred years or so have not been idle in preparing its defenses. We need not trouble ourselves here with the history of how all this came about. It is enough to note the strategic positions in British hands along the route to India as they exist today, eight years after the close of the war to end war.

Naval dominance in the Mediterranean is absolutely indispensable if the route to India is to be controlled—a dominance which the British have lost but once in two centuries, and then only for a period of eighteen months ere Nelson restored it at Trafalgar. Never since that time has the Union Jack's Mediterranean supremacy been so much as called in question, even when—in agreement with their new French allies—the

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British voluntarily withdrew most of their fleet to their own coast to meet the German menace. Control of the Mediterranean is easy, however, given ships enough. Control of its land-locked approaches is a more ticklish matter; and it is obviously no use to control a sea unless your ships can enter and leave it at will.

Gibraltar, which absolutely commands the narrow western entrance to the Mediterranean and offers haven to the British war fleets that sail its waters, is the first strong point upon the vital line that leads to India. 'Gib' serves another purpose, too. Were this British enclave removed from Spanish soil, the warships of at least three naval powers could slip along neutral coasts to within easy raiding distance of the British Isles in perfect security all the way; for they would never need to leave the neutral waters inside the traditional three mile limit recognized by international law. British war craft, unless willing to violate the law of nations, would follow them in vain. Gibraltar breaks this narrow ribbon of neutral waters and forces all possible foes out where the lion's paw can crush them. ♪

No wonder, then, that Britain retains her jealous hold upon her rocky fortress, and no wonder she anxiously resists every effort of other Powers to establish themselves anywhere near the Moroccan side of the Strait, whether at Agadir, far down the coast, or at neutral Tangier and Spanish Ceuta, close at hand. Impotent Spain with her negligible navy? Yes: A first class Power with an army or navy that might some day

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become hostile? Never! Such is the value of the first fortress on the road to India.

Before the days when the growing menace of the new German Navy caused its concentration in the North Sea, the regular station of the British Atlantic Fleet was at Gibraltar, whence it could sally forth at will to defend the Atlantic approaches to the British Isles or join forces with the Mediterranean Fleet proper, which was based on Malta. Both fleets held manœuvres together—close to the base that Nelson used against the French. In the years immediately before the Great War, however, when German naval power and German hostility to Great Britain were growing simultaneously, the concentration of the Fleet nearer home became essential. Gibraltar was too far away from the British Isles to counter a sudden German raid across the North Sea.

Today, however, with that menace temporarily removed, the Fleet is back on its old station. Why? Because once again France is the dominant military Power of Europe, and Gibraltar is a very good place for a fleet to be.

Despite all these considerations, however, there is a school of British naval thought that favors abandoning Gibraltar, restoring the Rock, which once was Spanish soil, to Spain; and taking in exchange the Moroccan port of Ceuta, just across the Strait—which Spain now holds but of which she can make little use. There are two reasons for proposing this change. The dock-

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yards of Gibraltar, though they were safe enough in the eighteenth century when the boundaries were drawn, can be reached by modern long range artillery from Spanish soil. They might conceivably be destroyed unless British troops could seize and hold the gun positions in some possible future war—a contingency against which the Admiralty must always plan. Then, too, the rocky fortress itself is not so impregnable under modern naval fire as it was under the feebler guns of an earlier day.

At Ceuta the most modern defenses could be built, the new dockyards would be secure from the rear, and yet the new base would control the Strait of Gibraltar quite as completely as the Rock has controlled it in the past. Whichever port is the British stronghold will certainly require the means of aerial offense and defense; and in no case must any Power that might conceivably grow strong enough some day to be a naval rival of Great Britain's secure the port that Great Britain abandons. In this latter requirement—aside from the promotion of her trade—lies the key to British interest in the Moroccan question during the uneasy years before the Great War came, when Morocco was the most obvious occasion of the conflicts that embittered international relations.

Important as Gibraltar is, however, it is no more than one of many strongholds along the route that leads to the Orient and its wealth. Half way to Suez lies the island of Malta, a naval base ready to supply

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and repair British fleets in time of need, and ready also to defend itself against assault. To the east, just off the Syrian coast, is Cyprus, far enough to the north to fend off from the Suez Canal any hostile fleet approaching from the north or east. There is also a British mandate in the Holy Land, in itself no protection to the canal, but at least a means of keeping possible enemies off the coast. Then comes the Canal, then shielding islands in the Gulf of Aden, a firm grip on the outlet of the Red Sea, a mandate in Iraq, as Mesopotamia is now called, and finally India, carefully sheltered along its northern frontier by a barrier of buffer states.

Last of all, as European markets fail and the Far East grows even more important than before, a great new naval base is being built at Singapore. Gibraltar in the west, Singapore in the east, are outposts of a world-girdling commercial empire—both, be it observed, on the soil of other and weaker nations.

No one possessed of a fair mind and any inkling of international realities—the one by no means implies the other—will find fault with the Admiralty's efforts to defend sea lanes that are of absolutely supreme importance to the British Isles. But it is by no means difficult to see that such thorough-going measures for the defense of a trade route halfway around the globe—no matter how pacific the spirit in which they are undertaken—inevitably clash with the interests and desires of other nations. Gibraltar is Spanish, Malta is

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Italian, Cyprus is Greek, the Isthmus of Suez is Egyptian; and British possession of each thus raises a small irridentist problem, no one problem important in itself, but every one a tiny centre of irritation that may some day, given time and favorable conditions, help to breed a war.

Then, too, the route from England to India cuts straight across the route from France to North Africa. The British Isles rely no more completely on India for the markets that guarantee their commercial security than France relies upon Africa for the negro soldiers who must guarantee her military security by supplementing her dwindling manpower in the next great war—as to the probability of which the French General Staff enjoys no cheerful illusions.

Pick up a map for a moment and glance at the western end of the Mediterranean. Radiating from Marseilles like the sticks of a fan emerge the dotted lines that represent the courses of ships sailing to North Africa, to the Near East, to the Far East, and to all the world. Glance again at the map. At the westernmost edge of French Morocco is the port of Oran. Far to the east, in Tunis, is Bizerta. These two ports form the base of a triangle with Marseilles for its apex within which French naval power must be supreme. Otherwise French military power is cut squarely in two by the Mediterranean, and the Army is deprived of its reservoir of black troops.

That is why at the Washington Conference France

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balked at sanctifying by treaty her present naval impotence, which is due not to her will but only to her poverty; and which she hopes need be no more than temporary—for France, too, has an ancient naval tradition, though of late years it has fallen into desuetude.⁹ That is why the French delegates refused point blank to outlaw submarines, which they regarded as the most inexpensive means of adding to their naval strength within this restricted triangle and a practical means of convoying their troop ships to France in the future struggle, which all Frenchmen in their hearts believe is sure to come, with their populous northern neighbor. Some enthusiasts even propose gigantic submarines for the transport of troops beneath the waves. That is also why French soldiers and explorers have since the War been experimenting steadily with motor routes across the Sahara, and why a strategic railway across the desert is now projected—a railroad which, whether it is a commercial success or failure, will serve in time of need to carry troop trains north.

All this runs counter to British interests in the western Mediterranean. If France builds submarines to defend her European and African coasts, may she not some day be tempted to use them against the British merchant ships on their way to India, which pass only eighty miles from the French submarine base at Oran?

The Mediterranean is especially favorable to the operations of submarine raiders because of its great depth, which makes it almost impossible for the de-

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fenders to plant mine-fields. During the War, German and Austrian submarines, cruising hundreds of miles from their bases and never exceeding ten in number, defied the French, Italian, and British Navies; and by the end of 1917 were sinking Allied shipping in the Mediterranean at the rate of a hundred and fifty thousand tons a month. France already possesses forty-two submarines and plans to build sixty more, while ambitious deputies demand hundreds. "On the day when France has a fleet of two hundred and fifty or three hundred submarines," cries M. Yves de Kerguézec, Reporter of the Finance Committee, "she will be able to contemplate the future with perfect serenity." ².

It is only natural that the British should be uneasy over French plans to build a fleet of submarines, ostensibly for coast defense, but quite capable at any time of taking the offensive and cutting the line to India, imperilling the Empire's safety. The English have certain War memories that make it hard for them to agree with M. de Kerguézec that the submarine is "a holy weapon"—*une arme sacrée*.

Yet the strategic triangle of open water, so vital to the French, is equally menaced by the British base at Gibraltar—not actually menaced at the present moment, of course; but potentially threatened by the mere fact of Gibraltar's existence, should events at some possible future date take any one of half-a-dozen perfectly conceivable turns. The strategic triangle on

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which the safety of France depends is also threatened from Malta, where the British have stationed eight first-class battleships, two cruiser squadrons, two airplane carriers, many destroyers, and a submarine flotilla—a force that equals or exceeds the whole French Navy and that could instantly cut off the French Army from its reserves of human matériel on the Dark Continent.⁸

All this may be without relation to the European situation, as British apologists protest. The fact remains that this formidable fleet stands ready day and night in a position where it can act against French communications with Africa, fatally and at a moment's need. That need may never arise, but the international future is the hardest of all futures to predict; and the French lack of enthusiasm over the situation is surely not unreasonable. Nor are occasions of Anglo-French friction wanting.

Obviously, too, a French fleet strong enough to defend the strategic triangle—should such a fleet ever be built—might not always confine itself within those geometric bounds. It might conceivably sally forth to raid any coast in the Mediterranean. The creation of a strong French fleet, therefore, while it will scarcely solve the French defense problem, is pretty certain to stir up a handful of new problems among the smaller Mediterranean states, alarmed by the mere announcement of plans for such a fleet.

Here is a clash of interests, a persistent cause for

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rivalry, now quiescent for a time, again stridently vocal as at Washington in 1922. Who can say what it will be tomorrow? Here is one of the silent tensions of the modern world, a tension which may, quite probably, never lead to rupture, but which is a potent source of irritation between nations, as was sufficiently evident at Washington, even though such unidealistic considerations as strategic triangles, railways, and black troops were scarcely mentioned.

Similarly, be Anglo-Italian relations never so friendly, at the back of the Italian statesman's mind lingers the reflection that international friendships are unstable entities shifting from year to year; and that Malta as a naval base in foreign hands is a clear threat to the Italian coast, since it enables the British whenever they are so inclined to cut Italy off from Tripoli, her one profitable colony. In the back of nationalistic minds the thought is ever present that the Maltese, Italian by blood and speech, are under a foreign flag.

Through 1914 and part of 1915 Italy bargained with both the Allies and the Central Powers. Her ultimate choice of sides was partly influenced by the reflection that a country which is mostly coastline does ill to risk a struggle with the greatest of all naval Powers. As a member of the victorious Entente, Italy forced Austria to give up the northern Italia Irredenta. Had events taken a different turn and had the War ended with Italy as the triumphant ally of a victorious Germany and Austria, who can doubt that one of her de-

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mands would have been the unredeemed island off her southern coast? And who shall venture to prophesy what course events or Italy's nationalist ambitions may yet take?

As a matter of fact, there is no need for foreigners to dabble in prophecy. The Fascist Senator, Count Antonio Cippico, who was Italy's spokesman at the Williamstown Conference of 1925, has saved us the trouble:

Unlike any other great Mediterranean Power, Italy is stretched like a bridge in the very centre of that sea; its waters bathe all her coasts. Not only her liberty, but her very life, depend on the good will of those who hold the keys of Gibraltar and Suez, of those who have installed themselves for imperial, not national needs, in Malta and Cyprus. More than forty-one million Italians could be starved in a few weeks if those who hold the gateways of the Mediterranean were suddenly to decide on hostilities and close those gates to the imports of grain, coal, fuel oils, and iron, of all the raw materials, in short, essential to the life of a modern civilized nation.

Italy is today the gravest problem of the Mediterranean. It is not imperialism, nor national egotism, so easily to be noted in other and richer nations, enjoying greater geographical and strategical security than Italy, which guide the acts and aspirations of the Italian Government and people; it is urgent necessity, growing every day more urgent, to insure to the nation tranquility in its political and economic life, freedom of movement, and outlets suited to the needs of its ever-expanding population and industries.

By studying this problem in time, and in the light of present political realities, it may be possible to find a peaceable solution.

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The grammatical mood which the Count selected for the verb of his final sentence deserves attention, for it is a veiled threat. He does not say that the problem "will" or "should" or "can" be peaceably solved. He says it "may" find a peaceable solution.

Italy, no longer threatened by the Austrian Navy, is moving out of the Adriatic and building new naval bases in Sardinia, Sicily, and the island of Leros, in the Dodecanese group. These little Greek islands off the coast of Asia Minor are ideal bases for Italian business men, struggling for the trade of Russia, Turkey, and the Danube Valley; but they are also dangerous points of friction, for the Italian occupation is an offense to Greek nationalism and affects British naval interests.

Sardinia and Sicily, like the French submarine base at Oran, lie close to the route to India, and will be prepared to shelter submarines. Worse still for British interests, in the scant hundred miles of open water between Sicily and the African coast, through which ships sailing to India must pass, is one of the few spots in the Mediterranean where shallow water favors mine-laying.

Meantime Italy is arming at sea. Mussolini announces that there will be another war; and his government begins to build aircraft, small, swift cruisers, and a new type of high-powered motor torpedo-boats, almost as deadly as submarines, launched from a special mother ship designed as a carrier to hurry them to the scene of their destructive work. The historical asso-

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ciations of the Mediterranean, the tradition of the days when it was a Roman lake, have built up in Italian minds the idea of an inalienable right in its waters, which finds expression in a popular phrase about "Our Sea"—*il mare nostro*. Since the Mediterranean is so vital to Italy the feeling is natural and even proper—but it conflicts with the interests of France and England, to whom the Mediterranean is also vital. ↓

Still further to the East, beyond Malta, there is fresh cause for friction. The Suez Canal is British not by right of conquest but by honest purchase; yet that creditable circumstance in no wise alters the fact that this innocent commercial waterway has created several questions which are permanent threats to peace. The canal is the weakest link in the long chain that binds India to the British Isles. Gibraltar, in the unlikely event of its capture, can always be retaken; and in any case no one can dam the Strait of Gibraltar. The naval base at Malta might be lost—no matter. British fleets in the Mediterranean would manœuvre at a disadvantage, but still they would manœuvre. Some day Great Britain may voluntarily abandon Cyprus. But a single bomb in the Suez Canal, the most temporary and fleeting occupation by a relatively small raiding expedition, a surprise visit by hostile aircraft—which, in these days of war without declaration, is not so impossible as it sounds—or the sudden sinking of an apparently innocent merchant vessel, and the backbone of the Empire is broken. During the Spanish-American

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War this last exploit was actually planned—though without governmental connivance—by enthusiastic Americans who were moved by no special anti-British feeling but hoped to block the projected voyage of a Spanish fleet.⁵

Now it is impossible to defend the Suez Canal without also holding Egypt. To mention one small but important consideration, Egypt is the only possible source that can supply fresh water for the troops guarding the canal. And obviously, unless you hold Egypt yourself, some other Power is likely to step in and eventually make it the base for an attack upon you. So the British Army stays in "independent" Egypt; and as the Egyptians do not especially relish its presence, the world has one more source of friction while the agencies that deliberately seek to fan international discord are provided with an ideal field of action. Nor is the problem simplified by the opportunities afforded to the religious fanatics who abound in Islam by the spectacle of one of the largest Moslem kingdoms under strict tutelage of a Christian Power!

Before the War the Turkish Empire was a great bastion protecting India by land and sea—too inefficient to be herself an assailant, yet, until the last few years before the War, strong enough to keep the other Powers out of her territory. Today the old Turkey is gone and Great Britain must control both banks of the Suez Canal, making sure that no great military Power of the future shall encroach as Germany and Russia

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once began to encroach in lands that threaten either India or the route to India—considerations which explain the mandate in Palestine and the more troublesome mandate in Iraq.

Last of all there is the eternal "problem of the Straits"—in other words the century-old wrangle over the all-important ribbon of salt water that unites the Black Sea with the Mediterranean. As Constantinople stands upon the Straits and controls them, the ownership of that once imperial city is quite as bitterly debated as the Straits themselves. For the Straits are the sole means of access to the riches of the countries bordering the Black Sea; to the oil deposits mid-way between the Black Sea and the land-locked Caspian; and to all the land routes leading in to Asia, once trodden by countless caravans and likely to become important once again as aircraft and automobiles begin to restore to land routes their ancient value.

The Straits are, moreover, one of the few gateways by which Russia can hope to reach "warm water"—that is, launch her merchant shipping in seas free from ice the whole year round. They are also a waterway by which a Russian Navy—in the old days when such a thing existed, or perchance in days to come when a Russian fleet shall exist once more—can sally into the Mediterranean and swoop down upon the Suez Canal. Bolshevist Russia entertains very much the same designs that Tsarist Russia has entertained ever since

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Peter the Great in his will enjoined his successors to push on until they reached Constantinople.

"We must advance as much as possible toward Constantinople and India," wrote the great reforming Tsar. "Whoever shall reign there will be the true master of the world." To this policy the Romanov dynasty remained true, and to this policy the Bolshevik leaders have returned. While he was Commissary for War, Trotsky himself asserted that "the question of Constantinople and the Straits was one of those rare questions on which the Tsarist regime was not deceived. We must proclaim to the world that we need the Straits and we need Constantinople." Not content with that, the organizer of the Red Army took pains to state in so many words: "We are convinced that the Straits will belong to us sooner or later, even if France and Great Britain, forgetting the promises they made during the War, try to prevent us from getting them."⁶

As Soviet Russia cannot possibly get the Straits without fighting for them, that statement is very much like a preliminary declaration of eventual war; for one of the engaging qualities of the Soviet diplomat is his habit of stating with beautiful lucidity the ends and objects that his more conventional colleagues in other countries pursue under a cloak of elaborate language and dubious idealism.

Of the future prospect which the Soviet Commissar suggests, imperial Britain can take no chances—hence the touchiness of British statesmen whenever the ques-

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tion of the Straits is mooted. The smaller Balkan states are equally concerned; and though they lack military strength to enforce their wishes, they are always ready to join on one side or another whenever the larger nations are stirring. Bulgaria and Rumania can reach the sea only through the Straits. Greece, as the chief maritime state in the Eastern Mediterranean, has "vital interests" at stake and cherishes, moreover, dreams of the garish splendors of ancient Byzantium. Was it not the detachment of fifty thousand Greek troops in preparation for an attack on Constantinople that paved the way for the disaster at Smyrna in 1922? Jugoslavia shares the constant fear of a reviving Turkey that is common to all the Balkan states; and so she, too, keeps a jealous eye toward Constantinople. Like most situations in the Near East, this is a situation ripe for catastrophe.

Such are the silent tensions still existing about those ancient waters where Rome and Carthage once struggled for supremacy. Each nation believes that its very existence depends upon its power in the inland sea. Each therefore seeks to increase that power, and by so doing inevitably alarms its neighbors. At present the overmastering strength of her Navy secures Great Britain the dominance—to the mute exasperation of all the nations whose shores are washed by Mediterranean waves, who not unnaturally feel that their power should dominate a sea which they regard as theirs. British naval supremacy, threatened in 1914, may be threat-

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ened again; and if that time comes, resentments now necessarily covert will find open, emphatic, and practical expression. A favorable turn of affairs for Britain's foes plus a provocative incident—and the latent hostilities would blaze up in a violent outburst that might readily spread through the Balkan Peninsula to all of Europe, or through Turkey and Asiatic Russia to all of Asia.

✓ 'The Mediterranean situation is a replica on a small scale of the world situation. Nowhere else are so many powerful nations in such close and constant rivalry; and nowhere else are so many small nations ready to complicate whatever controversies may arise; for nowhere else—it is one of our unlucky planet's few causes for thanksgiving—is there another Balkan Peninsula. ,

CHAPTER V
THE TENSIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD:
ACCESS TO THE SEA

Who hath desired the sea?

—RUDYARD KIPLING: *The Sea and the Hills*.

TO cut off any nation from free, constant, and unhampered access to the sea is to pave the way for illimitable trouble,—trouble which is fairly certain to be both permanent and lively until the nation thus cut off has either fought its way to a coast which it can call its own; or has been rolled in mud and blood so thoroughly that it never again has courage to raise its head and insist upon its rights. Short of extermination this is scarcely possible; for though modern war indulges in most barbarities, the deliberate extermination of entire civil populations is one at which it has so far drawn the line.

The results, in either case, are not very pleasant, not very safe, and desperately hard for the rest of the world to keep out of. If the rivalries due to fears for the security of mere sea lanes can produce the complex of menacing, silent tensions in the Mediterranean, it is not difficult to imagine the extraordinary determination

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and the will to conflict—no matter what the cost—which develop among nations that find themselves permanently denied, not merely some particular trade route, but the ocean as a whole and all the sea lanes of the world.

But, someone is certain to object, is it not already perfectly possible for every state to reach the sea, if not through its own harbors, then by the simple expedient of constructing railways to the harbors of its neighbors? It is indeed possible, but it is also inconvenient and unsatisfactory—and there, precisely, is the rub. For relying upon other nations' harbors is a risky business. In the first place, because the foreigners who handle your goods are certain to give preference to their fellow countrymen, your business competitors, in half-a-dozen vital matters. In the second place, because the accommodating neighbor through whose harbors you reach the sea may go to war and get his ports blockaded in which case you yourself, though neutral, cannot sell your goods, your mills have to shut down, and your workmen most unpleasantly starve. And in the third place, because you may have to go to war yourself, an event which will compel your neutral neighbor to forbid the passage across his territory of munitions vital to your nation's safety.

"Well, then," says the average honest citizen, eager to avoid all possible future wars and quite willing to see justice done all round and every nation happy, "in Heaven's name, give them what they want. Let us re-

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arrange the map a bit, bestow upon every state an outlet to the sea, and at a stroke be rid of at least a dozen dangerous sources of conflicts yet to come."

All this is very pretty and very easy to say, but it is also one of the hardest things in the world to do. For if we take a port from the particular nation that chances to possess it, and bestow it upon some other nation that happens to need it more, we do indeed solve one problem—but only at the price of raising another at least as ominous and far noisier than the problem we have solved with such neat futility. We have given the land-locked state the access to the sea it craved. But in the process we have handed over to it the property, the commerce, and the persons of a group of aliens, who promptly set up the lament that they are being separated from their Fatherland; and who instantly begin an unceasing round of plotting and agitation for reunion with it. Where once we confronted a problem of access to the sea, we now confront a problem of irridenitism, and the prospects for keeping the peace are no whit brighter than they were before.

The difficulty thus stated is not imaginary, for the post-war world, like the pre-war world, bristles with precisely such dilemmas. Land-locked Poland obviously ought to have an outlet on the Baltic, but the city of Danzig is overwhelmingly German. Jugoslavia must reach the sea, but Salonika is Greek, Fiume is Italian, and the outlet down the Drina Valley is blocked by an independent Albania, squarely across the path.

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Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, fronting on the Black Sea, must reach out into the Mediterranean. Who, then, shall control the Straits, where the shores are inhabited by Turks? Will not Bulgaria some day strike southward to the Ægean coast of Thrace, from which she was ousted in 1919? And what in the world is Czechoslovakia to do, where as Ben Jonson in a famous passage pointed out three centuries ago there is no sea near?

A navigable river flowing through one country but reaching the sea in alien territory is another sure cause for friction. As Russia, Poland, and Germany all use the Niemen, is it fair for Lithuania to control the river's mouth? Or as the Belgian port of Antwerp must use the river Scheldt, ought Holland to control its entrance to the sea—especially as the Dutch port of Rotterdam is Antwerp's chief rival?

Here is as pretty a mess of incipient troubles as was ever brewed. If the present adjustment of frontiers is disturbed ever so slightly, or if any one of the nations that happens to hold a port its neighbors covet is unlucky enough to get itself into military or diplomatic difficulties, the covetous neighbor is sure to begin "representations" or offer "advice" relating to the transfer of the port—with the veiled intimation, presented in terms of studied but not deceptive courtesy, that at this favorable juncture force will be used if need be. Or if some state is in the position where Austria found herself before 1914,—reaching the sea through a port in

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territory with a subject alien population,—then the moment that state gets into trouble, it may expect the fatherland from which it has withheld the port to demand the return of its “unredeemed” children. And with them, by the way, the indispensable port.

Next time the fatherland, thus happily reunited, is in difficulties it, likewise, may expect a similar demand for the return of the same port—and the children will be unredeemed again! This perpetual see-sawing is one of the most disheartening aspects of international relations; and where populations are almost inextricably mixed, as is likely to be the case along any coast, the possibilities of perpetual friction are almost endless.

Modern nations denied access to the sea, therefore, and nations that can reach the sea only by holding territory with an alien population, are clearly in a perilous position. What is far worse, they constitute a standing peril to the rest of the world. This being so, the chief danger spots deserve a more detailed examination.

Of all these problems, the three most likely to bring on a war in our day, in spite of hopeful treaty-making, are the Polish corridor to Danzig; the problem of the Straits and Constantinople, which has too many past wars to its credit to justify the hope of future peace; and the cramped position in which Bulgaria and Jugoslavia find themselves. As Poland is after all a state whose armed strength is relatively slight and as Ger-

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many is—at least officially—disarmed, their disagreements over the rival claims of sea and nationality at Danzig do not at first seem especially formidable. The danger is not the magnitude of the problem itself, but the new tangle of alliances that might speedily bring France, Russia, and Great Britain into what is primarily a German-Polish quarrel. The death of the Austrian Crown Prince in 1914 was no great matter; it was the alliances and the obligations of mutual aid which they entailed that helped the war along. x

The problem of the Polish corridor is sufficiently simple, for each of the contending nations makes a perfectly reasonable claim—Poland that she must reach the sea; Germany that her territory must not be cut in two or her people forced under alien rule. Yet a permanent solution seems almost impossible save by that smashing military victory which Germany has offered—on paper—to renounce forever. Unluckily for the peace of Europe, the lands that genuine Poles inhabit nowhere touch salt water, except for a scant fifty miles near Danzig on the Baltic. The Baltic, then, is Poland's legitimate outlet to the ocean; but the only way in which she can secure that outlet is to do violence to the principle of nationality by extending her sway over a German minority domiciled in the narrow strip of land reaching out toward Danzig and variously known as the "Danzig corridor," the "eastern corridor," or simply as the "Polish corridor," because along

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it as along a narrow hallway, Poland's future trade must pass to the sea.



Danzig itself, an old city of the Hanseatic League and once a centre of German officialdom, is so thoroughly German that not even the Paris Conference could bring itself to declare the city Polish. Instead, and by no means to the Danzigers' delight, Danzig was

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declared a free city, a tiny sovereign state, but one in which certain carefully specified rights were guaranteed the Poles. The corridor, a narrow strip of land fifty miles long by twenty wide, has been declared Polish soil in perpetuity, thus cutting off the extreme eastern part of Prussia, including Königsberg, the home of Kant, from the rest of the Reich so completely that it can be reached only by sea or across what is nominally foreign soil. A more precarious solution, or one more galling to sixty million Germans—who may not always be disarmed, as they are supposed to be today—it would be hard to imagine; yet, on the other hand, any other solution at all, except cutting Poland off from the sea completely,—which would simply infuriate twenty-seven million well-armed Poles,—it is quite impossible to imagine.

The Poles themselves, realizing the unmistakable danger of their position, aspire to naval strength independently of Danzig and have begun to build a new port at Gdingen, outside the free city, hoping to make their country a naval Power on a modest scale. But building a port, a navy, or a merchant marine requires a lengthy period, during which the catastrophe may be upon us. After all, the chief source of irritation is not Poland's possession of a port on the Baltic, but her necessary grip on the corridor which severs Germany as a whole from East Prussia and the German soil she holds. Even if we retain the fashionable war-time opinion that the Germans are an accursed race who

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deserve no better than they get, we must still remember that the next generation of Germans are not likely to feel themselves oppressed by any burden of guilt for events that happened before they were born,—a guilt that their prospective parents are even now declining to admit.

If the Poles and the Germans were left to themselves, there would be no need of treaties. The situation would be adjusted as soon as Germany felt strong enough. The Poles and Germans are not left to fight it out themselves because the French, feeling the need of allies, and denied the triple pact of guarantee with England and America for which they once hoped, have turned to Poland for alliance. They support the Poles with money; and would at need back them up with French soldiers just as in the Russo-Polish war they backed them up with General Weygand and his detachment of officers. To France, Poland is part of the "sanitary cordon" drawn around Soviet Russia, and—a matter of even greater importance—an ally replacing Tsarist Russia on Germany's eastern frontier. Thus Great Britain, inevitably involved or at least concerned in any future Franco-German struggle, is drawn into a trivial squabble over the frontiers of another country which does not in the least affect her directly, but which indirectly threatens her with another war. "The Polish situation," writes an English journalist, ". . . *must* provoke war unless large changes can be made by peaceful methods."¹ It is an open question whether

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such treaties as exist have accomplished this peaceful solution. *

Furthermore, as a neighbor of Russia's possessing territory that once was Russian, Poland is in sympathetic touch with Rumania, which in Bessarabia likewise holds a once-Russian province and is reminded almost daily that the Soviet Government wants it back. Poland is also in touch, somewhat less sympathetically, with the other members of the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia—which cannot, however, quite forget that Russia, too, is Slavic.

The Danzig corridor, therefore, is the fuse of a very pretty powder magazine, which may at any time set up explosions in both France and the Balkans—after which anything might happen. In 1923 it was feared the Poles would seize Danzig outright. More recently we have had, twice within a year, warnings of what may be expected: an outburst in 1925 over the Polish Government's right to mail-boxes in Danzig, which someone unexpectedly painted in Polish colors, and the mutual expulsion of Germans by Poland and Poles by Germany a little later in the same year. Both incidents were typical trivialities of the sort that precipitate war. Either one might easily have caused a world war, especially if Germany had been stronger. Both were smoothed over because neither government felt ready to fight or thought the occasion worth it. But it is reasonable to reflect that Germany is certain to grow stronger rather than weaker, and that Poland's

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mood is not likely to undergo any material alteration as the years go on. Can such a situation be adjusted by treaties, however well-intentioned?

The Russian struggle toward the sea is filled with equal danger. In the bad old days before 1914, Imperial Russia never secured ports in warm water of the sort she needed. The relentless logic of the map permits Russia but four ways of reaching the sea—one through the Baltic; one through the port of Archangel in the Arctic Ocean; one along her far-away Pacific coast, especially at the great harbor of Vladivostok; and one at Constantinople. Of the four avenues leading outward, the Baltic and the Dardanelles are the most practical. Archangel is closed by ice for many months each year. Vladivostok is an outlet for Siberia—which has small need of one as yet—rather than for European Russia, with which it is linked only by a single thread of single-track railway five thousand miles in length. Before the war practically all of Russia's imports and exports passed through the Baltic and the Dardanelles, and mainly through the latter.

In these times of dubious peace, even such ports as Russia once possessed have practically been taken from her. Of the Far Eastern harbors, Port Arthur was lost in 1905, while Vladivostok's fate still hangs in the balance. The Soviets have reached an agreement with Japan and for the time being the East is open; but their outlets to the West are either blocked or uncertain. The problem of the Straits, which may be said to start

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with the Trojan War, is many centuries old; but never since the Congress of Berlin patched up an angry peace and staved off a general European war, has it been more charged with the menace of an eventual struggle than at present. The closing of the Dardanelles would wreck Russian trade as swiftly and surely today as it did in 1914, when the Turks thus were able not only to ruin Russian commerce but, by cutting off munitions of war, to bring on the military collapse of a year later. The American Ambassador who watched the closing of the Straits in those exciting days hazards the guess that an army of three million men could not have struck Russia a blow so deadly as the simple shutting of this narrow waterway.²

The long-coveted city of Constantinople, which dominates the Straits and which in the secret treaty of London was promised to the Tsar by his allies, is now denied his Bolshevist successors; but Trotsky has made it abundantly clear that Soviet Russia is not resigned to her predicament. When the time comes she will fight, and in the interval she plots.

Across the eastern end of the Baltic stretches a chain of new nations—Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania—allowing the Red Bear to do no more than moisten his claws in the sea at Cronstadt. The splendid Baltic ports of Memel, Libau, Riga, Reval, and Helsingfors, all of them Russian before the war, are lost; and offer possible bases for the hostile warships of any Power that can curry favor with these little states and wishes

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to blockade the solitary Russian port. How long can these tiny states hold out against a Russia that decides to take back by force the harbors that were once her own? If Russia does take them back, how can she avoid raising the old irridentist problems that convulsed these same states when they were provinces under Tsarist rule? And if any of the Great Powers come to the rescue of the little ones, where will the struggle end?

At present Great Britain is supreme in the Baltic, and the little states, overshadowed by her Navy, would have to depend on its protection were Russia to try to recover her old sea-coast. The disappearance of the old German and Russian Navies after the War created a vacuum which the British promptly filled—not without creating a certain jealousy in France. The money with which Poland is now erecting her new naval base at Gdingen is French; and though a Polish Navy may be slow in developing, the base will be there, ready for any French fleet that finds occasion to invade the northern sea. The Red Fleet of Soviet Russia is negligible now; but it has already made one naval demonstration in the Baltic, and it is likely to grow. Sweden plans a more efficient Navy. The Admiralties of the world anticipate no peaceful future in the Baltic.

Bulgaria is one of those little Balkan nations that present a very great problem—in this case the disposition of the coast of Western Thrace, which her Army

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won in 1913 and lost in 1919. The population of this narrow strip of coast, lying like a barrier between Bulgaria and the Ægean Sea ten to fifty miles beyond her southern border, is sufficiently mixed to justify several nations in laying claim to it with some shadow



of right. Greece holds it, Turkey would like to have it. Without it, Bulgaria's commercial development will be permanently cramped.

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Bulgaria needs this slender strip of coast because it is the only place where she can possibly hope to reach the open sea. If she remains cut off from the *Ægean*, she must remain content forever with a narrow frontage on the Black Sea and communication with the outside world either by rail through foreign territory to a foreign harbor; or else through the Dardanelles—until the fortunate possessor of that strategic channel sees fit to close it to the world. Bulgaria learned what that meant in 1914.

Greece, a maritime state and the chief sea Power of the Balkans, is eager to secure more coast line for herself and to prevent the development of a rival in the *Ægean* Sea. The national rivalries that thus arise are made worse by the continuing activities of Macedonian revolutionary organizations, which have already helped to bring on the Balkan Wars and the entry of Bulgaria into the World War; and which, by constant murders and vendettas, are still producing an abundance of explosive incidents that may some day have the worst possible results. The trouble is covertly helped along by Bolshevik emissaries seeking to spread disorder as a matter of general principle and to prevent the creation of stable Balkan governments, which might block the future path to Constantinople.

Since 1919 there have been repeated military concentrations and rumored mobilizations in the various Balkan states, ending in 1925 with a few days of open

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war between Greece and Bulgaria. The League dealt successfully with this outburst—both combatants being conveniently small and conveniently weak. But the League did nothing whatever to remove the causes of new wars.

Western Thrace is the territory for which Bulgaria entered the first Balkan War of 1912, only to lose it after the Great War, seven years later. Can any one expect that, however helpless or peaceably disposed the Bulgars may be at present, they will remain content for all time with their present isolation from the sea, and their little inland coastline on the Black Sea? Is it not perfectly obvious that when a favorable opportunity arises at some time in the future this small Power will indulge in the sport of the greater Powers—fishing in troubled waters? And is not this a future danger which is only waiting for a future crisis?

The Jugoslavs, though they were on the winning side in the Great War, are unfortunate in the fact that most of the harbors which by all the logic of geography constitute their natural outlets to the sea chance to be settled by the people of other nationalities or other languages and for that reason to be under alien flags. Nowhere is there a clearer illustration of the conflict between the reasonable principle that every nation should have a frontage on the coast and the equally reasonable principle that every people of one blood and language should be united under a single govern-

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ment of their own. It was Yugoslavia's natural eagerness to possess Fiume—to which runs the only broad-gauge railway on her side of the Adriatic—clashing



with the natural Italian ambition to possess a district populated by Italians, that precipitated the most dramatic struggle of the Peace Conference,—d'An-

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nunzio's theatrical though not very bloody coup,—and several years of furious haggling and mutual suspicion which only now give promise of adjustment. There is more than a suspicion that a similar Yugoslav and Italian rivalry for the Adriatic port of Durazzo is behind much of the unrest in the little buffer state of Albania, which lies squarely across another natural avenue from Yugoslavia to the sea. Albanian revolutionists have a curious habit of turning either to Yugoslavia or Italy, as the case may be, for refuge.

A similar conflict is in progress over the Greek harbor of Salonika, from which the two valleys or the Vardar and Morava lead straight to the Danube and Belgrade,—an ideal southern outlet to the Ægean, which the Yugoslavs are denied because the city of Salonika, though its population is drawn from many nations, is surrounded by territory that is undeniably Greek. Negotiations for a Yugoslav free zone in the Greek port, which have gone on at intervals since 1914, have led to little but dispute. In the summer of 1925 there were even rumors of mobilization. All these conflicts of interest are partly due to the fact that the Yugoslavs have for generations been mountaineers who only recently have begun to desire the sea. The Greeks and Italians, sea-faring peoples for as many generations, have quite naturally settled along the coast, and have secured the best harbors. They have thus quite innocently been preparing the way for the fierce struggles of our intensely competitive era, when every nation deals

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with every other, and all must enjoy unimpeded access to the common highway.

Until the Great War wrought their downfall, the efforts of Austria and Germany to extend through the Balkans to Turkey and Mesopotamia kept the Slavs and Italians apart. Today those powerful common foes are gone, and the erstwhile friends stand frowning, face to face. Italy frankly proclaims her ambition to make the Adriatic "an Italian lake." For this there are two reasons, one trade, the other national defense. As Italy's coastline in the Adriatic is nearly eight hundred miles long, her naval staff is naturally chary about permitting a foreign Power to establish itself along the opposite coast, only a hundred miles away, whence a naval attack could be launched readily and swiftly. They remember the anxious days when their Austrian "ally" was a dangerous rival in the Adriatic; and they have been at pains to secure the former Austrian naval bases at Trieste and Pola. They have no perceptible enthusiasm for the growth of a new naval Power in the sea which they regard as peculiarly their own; nor can they readily forget that the Jugoslavs have fallen heir to most of what the War left of the Austrian Fleet.

Italian business men are well aware that whoever controls the outlets of the Balkan Peninsula controls its trade, which is certain to increase as civilization progresses; and of this profitable trade they are determined to have as much as they can possibly secure.

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The thin line of Italian settlement along the Dalmatian coast adds a third motive—and an unmatchable excuse. The undeniable fact that Yugoslavia already holds some hundreds of miles of coastline is a further reason for questioning her right to the harbors she so much desires, until one comes to understand that most of this coastline is fringed with mountains through which there are few practicable passes and almost no railroads.

During the years immediately following the Peace Conference the problem of Yugoslav access to the sea seemed likely to become one of the most dangerous and pressing of all those that threatened to produce a recurrence of hostilities; but the Yugoslav Government has been inclined to seek a peaceful solution of these disputes—in part moved, no doubt, by the reflection that domestic dissensions make a profitable war almost impossible. Yet even so there have been two or three occasions when the probability of future international struggles due to the Yugoslav movement toward the sea was appallingly evident.

The first was the seizure of Fiume by the tiresomely bombastic Gabriele d'Annunzio, which was followed by Italian annexation of the city and endless unsuccessful negotiations with Yugoslavia. For the time being this quarrel seems to have been adjusted, though in the latter part of 1925 there was a sudden recrudescence of bitter feeling.

The second was Italy's seizure of the Greek island

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of Corfu in 1923. The germs of a general war lurked in that apparently simple dispute between Italy and Greece over the murder of an Italian general, slain on Greek soil while helping to delimit the frontier of Albania. Italy's bombardment of the island of Corfu and her request for fifty million lire as indemnity are typical incidents of the sort that precipitate great wars. Had the smaller Powers been in a suitable position to insist on getting what they wanted, the Italian action might easily have led to a struggle with Italy on one side, Greece on the other—and Yugoslavia on the side that promised to give her the more.

Yugoslavia wanted Salonika, which the Greeks held. She also wanted Fiume, which the Italians held. What a temptation, then, to side either with Italy or with Greece, and get at least one port as a reward! That would have meant war in the Balkans—and Balkan wars are unpleasantly contagious. The admirable good sense of the Yugoslav Government in doing nothing saved a nasty situation; but other situations of the same sort (though not necessarily involving the same nations) are certain to arise again.* And it is too much to hope that so long as the denial of adequate ports gives justified cause for fundamental dissatisfaction, Yugoslavia will always remain so pacifically disposed.

Two good reasons why both Greece and Yugoslavia

* The fighting between Greeks and Bulgars in October, 1925, began a few weeks after this was written.

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were pacifically minded in 1923 may be found in the Greek defeat of the year before and the ominous unrest of Yugoslavia's large Croatian population. Had Greece and Yugoslavia gone to war, the danger would have been exactly like the danger in 1922. It would have been natural for Bulgaria to seek to win back anything her little army could get. Rumania might have been drawn in precisely as she was in 1913 and 1916. Once Rumania was involved, the Red Army would certainly have moved to recover the coveted province of Bessarabia, where today Russian and Rumanian sentries are still eyeing one another across a narrow river, and where three alarms a night are not uncommon. Once Russia was drawn in, a deadly suction into the whirlpool would have been set up with an outcome even more disastrous than the similar whirlpool of nine years before.

The danger came and passed, scarcely perceived by the public. That was the story of repeated crises between 1900 and 1914, until one day the danger came—and did not pass.

CHAPTER VI

THE TENSIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD: IRRIDENTISM

*Nationalism has been strong enough to produce
war in spite of us.*

—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE: *Nationality and the War.*

IRRIDENTISM is a word with a history. It is also, there is but too much reason to fear, a word with an exceedingly sanguinary future. Yet strange to say there is, if we take the word in its literal historical meaning, no irridentist problem in the world today—which is a sufficiently paradoxical opening for a chapter that professes to describe specifically the irridentist problems of the modern world.

The word irridentism—but not the thing it stands for, which is as old as the idea of nationhood—comes to us from the years succeeding the Italian unification of 1859 to 1870, after Italy had ceased to be a mere “geographical expression” and had become a kingdom. Although most of the scattered Italian provinces had been united, the new state did not yet—nor does it even today—include all the territory in which dwelt people who were by blood and language predominantly

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Italian. To the north lay the Trentino, Trieste, and Istria, Italian lands under the alien rule of the Hapsburgs; and this territory was Italia Irridenta—unredeemed Italy—where the people, in spite of their Italian blood and speech, were denied union with their brothers in Italia Ridenta. It was to gain this territory that Italy had planned and schemed for years before she entered the war in 1915, and in 1918 achieved her ambition. It was the Hapsburg grip on Italian soil that had made the Triple Alliance so fragile. It was with detached bits of these lands that Austria frantically tried to bribe Italy, until the declaration of war made bribes useless. And it was these same lands that the sorely-pressed Allies, to secure aid when it was worst needed, secretly promised should become Italian after they had been wrested from Austria in a victory which was then still far in the future. This was the territory that gave us the word irridentism.

The War ended at length in an Allied victory, and the triumphant Italians claimed the prize that had been pledged them. Italia Irridenta was redeemed at last, and irridentism in the strict Italian sense was no more. But the word irridentism had become a convenient name to apply to a highly inconvenient and dangerous thing. It denotes a state of affairs all too common in the post-war world—the condition that arises when a group allied by blood or language to a nation outside the state of which they form a part become conscious of

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their common nationality, grow weary of alien rule, and aspire to join the group to which by these natural ties they feel that they belong. This is not quite the same thing as the aspiration of a subject people to throw off a foreign yoke and set up a wholly new nation of their own. Dwellers in irridentist territory yearn, not for independence, but for the privilege of joining their blood brothers in a state already established, union with which is denied them by the government under which they unwillingly live.

It is a relatively new idea that all who belong together by blood and language, by a common culture and tradition, or even those who think that they belong together—which is not always quite the same thing—must be permitted to unite. To the modern mind this principle of nationality appears so just and simple on the face of it that it wins a ready and general acceptance from all who have no interests at stake.

As is the case with so many admirable principles, however, the difficulty with this one lies in its application; for the principle of nationality is pretty certain to come into immediate conflict with other principles equally important and equally just. Strict adherence to the principle of nationality, for example, would unquestionably justify half a dozen foreign governments in annexing New York City, greatly to the inconvenience, dismay, and danger of these United States; and the negro republics of Haiti and Liberia might reasonably lay claim, on irridentist grounds, to a fair share

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of American territory south of the Mason and Dixon line.

If Italy is to assert her sovereignty over every inch of territory where Italians live or where Italian is spoken, Jugoslavia will never reach the Adriatic and Great Britain must give up her naval base at Malta. If the Greek flag is to fly over all Greek territory, Italy must quit the Dodecanese islands and Great Britain must abandon Cyprus. If the Germans wrenched from the Vaterland to make the Danzig corridor are given back to the Reich, land-locked Poland has no means of trading with the world, or of importing the munitions—to mention nothing else—that she believes she needs. In Central Europe the Germans and Magyars of Czechoslovakia look longingly to the homelands where their kinsmen dwell—but to return the territories these exiles inhabit to Germany or Hungary would simply disrupt the new state and substitute a more justified Czech irridentism for the Hungarian and German irridentism that now exists.

In Rumania nearly two million Hungarians aspire to re-union with Hungary. Mr. Lloyd George declares, that the new Poland includes "five Alsace-Lorraines." Independent Austria wishes to join the German Republic—but that cannot be permitted lest underpopulated France should be confronted with an addition to the sixty million Germans with whom she fears she will have to grapple in the future. In the Balkans, Jugoslavia and Greece face a joint irridentist problem

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in the new Macedonian territories gained in the War, many of whose inhabitants still look to Bulgaria as their Fatherland, or aspire to Macedonian independence.

It is the merit of German irridentism that there is little dispute about the facts, however controversy may rage over the courses of action they demand or justify. The German inhabitants of Danzig and the German minority in the Danzig corridor, though the most vociferous in their complaints, are not the sole dwellers in the new Germania Iridenta formed by the Treaty of Versailles. Austria, Danzig, and various German-speaking districts in Poland are—or at least they were prior to the Polish expulsion of German sympathizers—unquestionably inhabited for the most part by Germans. In Upper Silesia a German population was arbitrarily handed over to Poland because this manufacturing district and its coal were required to strengthen Polish industry—and proportionately to weaken that German strength of which Poland's French ally lives in perpetual dread. In the Saar Valley another group of Germans have been taken from German rule and, temporarily at least, placed under what amounts to French government. Finally, there are elements even in Alsace and Lorraine which look back to Germany much as the French Alsatians and Lorrainers once looked to France, the more so because French anti-clerical policy begins to bear heavily upon the Catholics of the two provinces.

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The prohibition of the *Anschluss* or union between Austria and Germany as a new state in the German Reich is another count in the Teutonic grievance against France. Vienna, once the industrial and administrative head of an empire of fifty million people, including half-a-dozen languages and nations, now finds itself suddenly transformed into the capital of a little German-speaking republic with some five or six million citizens, far too weak to stand alone and with hostile states on every side, reft of its subject peoples, stripped of its manufactures and its markets, and cut off from the Adriatic, which it once hoped to master. The jealous dynasties of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern are gone. Clearly it is time for the Austrians to forget their old proud separateness and throw their lot in with their German brothers.

But no! France, already fearful of the preponderant power of her northern neighbor, will not tolerate any addition to a Germany that is, from the French point of view, far too populous already. Nor do the Succession States, among whom most of the territories that once constituted the Hapsburg "succession," or inheritance, have been divided, look with approval upon any scheme that would make the helpless Austria of today a member of the great German Reich which, it is perfectly apparent, must some day inevitably become once more one of the great Powers of the world; and which might then ask inconvenient questions about territories and peoples that once were under Austrian sway. The

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statesmen of Central Europe want to keep what they have won. The Austrians, with their German dialect and largely German blood, may look wistfully northward, but union is peremptorily denied them.

Even Italy, to whom years of alien rule might have taught the dangers of such oppression, claimed boundaries far beyond the area of Italian blood and language in 1919, when Italia Irredenta was restored to her; and to secure a defensible frontier has advanced her outposts deep into the German-populated Tyrol—it is officially the Alto Adige nowadays. Here she is pursuing a typical policy of compulsory Italianization, extending even to arbitrary and annoying changes of place names that exasperate the unfortunate Germans who find themselves forced to become unwilling Italian subjects, and rouse the Germans of the Fatherland to paroxysms of helpless, sympathetic fury—which is all the more dangerous because it is for the present wholly unavailing. Suppressed fury may be ultimately the most dangerous of all.

In the still uneasy Balkan Peninsula and in Asia Minor there are at least half-a-dozen similar problems, all due to the inextricable intermingling of nations and religions after centuries of shifting governments, folk migrations, and conquests. But Balkan irridentism centres in the district vaguely described as Macedonia, where Greece, Jugoslavia, and Bulgaria meet.

As a breeder of minor affrays, irridentist wars, and

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general international unrest, Macedonia has seldom been surpassed. From the geographic—and consequently from the military—standpoint, it is the centre of the Balkans. Whoever can control it has advanced a long step toward the control of the Peninsula itself—and there has been a natural scramble among the Turks, Bulgars, Greeks, and Serbs for its possession. But no matter who holds Macedonia, at least two irridentist problems are certain to emerge; for as if at the instigation of Mars himself, the population has been nicely compounded to include strains of Greek, Yugoslav, and Bulgar blood. If the land is Yugoslav, Bulgar and Greek are discontented; if Greek, Bulgar and Yugoslav cry out against the foreign yoke; if Bulgarian, Greek and Yugoslav enter vehement protest.

Quite aside from territorial and strategic advantages, therefore, sympathy for unredeemed brethren is certain to set longing eyes—not to mention raiding bands of *comitadjis*—to straying across the frontiers in all directions, no matter which state happens to govern for the time being. The dissensions are further complicated by the fact that many Macedonians of Bulgarian blood have taken refuge in Bulgaria; where, being propertyless fugitives, many of them have become government officials and army officers, naturally inclined to help on any disputes to which the perpetual unsettlement of Macedonian affairs may give rise, and ideally placed to do so.

All three of the rival nations are, for the moment,

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weak—Jugoslavia rent by internal strife; Bulgaria smarting under two consecutive defeats and the effects of recent revolutions; Greece crippled by repeated revolution and further weakened by ten years of mobilization capped by the debacle at Smyrna in 1922. Yet this exhaustion did not prevent the Greco-Bulgar frontier war of 1925. A peace that rests on nothing more than mutual exhaustion cannot last forever; and in the meantime unrest is fomented steadily and systematically by the Macedonian revolutionary organizations—some of which aspire to Macedonian independence—and by the agents of Moscow.

The ambitions once entertained by Greece of uniting under one flag all the Greeks living in Asiatic Turkey and the islands were brought to a rude halt by the disaster at Smyrna, which closed a three years' campaign. The whole Hellenic adventure in Asia Minor was primarily an effort to achieve a national ambition already a century old, by joining the Greeks of the Asiatic coast with the Greeks of the Fatherland. Greek irridentism had been the cause of one war after another—the struggle with Turkey in 1896, the revolts in Crete, the Balkan Wars, and the final disastrous campaign in Asia Minor which lasted from 1919 to 1922—before the victorious Turks determined to be rid of their troublesome Greek subjects and the problem they represented, at a single stroke.

Years of struggle had opened the eyes of the Turkish Nationalists to the peril of Turkey's irridentist prob-

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lems, which had culminated in the Greek entry into Smyrna and the subsequent gradual Greek advance for hundreds of miles into Turkish territory; and they made up their minds to stamp out all traces of alien nationhood everywhere within the boundaries of their new republic. By insisting upon the ruthless exchange of populations they have since made sure once for all—but at what a cost in human misery!—that, though other problems may arise in years to come, of irridentism there will be no more in Asia Minor. X

Greek settlements in the territories that we know today as the Turkish Republic began in classic times or earlier, antedating by centuries the arrival from Central Asia of the Turks themselves—though whether either Greeks or Turks of these days retain much of their alleged ancestors' blood is doubtful. At least the Greek tradition has been continuous; and the Greek inhabitants of Turkey were bound to the soil by all those ties which link men and women of every nation and of every class to the places that they love. The same might be said of the less numerous Turkish inhabitants of Greek soil.

No matter. Both populations were driven out and transported to "Fatherlands" which they did not know and in which they had no desire to dwell. Theoretically the incoming Asiatic Greeks were to be compensated for what they had left behind with the lands and property the expelled Turks had lost, and vice versa; but where peoples are migrating by the hundreds

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of thousands compensation is possible only in the crudest and least satisfactory form.

At the cost of such tremendous sacrifices Greece and Turkey are rid of their national minorities, and with them of the prospect of future irridentist wars. But both nations, already weighed down by the burdens incurred during the series of constant wars that have raged almost steadily in the Near East from 1912 to 1922, are now further crushed by hordes of refugees for whom they have no place, no property, and scant employment. Victorious Turkey, receiving fewer newcomers in a larger territory, is vastly better off than the vanquished and impoverished Greeks.

Even now Greek irridentism is not quite at an end, for though the exodus of the Anatolian Greeks from their ancient homes seems to have settled once for all the Greek dream of a new empire in Asia Minor, there are still the materials for latent friction in the Italian-controlled, Greek-populated islands of the Dodecanese and in the British-controlled, Greek-populated colony of Cyprus. In both cases the occupying Powers, in order to safeguard their own naval interests, have cut across the rights of Greek nationhood. In neither case can irridentism possibly produce a new war solely by virtue of the discontent that it alone stirs up—the victims are too weak for that. But in either case the irridentist problems create a silent, ever-present tension exacerbating every dispute that may arise from other causes. It is not a situation that favors permanent

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or even prolonged peace, especially as many Greeks still long to be revenged upon the Turks.

Nor are future occasions of dispute likely to be infrequent, as was made gloomily evident by the friction between Greece and Italy in 1923; by the friction between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria that followed certain rash and hasty Bulgarian assertions after the bomb explosions in the Sofia Cathedral in 1925; and also by the little Greco-Bulgar war later in the same year. None of the little Balkan states is too weak to become involved in disputes which might quite conceivably lead on first to local and then to general war—for Balkan wars have always had an epidemic tendency.

These sources of conflict by no means exhaust the explosive possibilities of Europe's uneasy southeastern corner. The little pre-war state of Rumania has become the great post-war Rumania only at the price of acquiring two new irridentist problems,—one in Bessarabia, with its numerous Russians, on her eastern frontier, and the other in Transylvania, with its numerous Hungarians, on her northwestern frontier.

Even before the War there was already one such problem. In order to enlarge their footing on the Black Sea—the only coast to which they can ever hope to gain access—the Rumanian leaders had let themselves be carried away after the second Balkan War by the desire for national aggrandizement and had taken the Dobrudja, the fertile strip of coastland just

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south of the Danube's mouth, the southernmost part of which has an almost purely Bulgarian population. The Bulgars had already won it back after the victories of Mackensen's German armies in 1918, but the Allied victory followed so hard upon Rumania's defeat that the treaty was never signed and the Bulgarians never



took possession. Rumania still rules her Bulgar minority, which constitutes a permanent sore spot in all relations between the two states.

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There is a far graver problem immediately to the north. Bessarabia, once a Turkish province, has alternated repeatedly from Russian to Rumanian hands. Though statistics are never free from suspicion in disputed territories, there seems no good reason to doubt that its people are predominantly Rumanian, but the Russian population is certainly very numerous. When the World War broke out, Bessarabia was Russian, as it had been since 1878. When the dust of battle cleared—hey, presto! It was Rumanian once more. But the diplomatic legerdemain has not removed the Russian inhabitants, who are still living where they always lived, and who in many cases sympathize not with Rumania but with Soviet Russia.

The Soviet Government for its part makes no secret of its designs on Bessarabia; and to inflame Russian irridentism in the Rumanian province has deliberately set up a "Moldavian Soviet Republic"—Moldavia being an old name for northern Rumania—just across the River Dniester, which forms the boundary. For this course of action the Bolshevists have two motives: first the consistent policy—which for form's sake they have from time to time disclaimed—of fomenting disunion and unrest wherever possible in the "capitalist" countries; and second, a quite human and normally nationalistic ambition to induce their fellow Russians to throw in their lot with them, and to gather in as much territory as they can get for the greater glory of the Soviet cause.

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On Rumania's northwestern frontier is Transylvania, once in Rumanian eyes a part of Rumania Irredenta; now in Hungarian eyes a part of unredeemed Hungary. The whole Rumanian population of seventeen millions thus includes nearly two million heartily dissatisfied Hungarians and another million of none-too-contented Russians, besides an odd three millions of assorted nationalities not of Rumanian blood. Hungary, like the other defeated states, is licking her wounds and waiting for her chance. Post-war Hungarian maps show both old and new frontiers, and bear the legend "No, no, never!"—a reference to the treaty boundaries which suggests that on one side at least of those unsatisfactory lines the people are determined that they shall not endure.

To make matters worse, in Hungary a kind of loyalty to the Hapsburg dynasty and to little King Otto, the boy heir to the throne now living in exile, still romantically persists, complicating still more a situation already sufficiently perplexing. The ancient dominions of the Hapsburg kings and emperors are now parcelled out among Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania; and can be wrested from their present possessors by force and by force alone. Any attempt to restore the Hapsburgs will always meet with uncompromising resistance, for statesmen in Central Europe are well aware that no matter what pious protests or disclaimers may be made, a Hapsburg restoration means an eventual endeavor to win

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back their territory. In 1921 the two futile endeavors of the unhappy Emperor Karl to regain his throne in Hungary were taken so seriously that two of the imperilled states ordered mobilization and one of them actually began it.

Even without the existence of a royal exile, the irridentist feeling naturally to be expected so long as two million Hungarians are under foreign rule is certain to find violent expression whenever a favorable occasion arises. A Hapsburg restoration would only intensify the feeling. Where Karl, his father, twice failed to regain his kingdom, will Otto, an innocent, dangerous little boy, grow to manhood and succeed? Probably not. But ours is an ill world for prophesying, and stranger things have happened and may yet happen than a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary.

Rumania thus faces west upon the stormiest quarter of the modern world, south upon a disgruntled foe, east upon the Bolsheviks, north upon Hungary. Her hour of trial upon any of these frontiers will be the hour of opportunity for her foes on her other frontiers. The Rumanians, being quite aware of this, were correspondingly eager to suppress the Greco-Bulgarian hostilities of 1925 before they had a chance to spread. With a neighbor like Bolshevik Russia avowedly threatening on one side and monarchist Hungary on the other, what wonder if the head that wears the Rumanian crown lies a trifle uneasy?

Here, then, are lingering causes of latent dissatisfac-

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tion for which the diplomats have as yet failed to find adequate solution. Here, in our post-war world, is a group of poisonous irritants in every respect similar to those irridentist problems elsewhere that helped produce the state of general tension and exasperation among the nations whose inevitable end was the great disaster of 1914. Will these more recent irridentist forces, so nearly identical with those of pre-war days—although frequently with the rôles of oppressor and oppressed diametrically reversed—lead us on to a new catastrophe of the same kind? Or are we wiser than our foolish fathers, and shall we take heed of the approaching doom while there is yet time?

Too often in our inquiry we have had to return a discouraging negative to such a question; nor does the abundance of irridentist problems that survived the War afford the friends of peace much cause for jubilation, even now. Yet irridentism is one of the very few among the innumerable problems likely to produce war with which certain nations have genuinely endeavored to grapple in a serious and scientific spirit. The Greek and Turkish Governments, when they agreed to exchange populations, set their teeth and struck out upon the only course that can permanently solve problems of this kind wherever they exist. So long as nationalistic hatreds endure—and there is no visible sign of diminution in their number or their virulence—and so long as discordant races or nationalities are unequally divided in any given area, it is futile

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for diplomats to draw lines upon the map. When, however, a line is agreed on—as fair a line as in this imperfect world can reasonably be hoped for—there is but one means of ending irridentism definitely and giving peace a chance. Nationalities that cannot live peaceably together must be rooted up, sorted out, and transferred each to its own side of the line.

Such a course means intense suffering during a few years for hundreds of thousands of men and women. Any other course means war—perpetual war, with varying results, the same bit of territory passing now to one side, now to the other, but always at the same price: blood. The example set by the Turks and (less willingly) by the Greeks has now been followed by the Poles and (again less willingly) by the Germans. Greece and Bulgaria may follow suit.

The exchange of populations along a disputed frontier is a desperate solution for a desperate problem. It leaves savage bitterness behind, but it removes a root cause of future wars. Can it be that we have discovered a solution for irridentist problems which is less costly than war both in wealth and suffering? And if the ruthless exchange of discordant populations is indeed a permanent remedy, will statesmen have the courage to apply it? Or will they prefer to its kindly, because temporary, cruelty the long-drawn agony of war succeeding war?

CHAPTER VII

THE TENSIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD: THE PACIFIC

I believe that our future history will be more determined by our position on the Pacific facing China, than by our position on the Atlantic facing Europe.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT to Benjamin Ide Wheeler,
June 17, 1905.

SCARCELY had the first World War closed when the shadows of a new one began to gather above the ocean that with quaint irony we call the Pacific. Though few could have ventured intelligent guesses, much less specific statements how or when or why or even where the new war was about to begin, the impression of its imminence was general—and such universal conviction that war is near at hand is in itself a predisposing cause of war.

If no one was quite clear what the new war was going to be about, neither did anyone seem to know very definitely which Powers would do the fighting. The much-advertised war between Japan and America would no doubt be part of it, but where would the other Powers stand? Great Britain as Japan's ally

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was then still bound, as she had been during the Russo-Japanese War, to hold the ring and support the Mikado in case his foe should be joined by an ally. To calm American doubts, the British had, to be sure, inserted a clause in their Japanese alliance specifically exempting from its operation every country with which they had a treaty of arbitration—a phrase that, stripped of the tactful indirection of diplomatic language, meant our Yankee selves. But the situation was still uncomfortable for America. Any war in which we might become involved in the Pacific would be a naval war; and the greatest Navy in the world was still allied with a potential foe whose Navy ranked next our own and was in some respects superior. Even if the British Navy was unlikely to be thrown into a future war against us, America could hardly count upon its aid.

The grip of the hands across the sea was perceptibly relaxed.

Certain of the British dominions viewed the situation with almost as many qualms as the United States. On the west coast of Canada there was a race question identical with that in California. Australia and New Zealand had long ago turned the Oriental out; but an uneasy consciousness lingered that the Oriental didn't like it and might insist on coming back again as soon as he felt strong enough. However the Japanese alliance might please imperialists in London, the Canadians and Australians objected to it with vigor.

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Nor, truth to tell, were the imperialists themselves unduly at their ease. So far as the British were concerned, the alliance had originally been devised in 1902 as a countercheck—which might become quarrelsome at need—to the Russian advance on India; but the Russians had now become far less a peril in that quarter than the Japanese themselves, who, it was believed, were beginning to cast calculating eyes toward the richest of all British possessions. There was no immediate danger; but if the Japanese advance southward continued beyond Formosa, or if the sturdy Asiatic race of islanders should be flushed by a second great victory over a white nation, who could tell what might happen?

There were likewise to be considered the perpetual confusion in China—a standing invitation to interference by some greedy Power or Powers, which would be sure to lead to friction and possibly to war with other European rivals; the possible attitude of France, which had Far Eastern possessions but no navy worth mentioning; the attitude of the Dutch, who were then meditating a small navy to defend Java and Sumatra (though as a matter of fact they never built it); and last of all the perpetual riddle of Soviet Russia, which was perfectly certain to play a great part in the Far Eastern problem, though no one had the least idea what it would be. The United States was far advanced upon a colossal naval programme with which Japan, a poor country that has always found some

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difficulty in paying her tremendous armament bills, and Great Britain, staggering under the cost of her victory in the Great War, could hardly hope to compete.

The race question was, as usual, lingering in the background. America had—or believed she had—evidence that the Japanese were rushing preparations for an immediate war by which neither country could hope to profit very greatly, since it was certain to be gallantly fought on both sides, long-drawn, desperate—and expensive; but which it was to Japan's interest to fight at that particular time if it had to be fought at all.

Consequently the Washington Conference met. The Powers gracefully agreed to save money by abandoning some battleships, whose value was at best uncertain; there was some pious pledge-making on the subject of gas and submarine warfare; and the United States, France, Great Britain, and Japan leagued themselves in the Four Power Pact to safeguard their mutual interests in the Pacific. No one has yet discovered from what earthly source these four, the greatest Powers of the world, could possibly expect a threat of any kind; but it would not be respectful to the choice assemblage of best minds who made the agreement to push our inquiry to embarrassing lengths. After all this had been accomplished, the great ones of the earth returned amid universal plaudits to their several corners of it, announcing that they had saved the planet. The planet, duly grateful, failed to ob-

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serve that its salvation, if it was good for anything at all, was good for ten years only.

The Washington Conference of 1922, however, had done at least one of the numerous things that it claimed to have done; and it had, therefore, accomplished something. So far as the immediate future was concerned, there could now be no war in the Pacific, for the excellent reason that after scrapping all the ships whose demolition was called for in the treaties, no one of the three chief naval Powers could possibly reach either of the other two—until sufficient time had elapsed for building the innumerable aircraft, aircraft carriers, and light cruisers that were to replace the scrapped battleships.

The only pacific characteristic of the Pacific Ocean is its enormous extent, because of which any nations that attempt to wage war upon it are sure to have lines of communication thousands of miles in length and almost impossible to defend against submarines, surface raiders, or aircraft. This is an embarrassing situation for the belligerently disposed on either side, who under present circumstances are denied almost every prospect of assailing one another. But the friends of peace can derive scant consolation from what is at best a temporary respite, for "progress" will eventually make new wars easier by increasing the speed of air and water transport, thus causing the Pacific to shrink—as the Atlantic has long since shrunk—to inconsider-

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able dimensions. When that happy day arrives, or even before then if the Washington armament limitations are not renewed in 1932, the situation will be ripe for catastrophe; since the Washington Conference did nothing more than remove a few instruments of naval warfare which may turn out in the end to have been the least important ones. It did not deal with land armaments and it left the fundamental causes of warfare to flourish quite untrammelled.

These are, if anything, more active in the Pacific than elsewhere. The whole Far Eastern question has always been an almost classic example of the working of the underlying economic forces that breed the great wars of our day; and its essentials during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are quite simple. Japan wanted room to expand. Russia wanted access to an ice-free ocean. Consequently they both wanted Manchuria and went to war.

All the Great Powers, including Russia, Japan, and ourselves, wanted either raw materials, new markets, or both. To ensure getting these desirable commodities, the Europeans proceeded to scramble for ports, concessions, naval bases, spheres of influence, and all the rest of it, the upshot being that in the process they affronted even the long-suffering Chinese and fell to quarrelling among themselves. Hence the Chino-Japanese War, the Boxer Rebellion, and the Russo-Japanese War. Even the World War is partly due

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to economic rivalries in the Far East, and the economic origin of post-war alarms is obvious.

The logical next step is a new war.

The discouraging aspect of the whole dreary business is the essential identity between pre- and post-war conditions. Now as then, half-a-dozen Powers are scrambling for the lands, the markets, and the raw materials of the Far East. In the past such rivalries have led to repeated wars, one of which at least was very near to becoming world wide. At present the same old forces are again at work, complicated now by two new and dangerous movements—the growing feeling of solidarity among Asiatic peoples, who resent white domination and are beginning to realize at last that their common peril is a common bond between them; and the cynical endeavors of Moscow to embroil the rest of the world as a means of hastening the advance of Communism. Is there any valid reason for believing that we shall escape in the future the bloody arbitrament that has hitherto been unescapable?

The details of the Far Eastern question are immensely complex, if anything more so than political tangles elsewhere in the world—or if no more complex then at least more difficult for the Occidental mind to grasp because of the bewildering mingling of languages and races, civilizations and ways of thinking that after centuries of separation are infinitely alien to our own. Yet the present situation, when reduced to essentials, is fairly clear and the main problems are quite capable

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of concise and concrete statement. These problems are, in brief:—the persistence of Japan's need, real or fancied, of an outlet for surplus population; the refusal of other nations, partly on racial grounds, to allow her that outlet; Russia's century-old struggle toward the Pacific through Eastern Asia; rivalry for markets; rivalry for raw materials; and the military and naval rivalry that results from them. All the immediate occasions of friction, which are so abundant, are simply expressions of these fundamental needs that underlie them all.

Now Japan's population problem, in spite of occasional attempts to make light of it, is both pressing and serious; and though we have already touched upon it elsewhere, a concise statement of the main facts will not be amiss here. The islands over which the Mikado holds sway are very small to be the homeland of one of the four greatest Powers of the modern world—some hundred and fifty thousand square miles at most. A large proportion, even of this limited area, is so mountainous that it is useless either for cultivation or for habitation; and parts of the northernmost island are too cold for the warmth-loving Japanese to live in at all. Worse still, though Japan is already densely settled, the population continues to grow, adding an increment of seven or eight hundred thousand every year, so that in Nippon, the largest island, the density ranges between five hundred and a thousand to the square mile.¹

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The resultant expansion southward, eastward, and westward long since led to conflicts of vital interests with Korea, China, Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and ourselves. Korea has become the Japanese province of Chosen. China, Russia, and Germany have been defeated—all this because of an urge to expansion for which there is no remedy so long as the Japanese population goes on steadily mounting. China's territory is no less a temptation than Korea once was, because—huge though the Chinese population itself is—there are still areas in China that are thinly populated and so available for settlement from the outside; and one of these areas, Manchuria, is conveniently close at hand.

General adoption of birth control by the Japanese would straightway put an end to their population pressure and enable them to subsist within the confines of their narrow islands. This, however, the Japanese—who vigorously banned the teachings of Margaret Sanger when she sought to disseminate them in Nippon—decline to do. To reduce their numbers would be to reduce their strength; and the Japanese are well aware that they owe their present position in the world and their escape from the fate that has overtaken so many weak or ill-organized Oriental countries at the hands of their benevolent western neighbors, solely to their numbers, their strength, and their military skill.

This particular population problem, which is other-

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wise not greatly different from a dozen others, is made more complex and more menacing by the addition of a racial problem.

It is the curious habit of every human being to regard himself as superior to his fellows. Rude facts may force him to admit, even to himself, that one individual or another is his superior in sundry non-essentials. One man may be physically stronger, another more intelligent, another possibly even handsomer. But these, Jones is convinced, are unimportant characteristics. That he himself, John Jones, in all the qualities that really matter is a fine fellow, Jones never for a moment doubts.

Such innocent vanities among all the Joneses of the world would be without international significance, were it not that Jones extends his vanity to include his fellow citizens. Since he is himself a capital fellow, it follows that those who most nearly resemble his own manifold perfections—in other words his countrymen—approximate most nearly to the ideal originally entertained by the Creator, who is conceived as a glorified Jones, when He was designing His master-work. That other nations should ridiculously differ from the Jonesian ideal in such vital matters as stature, color, the angle of their eyes, the number of their wives, their religions, garments, or the architecture of their noses is manifestly an insult to that Platonic ideal after which the tribe of Jones was first conceived. Thus evolves the doctrine of racial superiority, which upon this distracted

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planet is now being entertained, sometimes boisterously, sometimes with silent determination, by half-a-dozen different races—for we must not forget that our friend Jones has his African and Asiatic counterparts.

So far as the Pacific is concerned, this means that wherever white races are contesting with yellow races for territory, markets, or raw materials—as in China, Hawaii, the Philippines, California, and Australia—a new and peculiar bitterness is injected into the hostility ordinarily engendered of such conflicts even among the whites themselves. Conciliation is made so much the more difficult; and the chances of a bloody decision are by so much increased. Nor must we new, raw Western peoples be too greatly surprised if a race which, though young as Asia measures time, is incalculably ancient by contrast with our upstart selves, declines to be set down as inferior or uncivilized; and with persistent bluntness raises the issue of racial equality at every international gathering.

Though the population problem of the Far East, with its repercussions nearer home, is in itself sufficiently perplexing, it constitutes but one element in the whole Far Eastern situation. The mass of the Chinese, like the mass in India, may be miserably poor; but there are four hundred million of them and their collective purchasing power is enormous. The astute Christians who first taught China to use kerosene lamps counted their profits in millions. There were millions equally numerous for the shrewd individuals who

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taught the Chinese the use and beauty of the cigarette. It is even rumored that the sale of opium, though highly regrettable, as everyone piously agrees, is not unprofitable; and there are scores of other Western commodities that the Orient can still be taught to desire—radio sets, bath-tubs, Kant's philosophy, typewriters, machine-made furniture, picture postcards, chewing gum, and the other fine flowers of our civilization. Here are the prospects of immense wealth for the business men who are so fortunate as to exploit this almost virgin market—and it is where such prospects are brightest that governments are always busiest.

All this helps to explain the intense interest that every industrialized state has taken in Chinese affairs for the last half century. The unscrupulous length to which this interest has been pushed explains the Boxer rebellion. It also explains the concession-grabbing by foreign Powers that preceded and produced the Rebellion; and today it still explains the foreign-owned or foreign-administered railways, the Occident's paternal interest in Chinese customs, gun-boats on the Yang-tze, and many interesting and alarming things besides. It explains several past wars and it may yet explain—who knows?—several extraordinary wars to come. Manifestly these are happenings that merit present attention, for in the immediate future we are likely to hear rather more of them than less.

As one of the results of the World War the Far Eastern market—mainly Chinese—assumes an impor-

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tance even greater than before the War. Europe, shattered by its struggles, divided against itself by enmities freshly envenomed and customs barriers newly erected, is so thoroughly broken that for years to come it cannot grow again into the great market that it once was. Yet at this very time, as the crippled Continent struggles to heal itself, its eagerness to sell what it produces is greater than ever. America, too, deprived of accustomed shipments eastward across the Atlantic begins to look west across the Pacific. And Japan, ideally situated at the very doors of Asia, with her screen of islands stretching three thousand miles along the Asiatic coast and commanding all the sea lanes leading in, requires ever new mills and raw materials to employ her ever-growing population and ever new markets to buy what they produce. The struggle in the Far East is likely to grow more bitter rather than to diminish.

Nor do such questions as raw materials, markets, and population outlets exhaust the causes of Pacific friction. Japan, like most industrial countries—the United States is lucky enough to be a partial though temporary exception to the rule—must look abroad for her food supplies and raw materials. Spartan though the simple diet of her workers is, the homeland can no longer supply their needs. Already much even of their rice, the indispensable staple of Japanese diet, comes from the mainland. In time of war, therefore, Japan would be pretty sure to find herself in the same predicament

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as England during the submarine campaign,—or in a worse predicament. For the normal Japanese diet is far nearer the line of stark physiological necessity than any diet the luxurious Western palate would tolerate except under the stress of war. Consequently Japan in time of war can reduce her food consumption relatively little; whereas the wasteful West, and particularly America, can cut food consumption far below normal and be the healthier for it.

If Japanese emigrants—who have a racial pride of their own—cannot move to the east or south without encountering the racial pride of the peoples whom for lack of a better term we style Anglo-Saxon, neither can Japanese factories reach out for raw materials in Asia or Japanese business men turn to the natural markets conveniently at hand just across the Japan Sea, without encountering the rivalry of Europe and America.

In the raw materials of chief value to an industrial state Japan is most deficient. Coal and iron she has none. Of oil, except for the undeveloped oil lands of Sakhalin, she has little. Even the Imperial Navy is partially dependent for its fuel oil upon the United States,—its most probable opponent in any future war! How tempting, then, the wealth of China with untouched oil fields, with the largest undeveloped coal and iron deposits in the world, all lying conveniently at hand for Japanese industrialists to use. Already Japanese business men control the iron in the Hankow

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district, and Manchurian iron is theirs or will be.

In 1915 Japan obtained exclusive mining rights in Eastern Mongolia and Shantung. The notorious Twenty-One Demands—which in that same year summoned China to surrender to Japan the essentials of her independent existence—were part and parcel of this programme of expansion. The clever Tokyo diplomats were tempted by the unparalleled opportunity presented by Europe's helplessness to check them, and for once overplayed their hand a little too far.

Nor do coal and iron exhaust the list of the Chinese treasures that tempt the Japanese. China is the world's greatest producer of antimony. She has lead and timber (which helped on the Russo-Japanese War), tin—and oil. She has, moreover, in the immense hordes of her population, a huge supply of potential mill and factory hands, who are not, like their western confreres, organized into inconveniently insistent labor unions. She has fine natural harbors and great rivers, natural avenues for trade, leading far inland. A country ripe for the foreign exploiter, who is naturally enthusiastic at the opportunity; and who sees to it that his government shall share his enthusiasm. For all these indispensable commodities are coveted quite as ardently by Europe as by Japan.

Already Japanese business men are flooding the lands about them with their products. Eastern Siberia and China are heavy customers. Japanese hardware,

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chemicals, electrical machinery, fabrics, and even clothing pour into Australia, whither Japanese immigrants may not follow, to the detriment of the Mother Country's manufactures. The trade of what was once Korea and now is the Japanese province of Chosen is naturally almost entirely Japanese. In three war years Japanese exports to India, that sacred preserve of British business, grew 400 per cent, to Europe 143 per cent, to America 181 per cent.² Nor are naval and military precautions lacking to hold for Japan what she has gained. The island fringe is not enough. From Port Arthur the Japanese shadow falls athwart Peking. The Japanese fleet can close the northern gateways to China at will, and as for the southern gateways—who knows? Once past these guarded gates, which in time of peace stand open wide to any comer, the goods of other nations encounter fresh obstacles, for wherever possible Japan controls the railways on the mainland.

In the Pacific, then, are concentrated a host of bitter economic rivalries of the type to which most modern wars are due. Rivalries in Europe may be equally bitter, hatreds stronger, and more ancient; but in the Pacific there stand fronting one another the only Great Powers that the World War left with populations who have never learned at first hand the terrible meaning of war as it is waged today, possessed of their full strength, with wealth untouched, with manpower undiminished. And Great Britain, the European Power that the Great War crippled least, is also the one

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European Power whose Far Eastern interests are greatest. Here are the fundamental causes of a great and terrible new struggle. Here, to return to our metaphor trite but true, is the powder magazine.

Are there sparks about?

Where such tremendous interests are at stake, nations must of necessity make their preparations for offense and defense. Hence armies and navies, fortifications, naval bases, wireless stations, coaling stations, oil reserves. Hence Guam and Singapore, Yap, and the Bonin Islands. Hence practice cruises and manœuvres with their attendant rumors and suspicions. Hence the quiet comings and goings of those unobtrusive intelligence agents—to use a gentle name—whose bare existence every nation denies and whom every nation uses. Hence the knowledge in every capital that the other nations are arming. Hence all that Shakespeare's stage directions would sum up succinctly as "alarums and excursions."

These are the sparks.

Yet constant though the menace of a Pacific war may be, and imminent though the danger has repeatedly become, there are a number of considerations that favor peace. These are the practical difficulties peculiar to the Pacific that stand in the way of warfare on its waters.

One hindrance to war in the Pacific to which allusion has already been made—and which, though not likely to endure indefinitely, is certain to continue

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until naval and aerial construction has made vast future strides—is the huge distance that separates all possible combatants except Japan, China, and Russia. None of the other Powers chiefly concerned can hope to strike a blow at any other unless in possession of adequately equipped naval bases close to the prospective enemy's coast. Japan has never had a base within several thousand miles of the American coast. The United States, thanks to the Washington treaties, has no first class base nearer to Japan than Hawaii, which, though ideally suited to defend our own Pacific coast against possible foes, is too distant to launch a naval attack against Japan. Guam is the one American possession which if fortified and equipped with docks and workshops would give the American Navy a logical Far Eastern base from which a battle fleet could defend the Philippines and possibly even assail Japan; but the development of Guam, though often recommended by naval authorities, has never been carried out and is now prohibited under the Washington treaties.

It would, of course, be possible for a fleet to move westward from Hawaii in time of war and seize advanced bases on any one of half-a-dozen islands conveniently situated for the defense of the Philippines or for an attack on the main islands of Japan—were it not practically certain that the moment war broke out, Guam, the Philippines, and all desirable naval bases near them would be promptly gobbled up by the Japanese, who are favorably situated for just such

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operations. One of the favorite peace-time manœuvres of the Japanese Army is a forced landing upon a defended coast.

Great Britain, for the time being, is like the United States without an adequate Far Eastern naval base, having depended since 1902 upon the Japanese alliance, which came to an end in 1922. At the present moment Japan is supreme in the Far East and no Power can reach her so long as she stays there. Though powerless to assail the coasts of other Powers, she can destroy their Asiatic trade, which is almost as grave a blow.

Several obstacles peculiar to their islands would, however, hamper the Japanese Army and Navy—whose staffs as well as the foreign office are of course quite aware of their existence—in the prosecution of a modern war with a first-class Power; and must of necessity be included in Japan's estimate of the situation before embarking upon open hostilities. The country's dependence on China for coal, iron, and oil would in time of war be complete. American supplies would be cut off in a war with us; and if Japan were fighting any other Power, she could hardly hope to keep open the sea lanes across the Pacific. War with the United States—a risky business at best for any nation—would therefore be almost impossible unless the Japanese staffs could be quite sure that communications with China would continue uninterrupted. With reasonable luck the Imperial Japanese Navy

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could be fairly certain of making the Japan Sea a Japanese lake—no great task for a navy operating from home ports against a navy based on Hawaii. But whether China would complacently continue to allow the Japanese to exploit her mineral resources in time of war is another question.

There would certainly be diplomatic pressure on Peking to stop supplies; and the Japanese, unluckily for themselves, have so antagonized their fellow Orientals that the pressure would probably not have to be very heavy to be successful. China, if her present mood continues, is quite as likely to remember the Twenty-One Demands and make common cause with any foe of Japan, as to remember the claims of race and aid her. One of the foremost students³ of the perplexing military and naval situation in the Far East even intimates that China would join the United States in arms; but a Japanese-American War is not likely to happen immediately and the mood of the Chinese people may undergo a change.

Russia confronts Japanese diplomacy with an essentially similar difficulty, as the Soviets resume once more the ancient policy of the Tsars, which began five hundred years ago—a steady advance eastward toward the Pacific, while Japan seeks to move westward from the Pacific through the same territory. Since her victory over Russia in 1905, Japan has had the upper hand, but will she always have it? Japanese success in any future war might largely be determined by

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Russia's attitude; and recent Japanese diplomacy has quite obviously been directed to improving relations with both Russia and China. This course, if successfully pursued, may eventually free Japan from these two shackles upon her freedom of action, military, naval, and economic; but such a complete reversal of the present situation is too dazzling a success to be the work of a few years only.

There is also grave reason to doubt Japan's financial ability to sustain a long war. Her admirable Army and Navy might enable her to win several initial victories but these would probably have no effect except to arouse a stubborn determination in America to see the thing through. That would bring into play America's vastly superior financial and economic resources. In spite of her wonderful achievements, Japan is a poor country, already groaning under her armament burdens. She almost collapsed under the financial strain of the relatively short and consistently successful war with Russia, which she fought against an inconceivably clumsy opponent under the most favorable conditions.

But it will not do to find too much cheer in these consoling reflections. Difficulties do not always prevent nations from making war. No victorious state ever yet had all the elements in the situation on its side; and many a war—the Russo-Japanese War is a standing example—has been won against odds theoretically insuperable. Did not the German General Staff

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prove to its own satisfaction that the United States could not raise an army and transport it to Europe in time to make its weight felt on the Western front? x

In 1922, four years after the Armistice, matters had reached such a pass that war in the Pacific was a distinct possibility. Japan was to all practical intents supreme in the Far East; but this supremacy could only be temporary, because both the United States and Great Britain were building tremendous fleets and American preparations to develop Guam were in full swing. If there had to be a war, it was perhaps to Japan's interest to have it then, in spite of the terrible risks involved in a struggle with the larger population and infinitely greater economic strength of a slightly war-weary America. Great Britain, as Japan's ally, though not required to join in the war under the terms of her alliance—since there was a British-American arbitration treaty—would have been in an extraordinarily awkward predicament, both because of her own friendly disposition toward the United States and because of the anti-Japanese sentiment in Canada and Australia.

Acceptance of the American proposals at the Washington Conference expensively cut this Gordian knot by scrapping a fleet of half-built war vessels. Guam would not be fortified. If Japan could no longer menace the United States, the reverse was also true; and the Japanese were left supreme to enjoy their favorable commercial position off the coast of Asia.

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Manchurian wealth was theirs for the taking until Russia's strength increased. At any time a small naval force could seize the Philippines, which no friendly fleet, exhausted by the long voyage from Hawaii, could possibly relieve. It was a great piece of luck. The Mikado's diplomats had deserved well of their country.

But for all that the Washington Conference was a palliative, not a cure. It did not remove the fundamental causes of Far Eastern friction, nor did it even remove all of the immediate causes of a possible war; for it is quite likely that the various navies were well rid of the battleships they scrapped, the genuine combat value of big fighting machines under modern conditions having been a very moot point since submarines and airplanes reached their present size and strength, and since the probable line of their future development became so appallingly clear. At best naval rivalry was but transferred from the building of capital ships to the construction of aircraft, submarines, and light cruisers, on which the treaties placed no restriction whatever.

At present the Pacific's broad expanse is a maze of naval bases, coaling stations, oil depots, wireless or cable stations, and other strategic points. The American coast and the Panama Canal are defended by a great naval base at Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands, two thousand miles from San Francisco, and something less than five thousand miles from Panama.

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After Guam and the Philippines have fallen helplessly into hostile hands—as must surely happen should the United States go to war with any Pacific Power—the first direct blow against the United States proper must fall upon these islands, where nearly half the population is already Japanese.⁴ So long as the cruising radius of a battle fleet remains what it is today, naval warfare across the whole five thousand miles of the Pacific is practically impossible; and even if it were possible, no fleet convoying transports with an invading army would ever dare leave Pearl Harbor with its defending fleet in their rear. So long, therefore, as the Hawaiian defenses stand, and so long as there is a strong fleet based upon them, the United States is secure against anything save casual raiders attacking from Asia, on, under, or above the sea.

But let Pearl Harbor fall and in hostile hands it becomes an ideal advanced base from which to attack our Pacific coast and from which to seize still further advanced bases on our continent that would serve for future attacks upon the Panama Canal and the cities of our western seaboard. Once Hawaii had fallen and the Panama Canal been cut, our country might resign herself to the coming of a fleet of hostile transports and a war upon her own soil—a much less pleasant matter than the last war, which was conducted at the safe distance of three thousand miles with two great navies intervening.

Without bases, a fleet operating against Japan must

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necessarily fail, for the Mikado's dominions are themselves protected by strong naval stations; and his island possessions and mandates are ideally distributed in the Pacific as points from which submarines and aircraft may sally forth to their deadly work. Being, therefore, at the present moment supreme in the waters of the Far East, Japan is also supreme in Eastern Asia, so long as Russia remains too disorganized to make her latent power felt.

But will this posture of affairs, so happy for Japan, continue?

Great Britain was forced to keep her Fleet in home waters and could spare only a few vessels for the Far East, so long as the German Fleet menaced her insular security, from convenient bases just across the North Sea. Under these circumstances the Japanese alliance was useful even after Russia had ceased to threaten India. With Germany out of the way, however, Anglo-Japanese relations becoming less and less friendly, Australia apprehensive, and Japan suspected of casting a speculative eye upon India, the British are quite aware that some day their fleet may have to fight in the Far East unless they are to lose the Far Eastern trade,—which is only less profitable than that of India,—and perhaps the Indian trade as well. Since the fleet will in that case require a great naval base, Great Britain is developing one at Singapore, conveniently at hand near the future zone of conflict, yet outside the zone wherein the Washington agree-

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ment forbids the building of fortifications. With a strong fleet constantly in the Mediterranean and the great base at Singapore ready to receive all the warships needed, Great Britain will have no difficulty in covering India and Australia and in making herself felt in Far Eastern affairs generally.

Since the Washington Conference closed amid general hallelujahs from appreciative tax-payers, no military or naval move by any Power has caused such a stir as the proposal to convert the relatively small establishment now existing at Singapore into a great naval base with docks capable of receiving the biggest battleships. The creation of the new base is equivalent to frank announcement that imperial Britain believes a war with Japan sufficiently probable to be worth preparing against. On no other ground—except an American war, which is certainly not on the cards—can it be explained, and no amount of protestation of friendship for the Japanese can explain it away. For if the naval problems raised by a possible future conflict in the Pacific are obvious, the neat way in which the proposed Singapore base solves them in Britain's favor is equally clear.

Provision for the creation of a large British naval base at Singapore was first made in 1923, while Stanley Baldwin's first Cabinet was in power. When this Cabinet went out of office and the Conservative Party gave place to the radical Labor Party led by Ramsay Macdonald—who had been an uncompromising paci-

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list even during the War—the whole scheme was cast aside in pursuance of Labor's policy of peace and conciliation. But no sooner were the Conservatives in power once more in 1924, than the proposal was revived.

The Singapore base is designed to accommodate battleships. It is therefore intended to serve in possible hostilities against other battleships, and not for the simple protection of trade routes against casual raiders, for which small cruisers would be sufficient and battleships too slow. As Japan is the only naval Power that can send battleships anywhere near Singapore in time of war—all American war bases being much too distant—these costly preparations imply that the British Admiralty believe an Anglo-Japanese collision to be within the range of possibility.

Advocates of the new base are fond of pointing out that the distance from Singapore to Tokyo is about equal to that from Boston to Gibraltar, which stronghold certainly does not menace New England. But though Singapore, three thousand miles away, is too distant to be itself a menace to Japan, it is quite near enough to support the British base already existing at Wei-hai-Wei, or to assist British naval forces in seizing temporary advanced bases that would be in the highest degree dangerous to her capital itself. Gibraltar does not threaten Boston because the intervening Atlantic does not abound in islands such as stud the Pacific. Whereas Singapore is not only a point from which a

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long-range attack on Japan might conceivably be attempted with the aircraft of the future, but is also a stronghold for the defense of India and Australia, which the Japanese—no matter how their population may press upon its bounds—can never assail so long as a British fleet based upon Singapore is ready to attack their fleet or sink their transports. Singapore is a typical instance of the way in which the problems of trade or population compel one Power to create naval bases that automatically menace other Powers, and thereby increase the friction already existing, and so lead on to war. It is something worse than that. It is a visible reminder of the nascent rivalry of East and West, a symbol, and a centre around which Pan-Asiatic feeling can crystallize.

Small wonder, then, that Japan, denied an alliance with Great Britain, falls back upon a treaty with her Soviet rivals; or that—as Russia is already linked with Germany by the treaty signed at Rapallo in 1922 and also with Japan by another treaty three years later—the nightmare of a possible German-Russian-Japanese alliance, with territories stretching from the Atlantic far into the Pacific, should trouble the sleep of the world's statesmen. Japanese and German military and technical skill to East and West, with Russia's illimitable resources in men and materials between them, would form a combination of extraordinary power, which would be the greater because the allies would be in a position to work their will upon China

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in sublime indifference to the protests of the rest of the world.

The exploiting white man has often subdued peoples whose skin is of another hue than his own; but these are the untutored blacks of Africa and Australia, or the fanatical Moslems who, except in Turkey, are scarcely able to wield the strength that their numbers plus western science might put into their hands. The case in the Far East is quite different. Here the white man meets the ancient civilization and incalculable resources of China. Here, too, he encounters the crisp modern spirit of Japan, supported by an Army and a Navy with a tradition of victory unbroken in three first-class wars. Here he meets wealth, numbers, and mentality that equal or surpass his own. Union and organization alone are lacking. Once these are supplied the outcome, for good or ill, staggers imagination.

Here, once again, is the familiar powder magazine waiting for the spark; and in the Far East provocative incidents that might serve as sparks are not infrequent. Racial friction is an ever-present irritant, which upon several occasions has almost done its fatal work. It is deliberately whipped up today by the subtle and skilful propaganda of Bolshevik agents. Upon at least two occasions since the defeat of Russia in 1905 established Japan's position as a world Power once for all, American troops have moved quietly westward to meet an anticipated menace—and nothing has happened. There were, it is said, occasions during the

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Allied occupation of Eastern Siberia when it was not quite certain what turn events would take from day to day. Of war talk on both sides there is enough, the jingo spirit being common to individuals in every nation. The powder magazine has never yet blown up. It need not blow up. But the magazine exists, and there are sparks.

CHAPTER VIII
ANTICIPATIONS OF THE WORLD WAR:
1900-1914

*The peace which Britain, Spain, Italy, France
too at last, and many other countries now enjoy.*

—BACON: *Advancement of Learning*.

THE theme of this book is the amazing likeness of the world before the "war to end war," and after it. That is the reason for reviewing the history of international relations from 1900 to 1914 from a standpoint which the professional historians have somewhat neglected. Many a writer has studied the causes of the World War and reviewed the diplomacy that led up to it. All have failed, however, to examine the crises that preceded the great disaster in an effort to determine precisely how near the world came to a general war upon each occasion.

There is a good reason for this. Governments that approach the verge of war and do not step over it are subsequently at pains to deny that they were ever near the verge at all. Mobilization plans being important secrets, general staffs do not like to admit that they have begun to put them in operation. The evi-

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dence is therefore scanty, hard to get at, and sometimes a matter of inference only. It does not tempt the historian; and yet it is of vital importance to the ordinary man in the street, who, for lack of it, may have to die for the convenience of his country's foreign office.

In this chapter and the next, therefore, we shall study the world wars that almost happened, but somehow just missed fire. The causes of war were undisguisedly at work before the World War came. Repeated crises led again and again to full preparations for active hostilities. And yet the masses of the people never heeded these reiterated warnings. The years between 1900 and 1914 are well worth examination, simply because they show how closely statesmen may approach a world war without arousing the suspicions of the people who will have to fight it.

The application of these truths to our own day is sadly obvious.

When the twentieth century dawned, the possibility of a world-wide conflict that would repeat on a more terrible scale the waste and destruction of the Napoleonic era was already apparent to informed observers; but the alignment of the forces that would be involved in the struggle was still uncertain. The bitterness of Anglo-German rivalry was then very recent, dating only from the early '90's; and until Germany challenged Great Britain's supremacy on the high seas

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would have been capable of easy adjustment at any time. Indeed, as the new century opened, the British were even considering a German alliance, on whose military aspects Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson received orders to report as late as 1902,¹ and early in 1905 a French invasion of the British Isles was still regarded as possible.

Generations of Anglo-French tension had led the islanders to concentrate three great naval bases and dockyards, the torpedo-proof war harbors of Portland and Dover, and their three principal military establishments in the south, opposite the French coast; so that when the international situation changed, the old foe becoming a friend and the late friend becoming a foe, there were only improvised camps and harbors from which to meet the German peril.² The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, had already been formed, but the treaties on which it rested were for relatively short periods; and it had not yet been forced into closer union by the formation of the powerful Triple Entente, which developed out of the Dual Entente of France and Russia when Great Britain was added to the partnership by agreements reached in 1904 and 1907. When this had been accomplished the balance of power at last stood approximately even.

Though the probability that a general conflict of some kind was in the offing was clear enough even by 1900, potential alliances were in such a state of flux that it was quite impossible to foresee which powers would

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be fighting which when the war should eventually break out. In the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth it seemed probable that the approaching war would be fought between France and England or between Russia and England, with possible intervention by other Powers that could only be guessed at. Between 1890 and 1910, at least a score of novels and more serious studies appeared, all predicting such struggles. In 1903 Major Driant of the French Army published his volume on the *Guerre fatale* between France and England, which he, like most of Europe, regarded as an ultimate certainty. In the light of subsequent events it is a striking fact that he in great part foresaw the terrifying possibility of a submarine campaign against an island state.

The extent to which our modern world is interwoven, however, and the practical certainty that hostilities between any two European states would drag others in were not fully appreciated; for an industrialized society had not yet profited by quite so many object lessons in its own interdependence as the coming century was destined to provide. Had not France kept clear of the war between Germany, Austria, and Italy in 1866? And had not Great Britain remained serenely "above the battle" in 1870? (Each Power, it should be added, to its own ultimate undoing.)

In the '80's and '90's France and Great Britain were expanding in Asia and Africa under the contemptuously tolerant eye of Bismarck, who was glad enough to keep

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the rest of the world conveniently embroiled whilst he pursued his own designs; and this expansion led to clashes—first in Egypt, then in Siam, then on the Upper Nile—of a type that has since become wearisomely familiar. French and British rivalry in Egypt ended with complete French reversal in 1882 and British dominance over both the country itself and the far more valuable Suez Canal.

In 1893 the trivial insolence of a French naval officer nearly brought on a sudden war between France and Britain. The French, then expanding in Siam, had proclaimed a "pacific blockade" of their intended victim's coast. Great Britain protested, backing up that diplomatic formality with several cruisers and a gunboat, whereupon a vessel of the French blockading fleet, sailing past the British, trained its guns upon one of their cruisers,—a gross breach of naval etiquette that in British eyes would have justified their commander in opening fire himself. Fortunately he kept his temper and did nothing of the kind. There was a tense twenty-four hours, during which war was believed inevitable. Then France apologized and the situation was saved—until the next crisis came along, five years later.⁵

The advocates of a Greater France at that time wished to expand from the West Coast of Africa northeastward, getting a foothold on the Upper Nile, and thus winning for their country a large block of North African territory, directly across the Mediterranean from La Patrie, with access to the sea on two

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or possibly three coasts, and with the Nile as a waterway leading far into the interior.

Here were two states attempting to expand in the same territory. Conflict was not to be avoided.

The possession of Egypt was of supreme importance to Great Britain, for to control Egypt was (and is) to control the Suez Canal—built by the French engineer de Lesseps, but now in British hands. And to control the Suez Canal was (as it still is) to control the route to India, the Far East, and the rich markets there, which meant wealth and prosperity for industrial Britain. In British eyes a French foothold on the Nile was therefore not to be endured, the more so because, if the French expanded far enough to the East, they would emerge on the shores of the Red Sea and so for a second time approach the vital artery of British trade that leads to India.

Consequently when the daring French soldier, Major Marchand—with a young officer, later to be heard from, named Mangin in his party—made his adventurous march across Africa and hoisted the tricolor on the Upper Nile at Fashoda, war between England and France was once more in prospect. The crisis was postponed for some months because hordes of fanatical Sudanese dervishes—the Fuzzy Wuzzies of Kipling's poem—held the country between the British and Egyptian forces under General Kitchener and the French under Major Marchand, with either of whom they were quite impartially ready to do battle. When Kitchener

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after his victory at Omdurman reached Fashoda on September 19, 1898, he found to his very considerable annoyance the French flag flying in a little native fort; and—after an amicable but somewhat strained parley with Marchand, who boldly proclaimed his intention to be wiped out rather than fall back without orders from Paris—hoisted his own flag at a spot agreed on with the French, not far from the fort.

A World War—sixteen years ahead of time—was now imminent. Russia, then looking for an outlet to the Red Sea or Indian Ocean, had tacitly approved Marchand's venture and was ready to support France—or so, at least, the famous French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Delcassé, told the young officer who was rushed back in seventeen days from the heart of Africa to Paris—where he was met by cheering, belliscose mobs—to receive the instructions that meant peace or war.⁴ A section of French opinion was grimly determined to stay at Fashoda, war or no war; but even with Russia behind him, Delcassé knew better than to try it. The Dreyfus trial, then recent history, had revealed disorganization and worse in the army. Across the Rhine lay the traditional foe. France was in no condition to fight. On November 7, Marchand was directed to withdraw. He did so December 11. There was to be no war this time, though the spectre of an Anglo-French struggle rose for the third time when Russia fought Japan six years later.

Sixteen years afterwards the same officers who had

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faced each other at Fashoda were fighting side by side against a common foe in a world war whose magnitude none of them could have conceived in 1898. Such are the vicissitudes of national relations and emotions.

The tension between Russia and Great Britain during the first years of the new century was hardly less acute. As the new century opened, the battle ground was being prepared on both sides of the little half-civilized state of Afghanistan, which was important solely because it lay to the north of India. Lord Kitchener was surveying the Indian side of the frontier, planning cantonments and strategic railways, while the Russians were actually building a line that would enable their troops to ride almost to the doors of India without troubling even to change cars. War with Russia was being openly discussed in the House of Commons.⁴ In 1885 an incident like Fashoda took place—the Russian seizure of Penjdeh in Turkestan, a step toward India and Persia, which for a short but exceedingly tense interval was believed to have made a war inevitable.⁵

There were long years when it seemed to both sides that war might break out at any time—a state of mind accurately depicted by that imperially minded Briton, Rudyard Kipling, in his poem, *The Bear that Walks Like a Man*, and equally apparent in his short story, *The Man Who Was*, and in certain episodes of *Kim*.

This friction, which in the end would almost certainly have led to war but for the development of a

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greater mutual danger in Germany, was due, like the Anglo-French friction, to the simultaneous expansion of two empires and their conflicting aims in the same regions. These areas were chiefly Persia and India, countries whose conquest was an old dream of Peter the Great, which that monarch had enjoined on his successors in his will; the Far East; and also Afghanistan, whose native ruler could, if he wished, lay open the Russian path to India, with its three hundred and twenty-five million inhabitants, the very keystone of British industrialism, and—next to supremacy at sea—the most sensitive point in the whole structure of the Empire, a threat to which is not for a moment to be tolerated.

Great Britain was at this time still holding aloof from Europe in "splendid isolation," ready to throw her weight into the scales to keep any Continental coalition from becoming unduly powerful—the traditional policy that in the past had served her well. In Europe, Germany, Austria, and Italy were leagued together on terms inaccurately but fairly well known, against France and Russia. British interests conflicted with those of both France and Russia; but however sensitive the British might be to any threat against their hold on Egypt which the French grip on the Upper Nile would have involved; and however uncompromisingly they might resist Russian advance toward India, all this was as nothing when compared to a new

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menace that began to grow more and more perilous on the other side of the North Sea.

Germany had gradually become industrial. She had already lost heavily in population because of the flood of emigration overseas; and though this process seemed temporarily to have ceased, it might be renewed at any time. The Germans began to feel unendurably cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in with no colonies, with too few ports—especially on the North Sea—and with no fleet worth speaking of to defend her foreign trade, which by this time was reaching around the world. As Lord Fisher, the outspoken First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, wrote in 1908: "That we have eventually to fight Germany is just as sure as anything can be, solely because she can't expand commercially without it." ⁶ Germany began to build a fleet. Her Emperor, breaking away from Bismarck's traditional policy, explicitly declared his country's future lay "on the water," a statement that the British could construe only as a challenge to their sea-power.

If *that* were threatened, there was nothing left to do but patch up an agreement of some sort with their other foes and prepare for the new one. In 1904 the astute British diplomats squared accounts with their French opponents. The French received leave to do as they liked in Morocco and in return surrendered their claim on Egypt. The key to the Suez Canal was now firmly in the lion's paws, and the French had promised to give up their awkward habit of asking when the

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British promises to withdraw would be fulfilled. The two general staffs reached a secret understanding as to the size and nature of the expeditionary forces that might be needed to aid the French Army in case of a German invasion—but of this, despite inconvenient questions in Parliament, the public was kept in ignorance.

Three years later a further agreement was reached between Great Britain and Russia, the other member of the Entente. In 1907 Persia was arbitrarily divided into a Northern, or Russian, zone of interest and a Southern, or British zone, with an area between them to aid in keeping the peace. The advance of the "Bear that Walks Like a Man" toward India was halted and the dream of Peter the Great was ended—ended, that is, until in our strange post-war world the Communist successors of the Romanov Tsars began anew the ceaseless Russian struggle toward the sea. Britain had won a breathing spell and stood united—though the bonds were rather lax—with France and Russia against Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. From this time on the staffs were more or less in touch, formulating plans for common action when the need should come.

Since the War there has been a tendency to represent these activities as a nefarious plot against the peace of the world. They can, indeed, scarcely be said to have favored world-wide concord; but it is absurd to regard them as anything more than the normal functioning of the general staffs of any allied powers. They were

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the same sort of thing that everyone knows is going on today in a dozen capitals at least,—no more and no less. The fault, if there is any, must be found, not with the staff officers who do their duty, but with the condition of a world that makes armies and their staffs a dire necessity.

The general nature of any future European war was now fairly clear, although its length and magnitude were still mercifully hidden even from the busy staffs engaged in planning it, spurred on by repeated evidence that their plans might be required for instant execution at any moment. There would be no Franco-British war and there would be no Russo-British war. If war broke out at all under the conditions existing after 1907, it would necessarily be a war with Germany and her allies—almost certainly Austria-Hungary, somewhat more doubtfully Italy—on one side; and with France and her allies—probably Russia, somewhat less probably Great Britain—on the other.

Although the French General Staff had finally adopted the fatal Plan 17, which sent their strongest forces south-east and away from the Belgian frontier, the prospect of German attack through the little neutral state was, as we shall presently see, by no means unexpected. The logic of past campaigns for centuries indicated the Low Countries as the natural avenues of armies moving from the north. The significance of Germany's new camps and fortifications, and of her newer railway building, was equally obvious. The Bel-

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gian military authorities discussed with the British military attaché tentative arrangements for British assistance in case of German aggression. Noting with a comprehensible disquietude that one of the main international railways ran from Coblenz through Liège and into France, they had long ago sought to prevent its employment in a possible future invasion by erecting fortifications which were supposed to be impregnable.

The war that broke out in 1914 was not, therefore, a surprise to anyone who was at all conversant with international realities. It was, however, a ghastly surprise to the vast majority of those confiding citizens in all the countries of the world who had entrusted the conduct of their foreign relations to the supposedly faithful and competent hands of their statesmen and diplomats, meantime guilelessly assuming all was well. Especially was it a surprise to all save a very few Americans—busily engaged in the peaceful pursuits of everyday in their rich and only partially exploited continent, free from population pressure, and far removed from the devious iniquities of Old World diplomacy.

If the Great War came unexpectedly upon the world, it was only because the world had been impenitently blind through many years—for from the very beginning of the twentieth century until the fatal summer of 1914, scarcely a year had passed without a straw of some kind to show which way the wind was blowing.

Even today it is not generally realized that between 1900 and 1914 only three years passed without

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a crisis of some sort that might readily enough have developed into a world war. These happy years were 1903, 1907, and 1910. Except for them the early part of the twentieth century was, like the present, a continuous procession of crises: the Boer War of 1899-1902; the Russo-Japanese War and its European repercussions; the turmoil of 1905-1906 after the German Emperor's speech at Tangier; the Casablanca incident of 1908, followed by the annexation crisis of 1908-1909, when Austria took Bosnia and Herzegovina; the Agadir crisis of 1911, followed by the Italo-Turkish War of 1911-1912; and several grave junctures during the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913.

It argues much for the ostrich-like capacities of the human race that after this series of wellnigh annual, and sometimes semi-annual, warnings, so many people could still be genuinely surprised when they were presented with rifles and urgently invited to use them at various dates between 1914 and 1917.

It is worth while passing this series of crises in cursory review because of the uncomfortable likeness they present to the equally frequent crises of our own period, after the war to end war has been fought and won. Many of the immediate questions that brought about these earlier crises have been settled. The French grip on Morocco, for example, in spite of native insurrections, is firm enough nowadays to fear no German or British rival; and Japan simultaneously enjoys undisputed possession of Korea, dominance in Manchuria,

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and a Russian alliance into the bargain. But the fundamental causes of wars and war scares—population and the quest for food, raw materials, and markets—which force modern nations into simultaneous expansion upon a limited planet and thus into armed collision with one another, are as active today as they ever were.

Nor, in spite of the dubious Locarno treaties, have all the occasions of future warfare vanished. The Balkans are still just as promising a hothouse for the breeding up of tender young wars as they were in 1913 and 1914. Morocco's teeth are not all drawn. The Bear that Walks Like a Man has changed his fur—but he is moving south again. And in the Pacific a whole series of new problems are a-stir.

CHAPTER IX

WARS THAT MISSED FIRE

That which men for the most part call peace is but a naked and empty name; but the truth is that there is ever between all estates a secret war.

—PLATO: *Laws*, I, 626.

Although the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905 is ordinarily regarded nowadays as a Far Eastern affair, pure and simple, it brought the first threat of a World War in the twentieth century. The European repercussions of the Asiatic rivalries which brought on the war were so grave that for some time prior to the actual beginning of Russo-Japanese hostilities all the Great Powers seemed likely to be drawn in.

The balance of power was at that time in a more than usually precarious state. Germany was endeavoring to embroil Russia in Asia so that France might be deprived of her ally's support in Europe. No one believed that the Japanese would dare to fight—Europe has learned more about Japanese courage since then—and the French joined with their ally in an exceedingly vague declaration which, if it meant anything at all, meant that they would support the Russians in the Far East.

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As it gradually became evident that Europe was mistaken and that a Far Eastern war was really in prospect, the French position became highly embarrassing. The Anglo-Japanese alliance, which had been signed in 1902, bound each party to come to the other's aid if either were attacked by a second enemy while at war in the Far East. If France supported Russia, then Japan—confronted by two foes—would invoke her alliance, and there would be a war with France and Russia on one side, Great Britain and Japan on the other. Germany, standing apart until the rest of Europe had worn itself out with fighting, or joining either side at her own convenience, would wring all possible advantage out of the situation—an aspect of affairs that was being openly discussed in Berlin.

While a great war was raging between their respective allies, France and Great Britain had already begun the negotiations that a few months later led to the consummation of the Entente Cordiale. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, seems to have cherished the mad hope that he could break up the Anglo-Japanese alliance—thereby strengthening the French position in the Far East—without at the same time being compelled to go to war. To such good purpose had Germany schemed to thwart the future development of the Entente that Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who was then at St. Petersburg in the British diplomatic service, admitted in a personal letter to Roosevelt, "We all but lost our agreement with France." It is said that President

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Roosevelt discreetly notified both France and Germany—which was all the easier because the Washington Ambassadors of both Powers were his close friends—of his intention to throw the weight of America on the Anglo-Japanese side if they interfered on the other.¹ (Whether even Roosevelt could have carried out this bold promise is another question.)

Perhaps because of this warning, or more probably because the French were unwilling to throw away the prospective Entente with Great Britain, there was no intervention. France stood aside. So did Great Britain. The Russo-Japanese War was localized, the Far East only was involved, and the world as a whole remained at peace.

No neutral state is safe, however, when other nations are at war; and in the autumn of 1904 the British, by an unpleasantly close margin, escaped for the second time being drawn into the Asiatic struggle. The occasion was the so-called Dogger Bank incident.

Hostilities with Russia had not been long in progress before the Japanese Navy won the supremacy in Far Eastern waters. The Russians responded by despatching Admiral Rozhdestvensky with their Baltic fleet—the last vessels they had left except the Black Sea fleet, which on account of the Turkish Navy dared not leave its post—on the long voyage through the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Suez Canal, past India and around Malaysia to the scene of action. As the fleet, which for days had been expecting a torpedo attack,

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crept over the Dogger Bank fishing grounds in the North Sea with all lights out, excited look-outs thought they saw the Japanese at last; and the Russian gunners fired into a cluster of harmless British trawlers, killing several fishermen. There was no possible excuse save panic and the tension of war conditions. The British public raged and in certain Russian circles there was a dangerous feeling toward Great Britain as the enemy's ally, even though passive. It was alleged that British crews had taken the Japanese cruisers *Kasuga* and *Nishin* from Italy, where they had been built, to Japan after war had been declared; and British officers were said to be with Admiral Togo—stories which, whether true or false, were at any rate believed and affected the Russian attitude.²

Extension of the Asiatic war to Europe was again in prospect; but the negotiations for the *Entente Cordiale* between France and Britain had gone further by this time and the French—who would now have been even more seriously embarrassed than before if the British had joined the Japanese—mediated successfully. A few years earlier they might have been glad to help the quarrel on. Later the prospect arose of European intervention to end the war and parcel out China among all the Powers, a proceeding which might have brought on a world war, but which was prevented by the success of American mediation.³

Even when the Russo-Japanese War had for the second and third times been localized, Europe was not

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yet completely relieved of the uneasy spectre of war, a ghost that is particularly hard to lay. A time when Russia had her hands full elsewhere was obviously ideal for advancing Austrian aims in Europe and the Balkans. It had, moreover, been suggested that a forward policy in foreign affairs might relieve domestic friction. In Hungary a militaristic party advocated intervention in the Balkans. In Austria proper the Crown Prince Francis Ferdinand, backed by the General Staff, favored an occupation of disaffected Hungary, plus an advance into the Balkans, and a war with Italy. Influential Austrian Poles were hinting that Austria ought to occupy Russian Poland and that Germany should then receive the Tsar's Baltic provinces.

Meantime the tension between Austria and her Italian "ally"—which Berlin constantly fostered—became sharper. Austrian garrisons defending the Italian border were strengthened; heavy artillery was sent to the frontier forts; and all along the line from Trent east to Trieste and from Trieste southward to the Bocche di Cattaro on the Adriatic, military preparations—to which the Italians were making a half-hearted counter—were in full swing.⁴

During 1906 relations between Italy and Austria went from bad to worse. In September, when the Austrian army and navy held joint manœuvres in Dalmatia, the officers openly described them as a "dress rehearsal" for an Italian war; and the General Staff went so far as to issue new maps of northeastern Italy and the

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Dalmatian coast. Italian-speaking recruits were promoted—interpreters being very handy in time of war—and the Crown Prince of Montenegro was invited to the manœuvres as a subtle warning to his royal parent not to make the mistake of joining the wrong side when the war began.

The old Emperor Franz Josef, however, was either more pacific or more timorous than his Heir Apparent, who was destined later to have the privilege of bringing on a world war not by his deeds while living but by the manner of his death. The tension between the "allies" relaxed. The war did not take place.

THE FIRST MOROCCAN CRISIS: TANGIER

If Reinhard Mannesmann, that eminent exponent of German industry, had not elected to spend his honeymoon in Morocco; or if, having made that momentous decision, he had not let his glances stray from his bride to the evidences of mineral wealth that met his trained eye on every side; or if the lady in the case had strictly forbidden thoughts of business, there might never have been a Moroccan question. At least it would have been postponed for many years. In that happy event there would have been no succession of Moroccan crises, the history of the early twentieth century would have been infinitely less turbulent, and this chapter would be much shorter.

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As Herr Mannesmann did elect to spend his honeymoon in Morocco, however, the relations of half-a-dozen nations were correspondingly affected—and the reader must take the consequences. The Mannesmann firm led the effort to develop the potential riches of Morocco, and it was the rivalries bred of this laudable endeavor that set the nations quarrelling.

Between 1905 and 1911 the struggles of European Powers in Morocco gravely disturbed the peace of the world upon three separate occasions. As Generals and War Ministers are rarely communicative individuals until old age makes them garrulous and they start writing memoirs, we cannot be sure precisely how far the actual preparations for immediate hostilities were carried on each of these occasions by the several states most deeply concerned—except during the crisis of Agadir, when, as we know on the authority of a Cabinet Minister, all was ready for instant combat.

The prize was worth the risk, if any prize could be worth a risk so terrific as a general European war; for upon the swiftly colonized continent of Africa, Morocco was one of the last bits of territory still under a suitably futile native ruler. Its territory, slightly larger than that of France, with but five million native inhabitants, possessed outlets on both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and offered a convenient outlet for surplus population. The soil was fertile, the climate adapted to white settlement, the undeveloped mineral resources prodigious. All these things, except the out-

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let for surplus population, France needed. All, without any exception, Germany likewise needed. Spain could not look with indifference on territory so close at hand. The British kept then, as they still keep, a sharp eye to the possible effects on sea power of everything that happened in North Africa.

All this was complicated by the assertive mood of German diplomats who wished to test the strength of the Entente, and the rapprochements of France with Spain and Italy. The Germans felt that as their diplomacy had been worsted during the opening years of the new century, they must now assert themselves. This, within six years, they proceeded to do, at the cost of three crises that menaced the peace of the whole world.

The first of these amiable endeavors was the famous Tangier speech of the Emperor William. Seizing a favorable occasion in the latter part of March, 1905—a couple of weeks after France's Russian ally had been decisively defeated by the Japanese at Mukden—the Emperor went on a cruise in the Mediterranean, donned a becoming uniform, disembarked dramatically at Tangier, risked the imperial life by bestriding a strange horse, and delivered an emphatic speech which laid unmistakable emphasis on the fact that the Sultan of Morocco was "an absolutely independent sovereign," and added: "It is with him that I wish to confer as to the best means of safeguarding German interests in Morocco with all our strength."

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In effect this was a warning to France to keep out. It was also—as everyone perfectly understood—a test of the Entente Cordiale. It raised the spectre of war; and though we do not know how far the various European Powers went in their preparations to mobilize, we do know that Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, was “asked the question whether if that crisis developed into war between France and Germany we would give armed support”; and that to this question the British Minister for Foreign Affairs replied that he believed British opinion would rally “to the material support of France.”³

It is difficult to say just how close to war Europe came after the Tangier speech—not nearly so close as in succeeding crises, but near enough to be disturbing. The chief danger was that both French and German diplomats would insist upon maintaining a “firm” attitude until it was too late for compromise. When the crisis was over, Ambassador Jusserand wrote to his friend, President Roosevelt: “There was a point where yielding would have been impossible; everybody in France felt it, and people braced up silently in view of the possible greatest events.” Von Bülow, the German Chancellor, observed to the French Ambassador in Berlin: “This difficult, this *very* difficult question must not be allowed to drag on. It is not wise to linger on the edge of a precipice.”

Roosevelt himself was afraid that the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations would be upset by the outbreak

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of a European war and that a world-wide conflict might follow. He anticipated a German onset against France. Nor were his fears without justification, for the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* declared roundly that "the reply of the threatened German interests will be made through the gateway of Metz." This was the time when, as the Frenchman, Francis Delaisi, said, "everyone wondered that morning whether he would have to take a gun and knapsack and go to fight on the Vosges." The French Army was ready and the reservists had of their own accord begun to come to barracks asking for orders, while the French fleet had taken "certain precautions."⁶

In October the Parisian popular daily, *Le Matin*, published a statement by M. Delcassé—subsequently denied, but diplomatic denials count for nothing—alleging that Great Britain had promised to support France by mobilizing her fleet and landing a hundred thousand troops in Schleswig to seize the Kiel Canal, so that the German battle fleet could no longer operate at will either in the Baltic or in the North Sea. A few days afterward the Socialist deputy Juarès—who was assassinated at the outbreak of the war and now rests in the Pantheon—asserted that he had confirmation from French sources of a written British promise to supply a hundred thousand men.

However this may have been, it is quite certain that a British squadron visited Brest, and that three weeks later a French squadron ostentatiously returned this

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highly significant bit of international courtesy. And there are certain implications in the fact that in 1905 the British Committee of Imperial Defence was making plans to deal with an invading army of seventy thousand men.⁷ After the Tangier crisis began those intimate conversations between the French and British staffs which paved the way for prompt and effective British intervention in 1914; and there were also conversations between the British and Belgian staffs.

Late in December 1905, when the issue of peace and war was still undecided, Colonel Repington wrote an article in the *London Times* that, from the vantage ground of twenty years after, seems uncannily prophetic. "Not only are the military consequences of another Franco-German war shrouded by the greatest uncertainty," he wrote, "not only is the adventure itself attended by unbalanced risks, but the Germans have to ask themselves whether they are not endangering their vital interests if they stake upon a doubtful hazard the splendid results achieved by the great founders of German unity."⁸

CASABLANCA AND AN INTERVIEW

The latter part of the year 1908 was enlivened by almost constant friction. In September the French intercepted German, Swiss, and Austrian deserters from the Foreign Legion, who were endeavoring to leave the Moroccan port of Casablanca with passports issued by

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the German consulate, to which the German deserters had a doubtful right and the Swiss and Austrians no right at all. This trivial difficulty led to grave friction, which had hardly been adjusted when the German Emperor startled Europe with his *Daily Telegraph* interview, asserting that though he personally was a friend of Britain's, his subjects were not friends.

Casablanca led to a serious crisis. Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador, talked of leaving Paris; and diplomatic relations were for a time so strained that the French Army Corps of the East was confined to barracks and it was decided to call back to the colors the class that had been dismissed from military service in September.⁹ The German people and the Reichstag were not in agreement with their impetuous monarch on this occasion, however, and within two or three weeks Germany agreed to arbitrate. By February of 1909, Franco-German relations were again on an ostensibly friendly footing. More was scarcely to be hoped for.

The British had taken the lesson of Tangier so deeply to heart that in 1908 the extraordinarily able but not unduly scrupulous Admiral Lord Fisher, then First Sea Lord, seriously proposed seizing the German Navy in the midst of the piping times of peace—a project too incredible to be believed in the words of anyone but its author:¹⁰

In May 1907, England had seven "Dreadnoughts" ready for battle and Germany had not one. And England had flotillas

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of submarines peculiarly adapted to the shallower German waters when Germany had none.

Even in 1908 Germany only had four submarines. At that time, in the above letter I wrote to King Edward, I approached his Majesty, and quoted certain apposite sayings of Mr. Pitt about dealing with the probable enemy before he got too strong. It is admitted that it was not quite a gentlemanly sort of thing for Nelson to go and destroy the Danish fleet at Copenhagen without notice, but "*la raison de plus fort est toujours la meilleure.*"

Therefore, in view of the known steadfast German purpose, as always unmitigatedly set forth by the German High Authority, that it was Germany's set intention to make even England's mighty Navy hesitate at sea, it seemed to me simply a sagacious act on England's part to seize the German Fleet when it was so very easy of accomplishment in the manner I sketched out to His Majesty, and probably without bloodshed. But alas! even the very whisper of it excited exasperation against the supposedly bellicose, but really peaceful First Sea Lord, and the project was damned. At that time, Germany was peculiarly open to this "peaceful penetration." A new Kiel Canal, at the cost of many, many millions, had been rendered necessary by the advent of the "Dreadnought"; but worse still for the Germans, it was necessary for them to spend further vast millions in deepening not only the approaches to the German Harbours, but the Harbours themselves, to allow the German "Dreadnoughts," when built, to be able to float. In doing this, the Germans were thus forced to arrange that thirty-three British pre- "Dreadnoughts" should be capable of attacking their shores, which shallow water had previously denied them. Such, therefore, was the time of stress and unreadiness in Germany that made it peculiarly timely to repeat Nelson's Copenhagen. Alas! We had no Pitt, no Bismarck,

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no Gambetta! And consequently came those terrible years of War, with millions massacred and maimed.

As this redoubtable Admiral subsequently wrote to King Edward:

This proposal of mine having been discarded, all that then remained for our inevitable war with Germany was to continue concentration of our whole Naval strength in the Decisive Theatre of the War, in Northern Waters.

This was done so quietly that only when Admiral Mahan published an article declaring that eighty-eight per cent of England's guns were pointed at Germany, did the changed naval dispositions of the Empire attract general notice.¹

BOSNIAN CRISIS: 1908-1909

Although King Edward was not disposed to humor Lord Fisher with the second Copenhagen he demanded, the year 1908, in which the fiery old Admiral made his extraordinary proposal, brought with it a crisis as terrible as any his suggested naval coup could possibly have created.

Bosnia and Herzegovina are provinces that have since been swallowed up in the larger post-war state of Yugoslavia because their population is mainly of the same blood and language as that of Serbia and Montenegro. The Pan-Serb Party, which labored to bring

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about the union of all the southern Slavs, had long since marked out both the provinces for their own. Such a union was the dream of some nine million people, two-thirds of whom were nominally Austrian subjects; and their aspirations had the support of the Russians, who stood behind the little Slavic states as part of the time-honored Russian policy of expansion south and west across the Balkans in order to reach the Straits, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic.

During the summer of 1908 internal dissension in Turkey grew, spread to the Army, and reached the pitch of revolution. The prospect of a Turkish Republic alarmed the Austrian Government, for if Bosnia and Herzegovina were to begin electing deputies to a Turkish Parliament, they would soon become Turkish in fact as well as name, and Austria would lose them.

On October 7, therefore, Austria tore up the Treaty of Berlin and boldly annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina, stirring up such violent reactions in Europe and the Balkans that a world war was avoided by a margin narrower than any the twentieth century had so far known. All the Powers were instantly concerned, for all of them had signed the Treaty of Berlin, which had saved the peace of Europe thirty years before. The Serbs were furious to see their cherished dreams of future union destroyed. The Russians, on whose support they relied, were equally indignant at the Dual Monarchy's success in expanding directly across the Bear's intended pathway to the sea; for the Austrians

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were generally believed to be feeling their way southward to an outlet on the *Ægean* at Salonika. To complicate matters, the little state of Montenegro announced her readiness to go to war with Austria if the Serbians did; and King Nicholas declared that while the tearing up of treaties was in fashion, he too would disregard the Treaty of Berlin and seize the Adriatic port that it denied him.

The situation was very like 1914. Austria and Serbia were at odds. Russia was ready to support the Serbs because their interests, like her own, clashed with Austria's; and as relations grew tenser, secret mobilizations began, while the diplomats were still struggling to smooth the quarrel over. All the nations were in an angry mood and Count Aerenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, is said to have told the British Ambassador roundly: "If Russia wants war, she can have it." Even in Italy, nominally Austria's ally, anti-Austrian feeling became so strong that the Dual Monarchy dared not move a single one of its warships out of the Adriatic.

Ambitious dreams of conquering both Russia and Serbia at a single stroke seized the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, and though staff officers are supposed to be close-mouthed, one of them confided to the *Times* correspondent that it would soon be possible "to smash Serbia and, with German help, to march with twelve army corps into Russia." We know on his own authority that the Austrian chief of staff was getting his forces ready and watching the course of events like a cat.¹¹

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Three German generals and twelve staff officers, military dignitaries not usually sent on idle errands, mysteriously appeared near the Russo-Austrian boundary in Galicia—which strongly suggests that military co-operation between Germany and Austria was under consideration.

The plan of campaign seems to have provided that German troops should garrison Austrian territory in Galicia and northeastern Bohemia, to show Russia that if she invaded Austria she would have to fight Germany. The Austro-Hungarian forces were then to advance into Russian Poland. An ultimatum threatening Serbia with a punitive expedition was actually drawn up ready for delivery; and accident later revealed the existence of forged documents that the Austrians had cannily prepared beforehand to justify their action.¹²

As the prospect of war grew more imminent, German proposals to garrison the territory of their Austrian ally grew more importunate; but at this point the shrewd old Emperor Franz Josef took a hand in the war plans, which had hitherto been controlled by the Crown Prince and General Conrad von Hötzendorf, the chief of staff who directed operations in 1914. The Emperor is said to have pointed out the obvious fact that while it would be very easy to let the Germans in, it might not be so easy to get them out again. The Austrians, therefore, declined the German offer, and this move on their part may have turned the scale for peace.

The change in the situation and the fact that the dan-

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ger of war was over, so far as Austria was concerned, became known through an odd blunder which is thus described by Mr. Wickham Steed, then *Times* correspondent in Vienna :¹³

I had invited an Italian priest to take tea with me. He had been preaching the Lenten sermons in the Franciscan Church at Vienna and had brought a letter of introduction from a mutual friend who was one of the most eminent preachers in Italy. He came nearly an hour late and apologized for his unpunctuality. "I have only just got away from the Nunciature," he said. "Today, March 19th, is the feast of St. Joseph, the Pope's name day, and the Nuncio gave a luncheon in honor of His Holiness. The luncheon was for one o'clock but we had to wait a long time for one of the principal guests, Father Fischer, the Jesuit who is the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's confessor. It was past two o'clock when he arrived, so everything was an hour late. It seems that Father Fisher had been kept by the Archduke at the Belvedere" [the Archduke's palace].

"So the Archduke has not gone to the front?" I observed. "I thought that, after his visit to Aerenthal yesterday, he had already started for the Southern Army headquarters in Hungary?"

"No," answered the priest, "and it seems that he is not going. When Father Fischer turned up, the Nuncio said to him, 'Well, Padre, I suppose it is war?' 'No,' said Father Fischer, 'it is peace. Everything is changed. The Archduke told me this morning that there will be no war.'"

My visitor had no notion that he had given me important news. He rattled on gaily with a description of the luncheon, and continued to chat as though nothing particular had happened. x

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Thus casually, by the lips of a babbling cleric, did Europe learn of its respite from the holocaust.

On the following day, March 20, the Russian Government seems to have decided for peace—in apparent ignorance of the Viennese decision, but probably influenced by telegrams from the Russian military attaché in Vienna, pointing out the danger of German aid to the enemy. This officer, Colonel Martchenko, suspected that Germany intended to attack Russia and occupy the Baltic provinces. Mr. Steed, however, thinks that Germany did not wish openly to attack Russia for fear of bringing France to the side of her ally, preferring rather to “aid” Austria by “lending” her troops.

Once the Germans knew that there would be no war in any case, they hastened to acquire merit by sending Russia an ultimatum announcing that “unless Russia agreed to recognize the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Germany would leave Austria a free hand.” This was about March 23. The Tsar hastily telegraphed that Russia would recognize the annexation, at the same time expressing the pious hope that “with God’s help, war would thus be avoided.”

The worst of the crisis was now over. Austria had bought off Turkey in January and was later compelled to end the restrictions on Montenegrin access to the sea. She stood out stoutly against a Serbian outlet to the Adriatic, however; and danger of war with Serbia ended only on the 31st, when the Serbs agreed to recognize the annexation and reduce their army to its peace

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strength. Even as late as August, the English Tory monthly, the *National Review*, was asserting that "war might come at any moment"—a somewhat belated expression of what all Europe had been thinking three or four months earlier.

Russian's surrender had saved the situation for the time being—but for the time being only. The Tsar's Government had been unable to avoid this humiliation because it was still weak after the war with Japan; but, having once stomached such an affront, it did not dare take anything but a bold attitude in 1914—and how that bold attitude ended, the world knows to its sorrow.

THE AGADIR CRISIS: 1911

In 1911 Europe rocked with the Agadir crisis, the last but one of the series that preceded the Great War and gave the world plain warning of its coming. The Agadir affair was due to conflict between France and Germany—into which Great Britain was immediately drawn—over colonial interests in Morocco and the rich mineral deposits known to exist there. (The minerals, by the way, are still underground—the civilized world having been too busy quarrelling over them to find time to develop them.)

Agadir was—still is, for that matter—a port of no great consequence on the Atlantic coast of Morocco. It is unknown to encyclopedias and even the average atlas

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is inclined to be a little hazy about it. Yet this inconceivably unimportant little harbor nearly drenched the world in blood three years before 1914.

The Algeiras Conference of 1906 had provided for Morocco's independence and had temporarily adjusted Franco-German rivalries, while in 1909 Germany had specifically recognized the "special political interests of France" in Morocco. On the surface all was calm for two years until the Sultan found himself besieged in his capital by rebellious subjects, whereupon the French dispatched a small force to his relief. This measure the German Foreign Office chose to regard as imperilling Moroccan independence—and hence as a threat to their interests.

Paris having disregarded Berlin's protests, German Ambassadors all over the world simultaneously presented the Governments to which they were accredited with a note announcing that a warship was being sent to protect "some German firms established in the south of Morocco"—where as a matter of vulgar fact there were practically no German commercial interests of any description; and where the casual visit of a French war vessel only a few months before had elicited violent protests from the German press.

Now on the surface all this was exceedingly trivial. A small force of French troops was marching to Fez on an insignificant colonial mission. The little gunboat *Panther*, two hundred and ten feet over all, with a complement of a hundred and twenty-five men, had run

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down from Barcelona to "protect" a few Germans who were perfectly safe anyhow, at a sleepy little harbor in Africa. A ridiculous squabble, no doubt, but the addiction of diplomats to ridiculous squabbles being well known, what did it matter?

In effect, however, it mattered very nearly as much as the Serajevo murder. All who troubled to reflect upon the situation—no very considerable portion of the earth's inhabitants—were well aware that Armageddon might be just around the corner. It is said—though on rather inadequate authority¹⁴—that a special messenger bore to the *Panther's* commander instructions from the Emperor so secret that they were never put in writing, directing him to avoid undue violence and not bring on a war. But unfortunately, the rest of Europe knew nothing about these very secret orders—if they ever existed.

The Germans believed that France, once established in Fez, could not be budged and would seize all the wealth of Morocco for herself. France regarded the sending of the *Panther*—which Germany asserted would leave Agadir "as soon as the state of affairs in Morocco has resumed its former quiet aspect"—as a threat of war. Since there was no doubt of Germany's superior military power, the same question arose now that was to rise again in 1914: Would Great Britain support her ally?

The British, meantime, were quite aware of the probable results of the possible establishment of a

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permanent German naval base at Agadir, especially as the Germans had already shown signs of activity in the Canary Islands and at Madeira, just off the coast. Their diplomatic manœuvres at Madeira had already led to one exciting little affair, which is thus described by Lord Fisher, who of course had access to the secrets of the British Admiralty.¹⁵

In 1906 at Madeira the Germans first took an hotel; then they wanted a Convalescent Home; and finally put forth the desire to establish certain vested interests. They imperiously demanded certain concessions from Portugal. The most significant of these amounted to a coaling station isolated and fortified. The German Ambassador at Lisbon called on the Prime Minister at 10 o'clock one Saturday night and said that if he didn't get his answer by 10 o'clock the next night he should leave. The Portuguese sent us a telegram. That night we ordered the British Fleet to move. The next morning the German Ambassador told the Portuguese Prime Minister that he had made a mistake in the cipher, and he was awfully sorry but he wasn't going; it was all his fault, he said, and he had been reprimanded by his Government. (As if any German had ever yet made a mistake with a telegram) . . . If it hadn't been for the British Fleet on this occasion the Germans would have been in Paris in a week, and if the Germans had known as much as they do now they would have been!

The strength and friendliness of the Power possessing these islands and the African mainland adjacent is all-important to Great Britain, though not so vital as the north coast of Morocco, because the sea-lanes to

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South America and South Africa, along which food and raw materials pour in to the British Isles, lie like a skein of tangled yarn just off Agadir. Through the Straits of Gibraltar, only five hundred miles to the north, runs the all-important route to India. And all these would be at the mercy of any raiding warships that might find a base at Agadir if Germany were once allowed to secure it and develop the open roadstead into a good harbor, or to spread thence northward until she should have a hold upon the Mediterranean coast. The port of Agadir, to be sure, was mainly sand—but so had Wilhelmshafen been, not many years before, until German skill and industry transformed it into a flourishing harbor. Strange to say, it was the British Foreign Office rather than the Admiralty that was most impressed by these considerations.

In Great Britain the Liberal Party, which was then in power, was sharply divided—a circumstance that disturbed the French as much as it encouraged the Germans. The Imperialist wing of the Liberals favored supporting the Entente no matter what came of it. The Pacifist wing, including Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, later to become the War Prime Minister, were the doubtful element; but all doubts were set at rest when Lloyd George delivered his famous Mansion House speech at the annual dinner of the Bankers' Association, as the second week of the crisis closed.

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After the attitude taken by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey—who, it is not too much to say, did not belong to the Pacifist section of the Cabinet—for Mr. Lloyd George to take a weak line or to ignore Morocco entirely in his speech would have been equivalent to announcing to the world that the British Cabinet was hopelessly split and that Great Britain, being thus paralyzed, might be safely ignored. For weeks prior to this utterance not even Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet colleagues knew what line he would take—one of them hazards the observation that he did not know himself. But on the morning before the speech was to be delivered, Mr. Churchill, calling on him before the Cabinet meeting, was told that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would make it clear that if Germany meant war, she would have to face Great Britain too.

The speech at the Mansion House that night (July 21) dealt with many things, but it included this innocent sentence, in appearance the stalest of platitudes:

If a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated where her interests were vitally affected as if she were of no account in the Cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure.

A commonplace observation enough, quite void of lit-

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erary merit, and yet it deserves to be remembered, for it staved off Armageddon three whole years.

Those shrewd wizards of high finance, the British Babbitts who heard the Mansion House speech, seem to have had no idea that all official Europe was listening also to the quiet words they thought were common-places; but which weary anxious men in the foreign offices of the Continent knew for a pronouncement of British unity and readiness for war. Admiral Tirpitz calls this seemingly mild utterance "Lloyd George's threatening speech," and says it "warned Germany that in case of a challenge she would find British power on the side of France."¹⁶ Mr. Churchill cordially agrees with his German colleague: "The German Government could not doubt that Great Britain would be against them if a war was forced upon France at this juncture."

The communication from the German Ambassador that followed was, in Sir Edward Grey's confidential words to a colleague, "so stiff that the Fleet might be attacked at any moment."¹⁷ The German destroyer flotillas had put to sea and were actually patrolling within fifteen miles of the unfortified harbor of Cromarty, where a British fleet lay. The Austro-Hungarian military attaché in London sent home to Vienna a secret report asserting that a German naval attack was expected and that the British vessels had their torpedo nets out.¹⁸

One almost unknown incident from those days of *tension shows how seriously the situation was regarded*

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by the British Government. It is told by Winston Churchill, who was then Home Secretary, in his book *The World Crisis*:

On the afternoon of July 27th, I attended a garden party at 10 Downing Street. There I met the Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Henry. We talked about the European situation, and I told him that it was serious. He then remarked that by an odd arrangement the Home Office was responsible, through the Metropolitan Police, for guarding the magazines at Chattenden and Lodge Hill, in which all the reserves of naval cordite were stored. For many years these magazines had been protected without misadventure by a few constables. I asked him what would happen if twenty determined Germans in two or three motor cars arrived well armed upon the scene one night. He said they would be able to do what they liked. I quitted the garden party.

A few minutes later I was telephoning from my room in the Home Office to the Admiralty. Who was in charge? The First Lord was with the Fleet at Cromarty; the First Sea Lord was inspecting. Both were, of course, quickly accessible by wireless or wire. In the meantime an Admiral (he shall be nameless) was in control. I demanded Marines at once to guard these magazines, vital to the Royal Navy. I knew there were plenty of Marines in the depots at Chatham and Portsmouth. The Admiral replied over the telephone that the Admiralty had no responsibility and had no intention of assuming any; and it was clear from his manner that he resented the intrusion of an alarmist civilian Minister. "You refuse then to send the Marines?" After some hesitation he replied, "I refuse." I replaced the receiver and rang up the War Office. Mr. Haldane was there. I told him that I was reinforcing and arming the police that night, and asked for a company

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of infantry for each magazine in addition. In a few moments the orders were given: in a few hours the troops had moved. By the next day the cordite reserves of the Navy were safe.

The incident was a small one, and perhaps my fears were unfounded. But once one had begun to view the situation in this light, it became impossible to think of anything else. All around flowed the busy life of peaceful, unsuspecting, easy-going Britain. The streets were thronged with men and women utterly devoid of any sense of danger from abroad. For nearly a thousand years no foreign army had landed on British soil. For a hundred years the safety of the homeland had never been threatened. They went about their business, their class and party fights, year after year, generation after generation, in perfect confidence and considerable ignorance. All their ideas were derived from conditions of peace. All their arrangements were the result of long peace. Most of them would have been incredulous, many would have been very angry, if they had been told that we might be near a tremendous war, and that perhaps within this City of London, which harbored confidently visitors from every land, resolute foreigners might be aiming a deadly blow at the strength of the one great weapon and shield in which we trusted.

Truly a touching picture of a world at "peace"!

Count Reventlow, the German writer on pre-war diplomacy, says specifically that "the danger of war was imminent on several occasions during the Morocco summer," and he details the British preparations to meet it, relying on a famous speech by a member of the House of Commons, Captain W. V. Faber, which Sir Edward Grey subsequently sought to minimize without venturing to contradict it.

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The British fleet was put in a state of readiness for war and prepared to close the North Sea. Destroyers were watching unobserved the movements of German war vessels. The British coasts were guarded, efforts were made to protect the harbors. Even warships in distant waters received orders to be ready to take their war stations. It was planned to throw 170,000 troops across the Channel, though this plan was hampered by lack of transports.¹⁹

All this might be set down to the malice of the German writer, had we not confirmation from a British Cabinet Minister on the other side. We know from Mr. Churchill that the British preparations for war were, if anything, even more complete than Count Reventlow asserts. We know that the War Office recalled officers on leave, worked out the movements by rail of every battalion, halted the usual cavalry manœuvres "on account of scarcity of water," and began printing maps of Northern France and Belgium. On July 28 a subordinate British staff officer took it on himself to order all clerks to remain on duty night and day in case of sudden mobilization; but his officious enthusiasm was discovered in time and his orders countermanded before the fact became public—an occurrence that would have made the diplomatic situation even worse than Lloyd George's speech had already made it. On such little things do the lives of millions hang.²⁰

The great railway strike, which might have para-

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lyzed the Army, ended with suspicious suddenness after both sides had listened to a confidential statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On August 23, the Prime Minister secretly called together the Committee of Imperial Defense, the principal officers of the Army, and a selected few of his Cabinet, who listened to war plans all day long. General Sir Henry Wilson, who was then the Director of Military Operations, outlined with extraordinary accuracy the exact course that the German Army actually did take three years later.

His masterly estimate of the military situation, which the future was to prove correct in all essentials, had been made possible by years of study. The entire wall of his room was covered by a gigantic military map of Belgium, on which were clearly marked all the roads that would be of military value in a German invasion of France; and he spent every holiday in personal reconnaissance of the territory on which he anticipated the battles of the future. Meantime an obscure German officer, soon to be retired, was engaged in the pursuit of a similar hobby among the Masurian Lakes. His name was Hindenburg.

The forecast of events made by Sir Henry Wilson, who had come straight from consultation with the French Staff, with whom he had been arranging for British aid, is thus described by Mr. Winston Churchill, who as a member of the Cabinet was present at that memorable meeting:²¹

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In the first place the Germans would turn nearly four-fifths of their strength against France and leave only one-fifth to contain Russia. The German armies would draw up on a line from the Swiss frontier to Aix-la-Chapelle. They would then swing their right wing through Belgium, thus turning the line of fortresses by which the eastern frontiers of France were protected. This enormous swinging movement of the German right arm would require every road which led through Belgium from Luxembourg to the Belgian Meuse. There were fifteen of these roads, and three divisions would probably march along each. The Belgian Meuse flowed parallel to the march of these divisions and protected their right flank. Along this river were three important fortified passages or bridgeheads. First, nearest Germany, Liège; the last, nearest France, Namur; and midway between the two the fort of Huy. Now arose the question: Would the Germans after seizing these bridgeheads confine themselves to the eastern side of the Belgian Meuse and use the river for their protection, or would they be able to spare and bring a large body of troops to prolong their turning movement west of the Belgian Meuse and thus advance beyond it instead of inside it? This was the only part of their plan which could not be foreseen. Would they avoid the west side of the Belgian Meuse altogether? Would they skim along it with a cavalry force only, or would they march infantry divisions or even army corps west of that river? When the time came, as we now know, they marched two whole armies. At that date, however, the most sombre apprehension did not exceed one, or at the outside, two army corps.

Overwhelming detailed evidence was adduced to show that the Germans had made every preparation for marching through Belgium. The great military camps in close proximity to the frontier, the enormous depots, the reticulation of railways, the endless sidings, revealed with the utmost clearness and beyond all doubt their design.

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The plans of the Navy, the general plan of the French Staff, the probable course of Belgium—all this that serious little group of quiet Englishmen heard on that critical August afternoon; and they had time to ponder what they heard before it all came true in another and a bloodier August three years later.

The German plans for violating Belgian neutrality were known or guessed at pretty widely. As late as September 12 President Roosevelt was writing to Senator Lodge:

If war is averted, it will be only because Germany thinks that France has a first-class army and will fight hard, and that England is ready and able to render her some prompt assistance. The German war plans contemplate, as I happen to know personally, as possible courses of action, flank marches through both Belgium and Switzerland. They are under solemn treaty to respect the territories of both countries, and they have not the slightest thought of paying the least attention to these treaties unless they are threatened with war as the result of their violation.²²

After Agadir the British Admiralty installed a large chart of the North Sea, on which a staff officer daily marked the position of the German Fleet, a precaution in which there was never a single intermission until the war broke out in 1914.

Things did, indeed, come very near to war in that "Morocco summer," but in the end the Germans yielded. After the Mansion House speech, the states-

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men who directed German policy avoided further provocative acts and subsequent negotiations were such as to open a way of conciliation—for the moment. Their warship left the sleepy little African harbor to its dreams, and the World War was postponed to another day.

Why? For a variety of reasons. Lloyd George's speech probably turned the scale. The Entente Cordiale had been tested and proved surprisingly strong. When General Bernhardi published his now notorious book a little later in that troublous year he added an epilogue in which he observed that now "it was known that not merely an *entente cordiale* but a real offensive and defensive alliance, aimed at us, existed between France and England."

The situation had also a financial aspect. German banks and industrial enterprises at this time depended largely on French capital which, as the war clouds thickened, was swiftly being withdrawn, thus wrecking German credit in general and threatening to produce financial consequences still more grave. Whenever the international situation grew tense, it was reflected on the Bourse. Banks failed. War talk by domestic jingoes forced up the bank rate. Under such conditions financiers were not slow in putting the brakes on their government. The Gazette of the Berlin Bourse asserted that the Government's policy has "inflicted on our commerce and our industry losses almost as great as they

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would have suffered from an unsuccessful war." Little did the German writer of that sentence dream what the losses of an unsuccessful war would be like!

Military and naval considerations likewise moved the German Government to favor peace. From Lucerne in neutral Switzerland, Lord Fisher—then out of the Admiralty and somewhat under a cloud—wrote exultantly to Lord Esher on September 20, 1911: "We *never* were so strong as at present." The outspoken old sea-dog also chuckled gleefully over the fact—a tribute to his own handiwork—that "the Germans are in a blue funk of the British Navy," and timorous also because of "the d—d uncertainty of *when* and *where* a hundred thousand troops embarked in transports and kept 'in the air' might land." He added: "N.B.—There's a lovely spot only 90 miles from Berlin! Anyhow they would demobilize about a million German soldiers."²³

These extracts are quoted from the "discreeter" passages in the letters, all that have been published—unfortunately, as it turns out; for how instructive it would be to peruse the rest, and what lessons in the true nature of peace-time international relations they would teach.

Before the French cession of territory elsewhere in Africa had settled the Agadir crisis, the Italian war to wrest Tripoli from the Turks brought on a second crisis which, though mild by comparison with the Agadir affair, was sufficiently grave. The Austrian

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war party were in favor of an attack from the rear upon their ally, whose hands were then fully occupied in Africa. A letter from the Austrian chief of staff to the Foreign Minister announces about this time that all Italian military measures must be "closely observed and, unless unquestionably without danger to the monarchy, met with immediate counter measures."²⁴ But Austria was finally pacified by Italy's pledge not to attack Turkey in the Balkans or the eastern Mediterranean.

If, as a result of the Turco-Italian War the Balkans had blazed up in 1911, when the Agadir troubles were still smouldering—instead of a year later when they had quieted down—the World War would certainly have occurred three years earlier than it did.

The summer of 1912 brought another warning of the possibilities that lay just ahead, though the discretion of some unknown censorship sufficed to keep it out of the newspapers and away from popular knowledge. We have it on the authority of so distinguished a journalist as Sir Philip Gibbs.²⁵ One August night the German Battle Fleet sailed out into the North Sea, and the British Fleet cleared for action to receive them. Finding the British ready, the Germans sailed quietly back, and not so much as a diplomatic protest appeared in the newspapers to tell the forty-odd million Britishers who had slept quietly through it all how perilously near their sleep was to being troubled.

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THE BALKAN WARS: 1912-1913

A few months later came the final warning of the World War. The first Balkan War broke out in October, 1912, before Turkey and Italy had completed their peace treaty, partly because the Balkan statesmen saw by Italy's example how much weaker their opponent was than they had dared to hope. The tiny state of Montenegro plunged alone into hostilities against the Turks, relying on Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia to come to her support. "Brave little Montenegro" is said to have entered the war so precipitately because King Nicholas thought it would help him make money by bearing the stock market in Vienna and other cities.²⁸

The interests of all the Great Powers were instantly involved. Russia, mindful of her rebuff after the Bosnian crisis of 1909, pursued the same course that she followed with such fatal results two years later, supporting her fellow Slavs in the altruistic hope of ultimately extending her territory, or at least her very strong influence, across these little countries, to warm water. With this purpose fixedly in mind, Russian statesmen had for years been encouraging Pan-Serbian propaganda and expansion.

But Italy had designs upon the Adriatic sea-coast opposite her own—designs which the Fiume explosion and other post-war events have since made clearer to

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the world at large. She could not tolerate the Serbian advance to the potentially excellent port of Durazzo. No more could Austria, seeking to extend her own influence southward, supported by Germany in the grandiose scheme of a Pan-German *Drang nach Osten*, with visions of Ægean ports and of prosperity, wealth, and economic empire in the Near and Middle East—all of which would be cut diametrically across and forever ended if the Balkan states should grow strong enough to become independent of their powerful and far from disinterested neighbors. Great Britain as always was interested in the fate of Constantinople, which controls not only the Black Sea but the Mediterranean; and which could in the hands of a naval power—though never so long as the inefficient Turks were in control—be made extremely threatening for the Power that has to defend the Suez Canal or perish.

The necessities of the case were clear: a conference met in London.

The jealousies of the Great Powers denied the Serbs the fruits of their victory—the long-desired outlet in the Adriatic, which had been assigned to them in the agreement among the Balkan states before the war. The Serbs therefore demanded compensation elsewhere which their allies would not grant—and so the victory over the common foe was followed by an inglorious squabble among the victors, in all respects identical with that which followed the World War, save that

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the scramble of 1919 has not as yet led to open war between any of the conquering Powers.

At any time during the course of the Balkan Wars the intervention of a single one of the Great Powers would have led to the intervention of all, and so to war, as swiftly, simply, and certainly as it did the following year. Austria-Hungary even ventured on the perilous expedient of a partial mobilization, for the Dual Monarchy felt itself caught between the Balkan States and Russia; and was almost on the point of extricating itself by violence. Half the Russian army was likewise mobilized on the Austrian frontier; and the Austrians had called nearly a million men to the colors and had got ready howitzers of the same type that later reduced the Belgian forts, though of but twelve inch calibre. Bosnia-Herzegovina was crammed with troops, and all along the Southern border, in Croatia, Slavonia, and Southern Hungary, mobilization had begun with a view to "protecting" Serbia—by occupying her territory—as soon as the expected Serbian defeats took place. Steps had even been taken to prepare public opinion for war.²⁷

The Serbians, however, had the bad taste not to be defeated; and in 1913 Austria proposed to Italy, against whom she had been ready to make war in 1912, a joint attack on Serbia—whom she had been preparing to protect in that very same year! Italy, however, refused on the ground that the resulting conflict would not be the defensive war for which the Triple

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Alliance had ostensibly been devised. This action by the Italian Government probably prevented the occurrence of the World War a year ahead of time—since there is no reason for believing that any of the Powers would then have acted in any important respects otherwise than as they acted the following year.

The Austrians had announced that if the Serbs occupied the port of Durazzo, they would be bombarded by Austrian warships—a move that Russia would instantly have countered. The Serbs did occupy Durazzo, and the peace of the world hung by a hair. An Austro-Russian War would have brought Germany to the aid of her ally, and French fears would have prompted immediate mobilization, followed by war in Western Europe. The German war plan for the invasion of Belgium had long been lying in the staff archives. Within ten days German armies would have been on the Channel and Great Britain, too, would have been in arms.

The Austrian proposals to Italy were made upon two separate occasions; and eventually Austria was restrained only when all the Powers agreed to an international blockade of Montenegro. The first suggestion was that Italy and Austria—both eager for as much Adriatic coast as possible—should unite in expelling the Serbs and Montenegrins from Scutari, a scheme which the Serbs neatly foiled by marching out without compulsion on May 8. In August Austria proposed her “defensive” movement to prevent undue Serbian ag-

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grandizement; but Signor Giolitti pointed out the indisputable fact that so far as Austria was concerned, this was "not defensive because nobody thinks of attacking her."

In April of that year Germany had inquired as to her bankers' readiness for war. Even so safe and solid a person at Walther Rathenau was publishing a series of articles on readiness for war.

Significant facts, both.

CHAPTER X

PREDICTING THE FIRST WORLD WAR

Ancestral voices, prophesying war.

—COLERIDGE: *Kubla Khan*.

IT seems at first blush an incredible fact that after years of constant tension, crises, and war scares, Europe and the world at large could still feel any surprise at the bloody catastrophe of 1914. But facts have a way of being incredible. Again and again and again within that short period the people were led up to the perilous threshold of war until, as they were never required to cross it, they grew doubtful at last of the grim reality behind these eventless alarms.

Popular attention is always divided; and among the topics on which it principally concentrates, foreign policy is rarely one. Leaf over a newspaper file for the summer of 1911, when the Agadir crisis was at its height and a world war was more imminent than ever before, and you will find half-a-dozen subjects vying with the crisis in the headlines—the coronation of a King in England, tariff reciprocity in America, the fall of the ministry in France. In 1913 the Marconi scandals had quite as much space in the London papers as the Balkan Wars.

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To what extent, then, did the people who lived in that far-off period before the War—how strange it is to think they were ourselves!—realize that they dwelt on the surface of a volcano? How far did they recognize their danger? And what voices were raised to warn them? Journalists specializing in foreign affairs, historians who found it interesting to watch the history of their own century happening day by day, a few statesmen whose business was foreign policy, and the army and navy officers whose concern was national defense, knew and understood.

Numerous writers had predicted in a general way the occurrence of the World War, its approximate extent and duration, the movements of the armies, and even the weapons with which it was to be waged. Many of these predictions were amazing in their detail and the accuracy with which subsequent events fulfilled them. Yet in spite of this chorus of prophetic warning, the World War took the world by surprise.

Three years after the war of 1870, Major Charles Dejardin, an engineer officer of the Belgian Army, wrote a book on the *Situation géographique, politique et militaire de la Belgique*, in which he pointed out the danger of invasion by either France or Germany in some future war. When his book was published five years later he observed in his preface that unless Belgium were adequately armed "the war would be extended by violence over all her provinces, her industry and commerce would be brought to a complete stand-

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still, her agriculture ravaged and, finally, her new nationhood and liberty would vanish amid the turmoil of events that would convulse Europe"—not a bad summary of Belgium's actual plight forty-six years later!

As early as 1881 another Belgian, Emile Banning, foresaw the exact course of events during August 1914 with quite as much precision and in almost as great detail as did General Wilson, calmly lecturing before the Cabinet Ministers and the Committee of Imperial Defense on that peril-fraught August day during the Agadir crisis. Thirty years before all this occurred, Banning had prophesied that the next war in Eastern Europe would break out through German initiative; that Great Britain, whether she wanted to or not, would be forced to join France to save herself and the world from German hegemony; that Germany would disregard her treaty obligations and invade Belgium; and that the line of advance into France would lie along both banks of the Meuse and through the Oise Valley. Even as early as 1866 he had written in an article that lay in manuscript for half a century: "Aggression against France is possible only by way of the lower Rhine. If that eventuality should come to pass, the Belgian Army would at once cover the line of the Meuse and oppose the violation of neutral territory by force."¹

In 1882, General Brialmont had foreseen the probability of a German invasion, and to forestall it had

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created the system of Belgian fortifications against which the tide of field gray uniforms broke in 1914. In 1884 the French writer, Henri Boland, published *La Guerre prochaine*, in which he warned his countrymen against "*la guerre imminente, la guerre redoutable qui nous menace.*" This he thought would be another Franco-German struggle due to German envy of the rapidity with which France had recovered after 1870; but Boland, too, foresaw that Belgium would have to defend her national existence when the struggle should at length begin.

Three years later Lt.-Col. C. Koettschau of the German Army published a book on the coming war between France and Germany—which with the author's permission was immediately translated by a professor in the French military school at Saint-Cyr. The German officer explained "the necessity of a new Franco-German war," and after reviewing at length its probable effect upon the various states of Europe, concluded that this war, like that of 1870, could be localized. He professed to regard Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland as nothing but "the wings of the theater of war," and advised the neutral governments to "have armies capable of effective resistance and cover your frontiers with defensive works"—which was really very kind of him.

Colonel Koettschau also wrote a book contrasting the relative military strength of the two future opponents and envisaging a trial of strength in Alsace-

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Lorraine. This likewise promptly appeared in an authorized French translation as *Les Forces respectives de la France et de l'Allemagne, leur rôle dans la prochaine guerre*. The German uneasiness thus revealed may have been due in part to the French Army's adoption of the Lebel rifle in 1886, which was believed to give the French infantry a decided fire superiority. It was thought not improbable that France would seize this favorable opportunity to begin the long-expected war of revenge; and between 1887 and 1900 a single Paris publishing house brought out three distinct books with the single title—*La Prochaine Guerre*.²

About the same time Heinrich von Treitschke was predicting from the professorial chair a future struggle between Germany and England. In 1900 when the new German Navy bill with its hostile preamble was introduced in the Reichstag, Admiral von der Goltz asserted bluntly: "Our chances of success in a war against England grow more formidable every day." On the British side Sir Rowland Blennerhassett declared a month later in the violently nationalistic *National Review* that the German Navy was being prepared "for a struggle with England," while the pugnacious editor of the *Review* said in his September number that as Britain stood in the way of Germany's efforts to become a naval power, Britain "therefore must be smashed." When another German Navy Bill was passed in 1907, the *National Review* cried out again that "Great Britain is the sole objective of these

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frantic preparations." In the same number a contributor named Scotland as a favorable landing place for a German invasion.—And all these are but examples of the war talk that filled both British and German press.³

The growing rivalry between Great Britain and Germany was visible, however, to others besides the citizens of the two discordant nations. In 1902, just before Mr. Wickham Steed left Rome, where he had been *Times* correspondent, to take the same post in Vienna, he had a conversation with the veteran Italian statesman, the Marquis Visconti Venosta, who prophesied with perfect accuracy: "England and Germany will come to blows within ten or fifteen years."

The war took place in exactly twelve.

Immediately after the Tangier crisis Denis Guibert and Henry Ferrette published a book whose title was itself a challenge—which the contents did not wholly justify—*La Guerre en perspective: Le Conflit franco-allemand en 1905*, advocating maintenance of the Russian alliance but proposing an attitude toward England "*parfaitement loyale et parfaitement réservée*," and predicting that the hour of battle would come on the death of Franz Josef or whenever the Balkan question was up for settlement.⁴ Eleven years later the old emperor did die in the midst of a war which had arisen in the Balkans.

An Anglo-German conflict was easier to envisage

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than a world war, though as a matter of fact history had thus far included neither the one nor the other. British and German troops had never fought on the same battle-field save as allies; and a whole world at death-grips was still no more than a horrid dream, for even the Napoleonic epic had been primarily a European struggle. As for the likelihood of a Franco-German war, that had happened in 1870, and the rest of the world had contrived to avoid being involved.

Only as the fatal year 1914 approached and as crisis after crisis revealed how closely knit was the tangled net-work of alliances that tied Europe together, did prophecies of a general war on an unprecedented scale become general. As early as 1908 the sage and cynical Anatole France realized the possibility that the coming conflict might not be so simple a matter as war between any two or three nations, and wrote: "It would be foolish to pretend that we are assured henceforward of a peace that nothing shall disturb. The terrible industrial and commercial rivalries that have grown up around us give warning, on the contrary, of future struggles, and there is nothing to assure us that France will not one day find herself involved in a great European or world conflagration." ⁵

In August of that same year, Mr. Steed, an astute professional observer of the European scene, privately decided "that, when Germany made war, her forces would pass through Belgium." Clemenceau himself had told him: "We know that on the morrow of

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war between Germany and England, the German armies will invade France by way of Belgium."

These conclusions had been anticipated, however, by the French military attaché in London, who late in 1905 suggested to Colonel Repington the likelihood of a sudden German assault through the territory whose neutrality Germany had guaranteed. This possibility was repeatedly pointed out by Colonel Repington in the *London Times*, for which he was then military critic,^a and by Charles Malo, who held a similar post on the *Journal des Débats* in Paris.

After the death of von Moltke in 1891, German military preparations had undergone a marked alteration, which was not lost on certain thoughtful observers abroad. Possibility now became probability, or something very like certainty. The Germans had previously left Alsace and Lorraine practically unfortified, a fact that indicated their intention to advance into France through the lost provinces, trusting to their mobile armies for the defense of German soil. When fortifications began to rise here, while concentration areas were being prepared along the Belgian frontier, the future became plain as a pikestaff, especially as it was becoming evident that Germany had more troops than she could deploy on the older and narrower battle front. The German staff were planning to hold the French in Alsace and Lorraine while they struck through Belgium at the French flank. In 1900, the Belgian General Ducarne again pointed out the danger

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of an attack through the Meuse valley. Colonel Repington, who had hinted as much in 1905, spoke his mind plainly in 1910: "Indications point with increasing force to the possibility that Germany may find herself compelled for military reasons to disregard the neutrality of Belgium and to direct her main attack upon France through Belgian territory."

Surveying the altered German dispositions, he wrote in 1911 that "the axis of the future attack upon France had shifted to the north," and that "the preservation of the neutrality of Belgium and possibly of the Netherlands was threatened by this new departure in German strategy."⁷ Carefully summarizing the military theories current in the German Army and comparing them with German troop distributions, he concluded: "We are thus brought face to face with two alternative suppositions. Either the principles of strategy and tactics inculcated by German regulations, recommended by all the greatest German authorities and writers on war, and invariably practiced at manœuvres, have no application whatsoever to existing conditions, or else they have been adopted in full knowledge that in time of war space for deployment will be found by the violation of neutral frontiers."

However blind certain of their military leaders may have been, anxious Frenchmen were not lacking to point out the danger of the Belgian frontier. About this time a Dutch plan to fortify Flushing aroused both French and British, who suspected that the new

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fortifications would be an aid to Germany. The French Nationalist, Jules Delafosse, warned the Chamber of Deputies that "in case of international conflict Belgium would be invaded in order to take the left flank of the French Army in the rear," and that the proposed Flushing fortifications would help Germany hold off British aid coming to the rescue.⁸

In 1907, Charles Malo, military editor of the *Journal des Débats*, was predicting a "war that is certain and inevitable because it must result not only from diplomatic combinations, but also from the force of circumstances, because Germany, with her steadily growing population and her immense economic development, is strangling within her present limits." After a personal trip along the frontier of Belgium and Germany and a visit to the German camp at Elsenborn, M. Malo wrote: "Almost certainly Belgium, very probably Holland, will be drawn, willy-nilly, into the war which for the economic reasons indicated above, will be fought with Germany on one side, France and England on the other." M. Malo was one of the first to doubt the forts at Liège and Antwerp—seven years before they fell. Lt.-Gen. Dejardin of the Belgian Army—identical with the major of a few pages back—in discussing the French journalist's articles, suggested a lightning attack by the German Army, in an effort to turn the French flank, exactly the manœuvre that von Kluck attempted seven years later. But even this far-seeing Belgian did not dream that the main

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German attack would be delivered through his country. The French General Maitrot, however, saw quite as far ahead as the Belgian officer when he wrote with perfect accuracy in 1911: "The Germans will attack us through Belgium, turning the left flank of our defensive line, Verdun-Toul-Belfort." That is just what happened. Today this same General Maitrot predicts a new war.

In 1911 appeared General Bernhardi's famous—or notorious—book, *Germany and the Next War*. In this study—the writing of which was nearly interrupted by the premature arrival of the next war after the Agadir crisis—the literary general forecast a struggle in which England, Germany, France, and Russia would all be engaged, and which he described as "the necessary and inevitable war."⁹

Coming as it did on top of the Agadir crisis, the book created a *frisson* which is not difficult to understand; though it enjoyed a still more violent notoriety when the World War confirmed its daring predictions and when it was used so effectively as anti-German propaganda that the author, who was then actually fighting, must have been thoroughly disgusted at the result of his efforts.

In the same year, on the other side of the frontier, the French journalist Francis Delaisi in his book *La Guerre qui vient* predicted a war in which England, France, and Germany would be involved and which would lead to the violation of Belgian neutrality.

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While M. Delaisi was making these prophecies, Colonel Arthur Boucher was proclaiming the French "*certitude de vaincre*" in his popular pamphlet, *La France victorieuse dans la guerre de demain*, which sold by thousands of copies. He foresaw with perfect accuracy that "if war breaks out tomorrow, within ten days we shall see our country invaded by a million men without our allies' having been able to turn aside a single unit."¹⁰ Like the French General Staff, Colonel Boucher was badly mistaken as to the direction from which the Germans intended to strike. His map showing the dispositions of the French and German armies at the completion of mobilization does not even extend far enough to show the mere outline of the Belgian frontier, much less to indicate troop dispositions on it.

Next year, however, Colonel Boucher followed up this strategic study with another entitled *L'Offensive contre l'Allemagne*; and in 1913 he reconsidered his opinion as regarded Belgian neutrality but concluded that "when Germany crosses the Belgian frontier it will be quite as much to assail her independence as to get at France more easily." It was Colonel Boucher's idea that Belgian neutrality must be preserved because it was "the best protection" of the French frontier.¹¹ This was not so foolish as it sounds today. At that time the existence of forty-two centimetre howitzers was unsuspected and the fortifications of Liège and Namur were still thought capable of stopping any assault.

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Colonel Boucher's ideas seem to have been influenced by a book published by a Belgian general under the pseudonym O. Dax on the *Situation de la Belgique en cas de conflit franco-germain*. Assuming the probability of an invasion, this writer proposed the frank abandonment of Belgian neutrality in favor of a German alliance. Colonel Boucher was also influenced by the articles of the Belgian Major Girard in *La Tribune Nationale* from January to June 1912, which predicted that France and Germany would fight "their battle of the giants" on Belgian soil and advocated a Belgian alliance with Germany.

After the Agadir crisis such prophecies came thick and fast. Treitschke's successor in the University of Berlin and the *Preussische Jahrbücher* both announced—with, as the event showed, approximate accuracy—that in two years "sufficient inflammable material" would have accumulated to produce "a conflagration."¹²

By this time British public opinion, though like all the rest of the world unable to comprehend the vastness of the approaching war, was considerably disturbed by fears that Germany would invade the British Isles. As early as 1903, Erskine Childers—later to die as a rebel in Ireland, but then a faithful subject of the King,—had published a sensational novel, *The Riddle of the Sands*, which dwelt on a possible invasion of England by a German "army of infantry, with the lightest type of field guns on big, sea-going lighters,

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towed by powerful but shallow-draught tugs, under escort of a powerful composite squadron of warships." ¹³ Such craft could run straight up on shore at high tide, obviating all the confusion of disembarkation on which British coast defense plans had always relied for aid. This fictitious scheme was worked out in such detail that it even named the north side of the Wash—"within easy striking distance of the manufacturing districts"—as the proper point for the invaders' disembarkation in England.

So ingenious was the plan, and with such minuteness had it been worked out, that it stirred the popular fancy and even—so it is said—received close attention in very august quarters on both sides of the North Sea. A second edition appeared in 1910. It was the most famous of a long series of novels in French, German, and English, describing future wars between England and France as late as 1910, and other wars between England and Germany, each supported by alliances that varied with the writers' fancies.

In 1907 the possibility of a German invasion was seriously considered by the Committee of Imperial Defense, before which Colonel Repington read a memorandum pointing out that Germany's standing army could provide a force sufficient to invade England "without resort to regular mobilization"; that all German garrisons had "very great facilities" for the swift transfer of the troops to suitable ports; and that the necessary number of ships could be assembled with-

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out betraying to the British any inkling of what was coming. He estimated the total time required after the German troops received their first orders until they arrived off the British coast, as three days and two hours.¹⁴

A series of articles by the ex-Socialist, Robert Blatchford, which appeared in the *Daily Mail* in 1912, announced the German determination to wipe out the British Fleet, invade England, and destroy the Empire. This—though insincerely ridiculed by a Government that did not dare reveal its own fears—so affected the popular mind that despite British faith in the Navy, the invasion boggy—which had been frankly discussed by Prime Minister Balfour in the House of Commons as early as 1905—was never afterward quite laid. Throughout the World War large numbers of troops, though badly needed elsewhere, were kept at home to deal with mythical invaders. Admiral von Tirpitz, however, to judge by his post-war revelations, never dreamed of invading England.

Of the relatively small group who read the plain signs of the times aright, none had a clearer vision of what was coming than Professor Charles Sarolea, of Edinburgh University. Professor Sarolea was too clear-sighted to be deceived by the invasion scares. When he wrote his book on *The Anglo-German Problem*, two years before the War broke out, he declared himself "not at all convinced that the scare of a German invasion of England is justified," adding: "In-

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deed, I am inclined to believe the Germans when they assert that in case of war, Germany would not be likely to invade Britain. She would be far more likely to invade Belgium." As if to complete the uncanny prescience that characterized this remarkable book, Professor Sarolea cast his prophetic glance beyond the approaching conflict and suggested its aftermath: "Europe is drifting slowly but steadily towards an awful catastrophe which, if it does happen, will throw back civilization for the coming generation as the war of 1870 threw back civilization for the generation which followed and which inherited its dire legacy of evil."

Without the German general's militaristic glee, he echoed Bernhardt's ideas of the nature and dimensions of the approaching struggle: "It will be a universal European war. Nor will it be a humane war, subject to the rules of international law, and to the decrees of the Hague Tribunal; it will be an inexorable war; or, to use the expression of von Bernhardt, it will be 'a war to the knife.' Nor will it be decided in a few weeks like the war of 1870; it will involve a long and difficult campaign, or rather a succession of campaigns; it will mean to either side political annihilation or supremacy." This in 1912!

Professor Sarolea likewise foresaw the future rôle of military aircraft. "Nor must we forget," he wrote, "that within the near future another fleet may play an important part in the final result—namely, the new

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fleet of aeroplanes which tomorrow may entirely change the condition of both continental and naval warfare. Germany might conceivably send an aerial army of several thousand aeroplanes to the English capital, which might work more havoc than an invading army corps. One thing is certain, that if aero-technics make as rapid progress in the next five years as they have done within the last decade, England, for military purposes, will have ceased to be an island." ¹⁵

Today these sentences are the commonplaces of anxious debate in the House of Commons. When they were written there were only a few hundred military aircraft in the whole world.

In the same year, while the Italians and Turks were struggling in Tripoli, the *Daily Mail Yearbook* ¹⁶ contained an anonymous article by Wickham Steed headed "Is It War?" which declared frankly: "The shadow of war lies over Europe, a shadow cast less by the strife in Tripoli than by the conflicting aims of European Powers; never since Colonel [sic] Marchand reached Fashoda in September, 1898, has it seemed so real, so opaque."

The nearness of the tragedy was now beginning to open the eyes of others. Lord Roberts had long foreseen the danger, even going so far as to dictate a series of anonymous articles which appeared in the *London World*. The pacifist, E. D. Morel, who had first distinguished himself by his exposé of abuses in the Congo, now turned his attention to the menace of war and in

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his book *Morocco in Diplomacy* (1912) pointed out the prospect of disaster that would overwhelm Europe as a whole, no matter where the war began, even if only two nations were at first involved.

In January 1912, when the Agadir affair had been pretty well smoothed over, another journalist was declaring in the *Westminster Review* that war between England and Germany was "still a very real peril," which, if it occurred, "must result in complete and irretrievable ruin to the combatants, if not also to the passive spectators." A few months later a second writer in the same magazine, after an elaborate description of German preparations for mobilization on the Belgian frontier, said bluntly: "We are solemnly pledged to defend by force of arms, if necessary, the integrity of Belgium. A great military Power has built up on the frontier of this peaceable and neutral little kingdom an enormous military establishment, and has been gradually forming a network of roads and railways that serve, and can serve, no other purpose than to facilitate a swift invasion of Belgium. Does this not concern us?"¹⁷

The veteran French student of world affairs, René Pinon, was quick to see whither the ill-feeling between France and Germany was leading. But he was only voicing what was common opinion among the informed when he wrote: "All Europe is arming by land and sea. She will arm to her ruin either by exhaustion or by war." The ruin came, as the event has proved,

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from a combination of the two. In this same year the Socialist Juarès elucidated in the Chamber of Deputies the German plan of crushing France first and then turning swiftly upon Russia. As early as 1887 he had written in the *Dépêche de Toulouse* that the next European war would be caused by Austrian and Russian quarrels originating in the Balkans and that France would be dragged in by a Russian alliance. Nor was he deceived by the the guarantee of Belgian neutrality.

An American soldier of fortune, Homer Lea, who held a lieutenant-general's commission in the Chinese Army, published in 1912 his *Day of the Saxon*, a sensational book with few pretensions to scholarship, in which he predicted that the British Empire would speedily find itself at death grips with potential foes whose identity was left in little doubt. This was translated into German in 1913 with a new title, *The British Empire's Hour of Destiny* (*Das Britischen Reiches Schicksalsstunde*) and provoked a reply by a retired officer of the Germany Army, Lt.-Col. H. Frobenius, which he called *The German Empire's Hour of Destiny* and in which he prophesied a "conflict in which Europe will be torn to pieces." This prophecy was published in March 1914 and the author had the gratification—if it was a gratification—of seeing it fulfilled five months later.

The year 1913 abounds in prophecy. In France Lt.-Col. A. Grouard published *La Guerre éventuelle*, in which he suggested that Belgian neutrality would

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probably be violated. The American writer C. E. Russell was told during the summer that "war was to come within a year," and was "obligingly furnished with a map of the route the German army would take." The old Emperor Franz Josef, always in favor of peace because he doubted his luck in war, remarked to one of his ambassadors that nothing but a general war could bring about a suitable solution of the state into which affairs had fallen.¹⁸

Even in distant America, President Wilson grew uneasy as it became all too evident that Europe was drifting to catastrophe. In August 1913, almost an exact twelve-month before hostilities began and just after the second Balkan War had flickered out, Ambassador Page wrote from London: "A way must be found out of this stagnant watching. Else a way will have to be fought out of it; and a great European war would set the Old World, perhaps the whole world, back a long way; and thereafter the present armed watching would recur; we should have gained nothing."¹⁹ In April of 1914 Maximilian Harden, the famous editor of *Die Zukunft*, declared there would be war during the approaching summer.

In May, three months before it was too late, Colonel House sailed for Europe on a secret mission for the President. He was to survey European conditions and bring about conciliation if that should be possible. Traveling direct to Germany, he met the chief leaders of the German war machine, and had his famous inter-

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view with the German Emperor on June 1. The military clique was quite obviously in power. The air was full of war talk, for ten years of crises had produced a general tension. Having reasoned with no perceptible success in Berlin, but without attracting public attention, Colonel House went on to Paris, where he found the French Republic to all appearances primarily intent upon its own domestic problems, though post-war revelations have shown us that appearances were not altogether in accord with facts. At any rate the moment was hardly favorable for such a mission as Colonel House's. There had been three changes of Government within eleven days, and the popular mind was intent chiefly upon Madame Caillaux's trial for shooting the editor of *Figaro*.

In mid-June, therefore, the pacificatory Colonel traveled on to London, where British statesmen, some of whom must surely have known better, met him with assurances that there was no great danger. But international fears and rivalries had long been brewing. The real causes of the war had had a long time to work. The mine was ready, the train was laid. All that was needed—it is impossible to avoid the trite but accurate metaphor—was the spark which should ignite it.

War's immediate causes, as we have seen, are likely to be trifles; and the greatest war in history was no exception. It came because a crown prince was murdered—a prince of whom an influential party in his

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own country were heartily glad to be rid. And the President's pacificatory emissary was still in Europe when the fatal shot was fired!

Such was the period immediately preceding the greatest war the world has ever known; but not—there is only too much cause to fear—the greatest war it ever will know. The fundamental economic causes that produce all modern wars—the growth of population, the need of colonies, markets, food, and raw materials—had repeatedly driven the great powers to the verge of conflict. The succession of crises from 1900 to 1914 had given the indifferent people of the world clear warning of what was happening. A succession of writers, statesmen, scholars, soldiers, sailors, publicists had discerned the drift of events and foretold its certain outcome with amazing clarity and accuracy. Yet the men who were to fight the world war, or see their sons fight it, and all who were to suffer from its effects, refused to see for themselves or to credit what was told them. When the catastrophe occurred they were ready to fight and to sacrifice, blindly, faithfully, and trustingly, in a conflict whose issues and causes they never understood. Incredulous of the warnings they had heard, they were yet sufficiently credulous to believe the extraordinary tales invented by one side or the other for use as propaganda in the heat of the struggle.

The World War did not end war, for there has been

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war ever since. Did it end our blindness to the causes of war? Is it possible that we are still refusing, like those blind men who were ourselves in the strange, far-off days before 1914, to heed the crises that ought to be our warnings? Are we deaf to the voices that try to point them out to us?

In other words, is the world very much as it always was, and is it likely to go the same dreadful road it went before?

CHAPTER XI

SOME DISQUIETING SIMILARITIES

No new thing under the sun.

—THE PREACHER.

THE World War produced neither a new heaven nor a new earth. It did indeed work an important change in the heavens, filling them with aircraft more powerful, potentially more destructive, and vastly more numerous than anything that had been dreamed of in 1913, that last year of (relatively) beatific calm before the storm. It freed the earth from several potent breeders of war—the Hohenzollern, Romanov, and Hapsburg dynasties with their plottings and ambitions having vanished from the scene—but new menaces to world peace sprang up in their stead; and many of the old problems the war had been expected to solve remain quite as vexing as ever.

Taken in detail, the causes of the World War are so numerous, and so complex, as to defy description or even bare enumeration. We do not know the half of them, and probably we never shall—the historians will see to that. Taken generally, however, the fundamental causes of the great disaster are relatively simple

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and relatively few. The World War, like all modern wars, was due at bottom to the simultaneous expansion of several states—driven by growing populations, by the quest for food, markets, and raw materials—upon a planet whose most valuable territories were too limited to go around. And this general expansion resulted in half-a-dozen perfectly definite clashes of interest, which explain half a century of quarrels.

A tentative list of these fundamental rivalries would run about as follows:

1. Great Britain's vital need for control of the sea, especially the route to India—clashing with German ambition for a "future on the water."

2. German possession of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine with their mineral wealth—clashing with French desire for the same territory and the ancient French yearning for the Rhine as a northeastern boundary, the whole envenomed by the spirit of *revanche*.

3. Russian efforts to expand in the Balkans—clashing directly with Austrian and German efforts to do the same thing; less directly with Italian, and to some extent with British, interests.

4. The sempiternal question of Constantinople and the Straits, that all-important waterway between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, which is the key to the whole Near East, and in which Russian, French, German, Austrian, British, Rumanian, Greek, Bul-

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garian, and Turkish interests were inextricably involved.

5. Austro-Italian struggles for the mastery of the Adriatic and the Adriatic coast of the Balkan Peninsula.

6. Squabbles over colonial possessions and spheres of influence.

It is discouraging to reflect that most of these primary causes of conflict—as the preceding chapters show—are with us still, very thinly disguised by post-war changes. The British desire to control the sea—perfectly reasonable in itself but highly inconvenient to other and less powerful maritime states which also want to use the only ocean there is—explains Anglo-German naval rivalry and all the alarms that sprang from it during the years when Admiral Tirpitz was busy building his fleet. Anxiety over the route to India explains the British Foreign Office's touchiness over Egypt, Morocco, and Persia, three of the last century's chief trouble-makers. In this respect matters have not greatly changed, for Great Britain is eager as ever to control the sea, though nowadays she puts more trust in aircraft and light cruisers than in battle-ships.

Revanche for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine was notoriously a European trouble-breeder for nearly fifty years; transfer of possession has translated the yearning for *Rache* into another language. The Tsar's ministers no longer manipulate the little Balkan courts,

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but other influences quite as sinister are hard at work on the uneasy peninsula. As we have already seen, the Straits—which nearly caused a World War in 1878, and helped bring on the War of 1914—came within an ace of stirring up another in 1922. Where Austria once struggled with Italy for possession of the Adriatic coast, Greece and Jugoslavia struggle with her now. And colonial bickerings have not been ended by that blessed word "mandate."

The World War did, it is true, save the world from possible Teutonic domination; and by heroic surgery eliminated certain ills once for all. But it left precisely as they were before many of the chief causes of international distrust—which is not bound to ripen into strife, but which does so only too often. Moreover, the war also produced—quite aside from the general rancour, exhaustion, suspicion, and disillusion that developed as the high pitch of belligerent emotion sank into the commonplace of an especially dismal everyday—a host of new nations, each with a whole crop of new grievances peculiar to itself.

The Southern Slavs are united at last—and straight-way fall to quarreling among themselves. The Greeks achieve their old ambition of union with the Smyrniotes, try to seize too much, bring the Powers to the verge of a new world war—and lose most of their gains through overmuch ambition. The old abuses of the Hapsburg Empire are adjusted—and behold! an irridentist problem in each of the Succession States that

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have been carved out of it—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia. Italia Irridenta is redeemed at last—but German citizens smart for it in what was once Tyrol but now is Alto Adige. The tyranny of Tsardom vanishes—and a worse tyranny, still more menacing to the world at large, replaces it. To unscramble that huge unsavory omelet which we call Europe is a task not quite so easy as in the first innocence of idealistic fervor we once believed. Nor has the Far East by any means sunk back into a peaceful calm.

Naval rivalry has been temporarily lulled into an uneasy quiet; but the development of aircraft has added a new cause for friction, ten times worse, between the nations. Each state fears the dangerously mobile strength of its neighbor's aerial armaments, and each is compelled to seek strategically suitable air bases for both military and commercial purposes. The few years that have elapsed since the War have already brought with them disputes over Wrangel Island, the northern extremities of our own continent, and the barren lands within the Arctic Circle—desolate spaces of no conceivable value save to a few wandering Eskimos until the constantly expanding capacities of aircraft began to make it seem probable that they will some day be useful in flights for peaceful or belligerent purposes across the top of the world!

We have already seen that the war to end war did not achieve its proclaimed purposes—in which the men

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who made the proclamations may not have believed, but in which the devoted troops who died for them did believe with all their gallant, foolish hearts. There is the best possible evidence that the war to end war failed—namely, the fact that war has been most inconveniently occurring ever since.

The causes are not far to seek. Populations are still growing, since the tortured millions who died in battle, though they may have left their traces in living human hearts, did not notably or for long affect the vital statistics. Industrial states have still the same old needs, and as this unaccommodating globe on which we live refuses to expand, and tends, if anything, to shrink, there are still not lands enough to satisfy them all.

Scarcely were the battles over before the victorious Powers, like the petty Balkan states in 1913, were squabbling for the spoils as they have been squabbling ever since. Is it not unhappily manifest that we are off once more upon the grim old round?

We have not, to be sure, produced a second World War as yet; but to do ourselves justice, we have once or twice come fairly close to something very like it. A century of "civilization" was required to produce the first World War, but as history is speeding up, we may not have to wait so long for the next. How incredible it is that with the battlefields of Northern France still in chaos, any statesman who has lived through one war can even contemplate another. Yet

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the warning of 1922 is not to be lightly disregarded. That crisis, with its implicit threat to all nations, came as suddenly as other crises had come so often between 1900 and 1914. It disappeared with equal suddenness, as all the earlier crises had disappeared—until the exception arrived in 1914.

Lest all this be set down as the maundering of an alarmist, let us contemplate once more the diplomatic situation that existed after the Turks had re-captured Smyrna from the Greeks in September, 1922. The Turkish victory had immediate European repercussions. Though the Entente Cordiale between England and France still existed, it was common knowledge that France favored her late Turkish foes, while Great Britain favored her somewhat lukewarm Greek friends. The reasons were manifold. They included mandates in Syria, oil in Mosul, sea-power in the Mediterranean, and the inevitable question of the Straits. Consequently when Kemal's exultant troops marched north from Smyrna toward Constantinople, the French and Italians withdrew from the neutral zones on the Asiatic side assigned them by the Treaty of Sèvres, which the Kemalists refused to recognize; while the handful of British troops under General Harington stood their ground at Chanak, which Marshal Foch declared could not be defended with less than a hundred thousand men. It was only a few days before Kemal's concentration of his army, bitterly Anglophobe to a man, was in full swing; and within a few days

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Turkish and British troops were again facing each other.

At this stage of affairs Prime Minister Lloyd George sent out his appeal for support against Turkey to the Dominions and to Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece, all three with direct interests in the question of the Straits. Lloyd George was ready for another war.

This was the most critical military situation since the armistice. The French attitude was dubious. Italy, because of Adriatic rivalries, was ill-disposed toward the Jugoslavs, whom Great Britain had included in her invitation to co-operate. Bulgaria, harboring a double grudge after her two defeats, was close to the scene of the conflict, and though weak might be easy to draw into it. Soviet Russia was already leagued with Kemal. Germany, linked to the Soviets by the Treaty of Rapallo, which had been signed only a few months earlier, was eager for revenge and not so thoroughly disarmed as she might have been. No wonder that in London even the conservative *Spectator* declared: "We may be committed tomorrow or the next day to a new war of which nobody could foretell the end or the magnitude."¹

The world held its breath until the Dominions—which had certain war-time grudges of their own to remember—politely begged to be excused, after which there was nothing left for Lloyd George but to climb down. His Government fell soon after. Luckily for

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British interests and for the world's as well, a soldier who was also a very competent diplomat was in command at Chanak and patched up an agreement that saved the situation for the time being—precisely as other critical situations had been saved half-a-dozen times before the Great War came at last.

The fourth year after the armistice, 1922, was likewise critical in the Pacific, where the relations between America and Japan had slowly gone from bad to worse. At bottom the difficulty was due to the expanding population and trade rivalry in China, the whole complicated by racial friction. Its more obvious manifestations were disputes over the cable station at Yap—an elusive island for which many an honest citizen searched his atlas in vain—naval programmes, and picture brides. All this the Washington Conference shelved—for the time being.

It would be idle to pretend—history never being the same for two minutes at a time—that the world is totally unchanged since 1914; but the amount of alteration, so far as the causes of war are concerned, is sufficiently small to be disquieting. True, political relationships have been somewhat shifted, but scarcely enough to be reassuring; for most of what we see going on around us is strangely like the events of 1900-1914 surveyed in Chapters VIII and IX. Even the immediate causes of war are still at work. We have had a succession of small wars, any one of which might have grown to something bigger, and we have had one very

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respectable world crisis. Not a bad record for seven years. Or rather, and from another standpoint, a very bad and disheartening record.

Even the prophecies of impending disaster, which filled the years before the War, and which markedly increased in volume as 1914 drew nearer and nearer, are with us still. Now it is Oxford's Nobel prizeman, Professor Frederick Soddy, who assures us that "the industrialized countries are, with an enthusiasm reminiscent of a lunatic asylum, turning out an ever-increasing plethora of mere factory products and sending them forth to compete in ever-shrinking markets in exchange for food, and are pouring forth an ever-increasing stream of armaments to fight amongst themselves for markets. The only goal in sight is war and yet war, the blowing up of the plethora and the permanent devitiation of the stock of the white race at the time, too, when by reason of failing fecundity, the prospect of its having to fight about something other than markets is becoming evident." ² The final sentence is a veiled allusion to the prospect of racial struggles.

Again it is Dean Inge suggesting that "the revival of Napoleonism in France, to which Americans seem to shut their eyes, points straight to another European war in the near future; and such a war would leave civilization stricken to death." ³

We may be sure that the famous Oxford chemist and the Dean of St. Paul's are not writing solely for

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the pleasure of making our flesh creep. We may be equally sure that there is sincerity as well as political animus behind Ramsay Macdonald's suggestion that certain aspects of her present policy are leading Great Britain toward another war.⁴ Surely it is significant that on the same day the leader of British Labor was uttering this warning in the House of Commons, another Englishman, Sir Charles Higham, was declaring in New York that a world war might be upon us within ten years.⁵

Nothing is more disquieting than the way in which European leaders who differ violently in their views of everything else under the sun agree upon the imminence of another war. The Tory aristocrat, Austen Chamberlain, in every respect the opposite of the Labor leader Macdonald, asserts in a public address that "Europe is moving uneasily, slowly it might be, but certainly, to a new catastrophe." Lloyd George, the Liberal leader, tells a group of Welsh adherents, "I am afraid of what will happen. I honestly don't believe European civilization could survive another Great War."

Mussolini, militant chief of Italian Fascism whose world of thought and modes of action are poles apart from the pacifist Macdonald's—utters in the Italian Chamber of Deputies the same bitter truth: "One thing is certain, that the war we have lived through and in which I had the honor to serve as a private soldier was not the last one." And Francesco Nitti,

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one of the bitterest of the Fascist's political foes, who agrees with him in nothing else, is startlingly at one with him upon this solitary point. Nitti reminds us that many thoughtful Europeans "feel that the present violence can only finish in revolutions now, and in terrible wars in the future." ⁶

Lord Balfour is "not naïve enough to believe that this was the last war." Paul Painlevé, twice the scholar-premier of France, "cannot say that militarism is no longer a menace to Europe," while Romain Rolland, most uncompromising of European pacifists, says roundly: "Unless a miracle occurs, which we cannot expect, we are marching with great strides toward a new war that will surpass in duration and intensity that of 1914-1918," and General Tasker H. Bliss, least militaristic of soldiers, casually observes at Williamstown: "Already the problem of the next war is looming up." ⁷

The Belgian journalist, L. Dumont-Wilden, lays his finger upon one of the most dangerous aspects of the present European predicament when he writes: "I do not believe that any people wants war, not even Germany (she hopes to obtain by intimidation and intrigue the revision of the Versailles Treaty which is her goal), but there is danger that by living in this electrically over-charged atmosphere, by hesitation, tergiversation, fear and obscurity, we shall reach one of those situations which cannot be untangled and for which brute force seems to be the sole solution."

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Philip Kerr raises a warning voice against "that further Balkanization of mankind, and that still more frightful world war, which are inevitable if the civilized peoples do not read in time the lessons of the last ten years." ⁸

Dr. Edward Bénès, former premier of the Czechoslovak Republic and as brilliant a statesman as any in modern Europe, declared at Geneva in 1925 that "From Finland in the north through the Baltic Republics, Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Austria, down the valley of the Danube to Constantinople and Southern Greece, there are regions where thousands of conflicts may break out, beginning today by the murder of a frontier guard or the desecration of a flag and easily ending tomorrow in a terrible war."⁹

Even while the War was in progress, the German General von Freytag-Loringhofen, most distinguished among modern tactical writers, was calmly jotting down in his *Deductions from the World War* such lessons as he thought might be useful in the next one—for the German General Staff did not encourage talk about "ending war." Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, medalist of the Royal United Service Institute, tells us that "the greatest of all heresies and delusions concerning it is to suppose that the Great War of 1914-1918 is the last of all wars," at the same time hopefully suggesting that we may yet "fend war off until mankind has recovered from the recent turmoil."¹⁰

Writing with the peculiar authority of an English

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political figure who is also a naval officer, Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy describes specifically the probable horrors of a future war and suggests several possible ways in which it may start:

The appalling terrors that another world conflict would bring are not generally realized by those who are not in touch with modern developments of science and invention. The most deadly weapons are being prepared in the laboratories of chemists and scientists, and the next war, in its destructiveness, will absolutely dwarf the last Great War. The lessons of that great conflict are now being applied to an extent not generally understood. . . .

It might be said that all peoples are now peacefully inclined. There is apparently no enemy who would make war against Britain or the United States of America, and the only reason for the maintenance of the British and American Navies is to police the seas and maintain order generally. But this is taking too optimistic a view.

The most generally accepted cause of war in the future is based on a wrong calculation—that is, the possibility of a war between France and Germany. The French, I think, are wrong in supposing that Germany is preparing to make war on France. The Germans are thoroughly sick of war, having suffered more than any other of the belligerents. These two countries might find themselves in conflict through a general break-up of European peace. Certain elements then might not resist the temptation to renew the struggle with France. But the most dangerous spot at the present moment is the frontier between Russia and Rumania. Russians of all parties, from the Communists to the followers of the Grand Duke Cyril, are not satisfied with the settlement over Bessarabia. Unless a workable solution is arrived at, war is extremely

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likely. It might come from the Russian side—deliberately as a means of distracting the people's attention from their own troubles at home. It is extremely probable that other Powers would be drawn in, and this would lead to a great war. There is also another likely cause of war, and that is on account of the present frontier between Russia and Poland. A great deal of territory incorporated in the new Poland is purely Russian, the only Poles being a few landlords. If hostilities were to break out between Russia and Poland we might find Germany taking a hand. Another likely war in ten years' time would be between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. If that happened, Hungary would probably make an effort to regain some of her territories. The Balkans have always been a danger spot. The most peaceable part of the world is South America, where the various Republican States are agreeing to have their disputes referred to the League of Nations for settlement.

There is also danger of a Moslem rising.²¹

Lord Thomson, a British soldier, a member of the Labor Government, and by no means a fire-eater, does not agree that another Franco-German war is improbable: "Most competent judges of the situation believe that this war must come, that it is only a question of time."

Among these competent judges we may include Cardinal Mercier, who says that "Germany is already preparing a war of revenge, which may come in fifteen years," and Captain Hans Ritter, of the German Army, who concludes his recent book on the French army with a prophecy: "The old French royal city of Versailles will after the 28th of June, 1919, ex-

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perience a second 18th of January, 1871!"¹² Another publicist foresees an "inevitable war between England and Russia within the next generation."¹³

Six years after the last shot was fired, we find the British General Sir Edmund Ironsides gravely lecturing at Woolwich on the three categories of future wars and taking the wars themselves for granted. In the same month another British soldier, General Sir Reginald Hart, publishes an article in which he assures us that "whether we like it or not there must be war for ages to come," adding the cheerful information that "in a future war, great cities and extensive areas will be wiped out with all the men, women, and children." The following month a French military writer expounds in *Le Temps* the proper infantry tactics in "*une guerre éventuelle*," which he blithely assumes is an ultimate certainty. Even Viscount Grey warns that "the next war will mark a victory over civilization," while the historian of Lord Grey's foreign policy, Sir Gilbert Murray, reminds us that "we cannot indulge in the old reveries about pacifism, because we have lately had to fight for our lives, and may have to do so again."¹⁴

"Let it not be thought for a moment," says Mr. Winston Churchill, "that the danger of another explosion in Europe is passed," and he offers a good reason why we must not think so: "The causes of war have in no way been removed."

"Can there be any doubt," inquired the London

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Nation and Athenaeum when the French marched into the Ruhr, "that the stage is being finely set for another World War?" The French diplomat Charles Benoist hints that the first World War ended prematurely and may begin again. A casual correspondent of the London *Saturday Review* sees old war clouds as yet undisputed and suggests that "if we are not very careful, the Pan-Serbs will land us into the next World War as surely as they landed us into the last." ¹⁵

Meantime, Dr. Lothrop Stoddard, well-known as a student of international affairs, describes another big war as "a by no means improbable event," and Sisley Huddleston, a keen professional observer of events who is certainly no alarmist, blurts out the truth in these words: "A catastrophe is in sight. The militarization of Europe means war. About that there can be no mistake." French financiers scan with alarm the investments of foreign capital in German industry which, they fear, may create pro-German sentiment "in case of another war."

Russian and British Labor leaders in conference at London issue a formal declaration: "Already it would appear that a new war, more terrible, more monstrous than anything known hitherto is being prepared. New weapons of destruction are being devised; the chemists and scientific thinkers of European countries are devoting their knowledge and skill to the task of inventing new weapons of torture and destruction for use not only against the soldier, but also

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against the civilian. In the meantime so-called disarmament conferences are merely encouraging dangerous illusions." ¹⁶

Only a few incorrigible optimists like Mr. H. G. Wells find something to be cheerful about; and even he promises no more than a respite because "it will take forty or fifty years to reassemble energy for another such world-wide outbreak." General Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations on the British Staff during the War, makes the limit somewhat narrower when he predicts that there will be no general European war for the next twenty years. Sir George Paish, the famous British economist, alone declares his belief that "there will never be another war." ¹⁷

If the danger of another Great War is actually so pressing as these various personages profess to believe, it is certainly high time for the common man to look about him, the plan of leaving such matters as the foreign relations of his country unquestioningly to his betters having been tried for many a long year prior to 1914, with results that do not by any means commend it.

Some encouragement we may derive from the reflection that the forces which make for war are now held in check by new agencies for peace more effective than any yet devised. We have the League and we have the World Court, even though the high hopes

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roused by the Protocol ended at last in disappointment. To say, however, that these brakes upon the forces that produce war are "more effective than any yet devised" is painfully mild praise if we remember the total breakdown of all pacific agencies in 1914 and the years preceding; and if we recall the constant succession of small and middle-sized wars that have afflicted the planet ever since. Nor did the League of Nations, in spite of all its apologists may say to excuse its failure, emerge with prestige undiminished from its relatively futile endeavors to check the Italian onslaught upon helpless Greece at Corfu in 1923.

When we have given full weight to all optimistic arguments, the regrettable fact remains that the world we live in is quite as charged with tension, quite as filled with national desires still unappeased, and bristles with quite as many threats of war as the outwardly peaceful world we dwelt in so thoughtlessly and happily in 1914. Perhaps, however, we may have learned to heed the warning voices rising all about us, against which the generations before the Great War closed indifferent ears. We may at least try to understand the conflicts of national interest still existing in the world the War has left us, and the tensions out of which the next Great War will surely come, if it must come at all.

CHAPTER XII

THE WEAPONS OF THE NEXT WAR

The surest foundation of being surprised is to suppose that the next war will be like the last one.

—COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER: *Reformation of War*.

IF it is possible to describe, in a general way, the various conflicts of interest existing in the modern world, out of which the next great war is likely to emerge, it is also possible to describe with reasonable accuracy the weapons we shall use to fight it; and to foretell, within rough but perfectly definite limits, approximately what that war will be like when it comes at last.

If the outbreak of the World War was no surprise to the scattered few who make a careful study of world events, neither were its technical developments and the engines of destruction it let loose wholly unforeseen. The surprises of the War were rather its duration, the weakness of "impregnable" fortifications under the fire of 42 centimetre siege guns, the permanent immobilization of the battle line in trenches, and the illimitable heroism of the common man in an inferno Dante would have refused to describe. The startling and deadly novelties—aerial warfare, Zeppelin raids,

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bombardments from the air, poison gas, ruthless submarine war on helpless merchant vessels, mine-laying from submarines, the relative uselessness of capital ships in mine-infested seas, the submarine blockade—all these had been prophesied long before the war broke out by various military and naval students and by writers of fiction, sometimes scientific and often merely fantastic, but for all that amazingly exact in their predictions.

These prophecies were the utterances of scattered individuals, each one of whom had made a more or less lucky guess at some single aspect of the war that was to come. But when their guesses are assembled, when we put the fantastic yet scientific imaginings of Mr. Wells side by side with the cold tactics and technology of Colonel Repington, borrow a shrewd paragraph from Professor Sarolea, cast a speculative eye upon the lucubrations of the French Naval Staff, and scrutinize the pre-war ideas of Generals Wilson and Bernhardt, the composite picture that results is uncannily like the four years' carnage of 1914-1918.

All this suggests that if the weapons and tactics of the last great war could be so accurately and even minutely predicted, the weapons and tactics of the next great war may, perhaps, prove equally amenable to prophecy. Though it is true such predictions can scarcely be regarded as either complete or accurate, they are still not wholly without merit. They are at least a safeguard against the perilous folly by believing

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that the next great war will be the relatively mild, milk-and-water affair that the last one was.

The proper date at which to begin our study of the preparations now in progress for the next war is the year 1919; for both the Allies and the Central Powers are well known to have prepared new weapons of incredible efficiency and destructive power, which they intended to employ in that year's battles. The most startling instruments of war prepared for that 1919 campaign which never took place were the new airplanes, the new aerial bombs, and the new gases. Even in 1918, the biggest bombing planes that had so far been built were never brought into action at all. These were two super-Handley-Pages, driven by four engines of three hundred and seventy-five horsepower each, which stood waiting night and day from November 8 to 11, ready to push home the attack against Berlin itself.¹ Aircraft of half-a-dozen other types almost as gigantic were likewise ready or well advanced in construction.

In four years' fighting the bombs that airplanes carried had undergone a development similar to that of the planes themselves. The little bombs used in the early days of the war, not greatly different from a pineapple either in size or shape, had become tremendous metal cases of explosive weighing half a ton and higher than a man, which were being made ready to be dumped upon Berlin; and even before this the British

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had begun to drop bombs that weighed 1650 pounds, larger than any artillery projectile.²

An extraordinary device for the mechanization of aerial war was being worked out simultaneously—an airplane that could be guided to its target and caused to let its deadly freight fall at the desired spot without the agency of a human pilot. This meant a saving of aviators' lives and—a matter of rather more military importance—an increase by the amount of a man's weight in the bomb-carrying capacity of each plane. The airplane had ceased to be a flying car. It had itself become an exceedingly accurate projectile, whose range might be extended for many hundreds of miles.

Nor was this improvement in destructive technique by any means confined to one side. Germany is said³ to have been preparing for an incendiary attack on Paris of a new and extraordinary sort. An advance fleet of airplanes was to dash over the hapless city and release tons of burning phosphorus, whose flames water would not extinguish and against which all known methods of fire fighting would have been entirely useless. Behind these would have come two more fleets, each loaded with the heaviest bombs that could be made, which were to be distributed upon the neatly illuminated target presented by the blazing city. The obvious next step in this aerial progress was the inundation of hostile cities with gas bombs—a possibility understood but never actually accomplished during the World War, which today haunts the dreams of the

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men responsible for the defense of the world's economic and political capitals.

The Allies were preparing literally thousands of airplanes, which would have sowed death and destruction up and down the length and breadth of Germany. Against the new poison gases only a secret gas mask—which the Germans did not have and could not manufacture—offered any protection. Ten thousand new tanks and seventy-five hundred motor transports of a new design were being constructed, able to carry pursuing infantry steadily forward day and night over any kind of country at a rate of some ten or fifteen miles an hour. These, had they ever come into action, would have solved one of the chief problems of trench warfare, which was not so much how to break the enemy's line as how to rush fresh troops, their supplies, and their supporting artillery forward through country that had been made impassable by the preliminary bombardment.

Into the midst of all this preparation came the armistice, the terms of which were so severe and so thoroughly crippled the German Army—Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary having already been smashed—that everyone knew the War was ended. The German military authorities hoped against hope, and kept grimly on with the manufacture of their new anti-tank and anti-airplane machine guns, even after the armistice and actually until the Allied advance to the Rhine interfered. But their hope was in vain.

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For a moment only in 1919 was there reason to fear that Germany would prefer a desperate defensive, foredoomed to failure, against impossible odds. rather than endure the humiliation of signing the treaty. The armistice ended the War and with it ended also the search for new weapons, new machines, and new chemicals that was being carried feverishly forward in laboratories, factories, and workshops on both sides of the firing line and in both hemispheres.

Ended? It would be more accurate to say postponed. For though the new projects were not executed, they were not lost and not forgotten. Notes, plans, formulas, calculations, experimental data, and discoveries all vanished into the capacious archives of the several General Staffs engaged upon them. And once the trouble and confusion of untangling and demobilizing a dozen or so of nations in arms was over, all these documents were hauled out of their files, sorted, studied, and their peace time development begun again, more slowly but no less thoroughly than under the impelling pressure of a world at war. As Mr. Winston Churchill observed, "the campaign of 1919 was never fought; but its ideas go marching along." 6

When the next war comes it will be fought in the beginning with the "lessons" of the last one as a basis; but it will not be like the last war nor will it be fought with the same weapons or the same methods. Only the great and fundamental principles of tactics and

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strategy will remain unchanged, as they have remained since the first chieftain of the cavemen gathered his followers, armed them with clubs and stones, and went to raid the neighbors. During the seven years since the armistice, General Staffs everywhere have had leisure to study the World War, deduce to the best of their ability the lessons that it taught, and apply them to the armies under their control so that they may be ready for their tasks when next required.

Our own Army, for example, has altered its armament and organization from the division with its twenty thousand men down to the squad with its eight. The infantry, which only a few years ago consisted of men with rifles and bayonets and very little else, has acquired a new automatic rifle, a new machine gun, the tank, the Stokes mortar, and a powerful little cannon—dainty and accurate as a watch. The Army as a whole has adopted a new field gun, vastly expanded its air force, increased its motor transport, and invented an astonishing array of specialized departments, whose mere names would immensely puzzle the seasoned soldier of a bare ten years ago. And though bound by treaty with the principal Powers not to use gas against them, the United States, like all other modern nations, finds it necessary to keep up a Chemical Warfare Service for experimentation with gas and defense against it—in the highly probable event that some other Power will be wicked enough to use gas first.

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All this, the activity of a non-militaristic nation with a very small army, gives only the faintest idea of the effort and expenditure for military purposes among foreign Powers; whose potential foes are close at hand and whose armies under the conscription system reach enormous numbers, are highly organized for swift mobilization against each other, and must be kept ready to strike at any moment. The War to end War has left Europe with more men under arms than in 1913. Given all these preparations, the next war is fairly certain to be new and strange and peculiarly unpleasant.

The fact that modern war is fought with conscript armies makes it possible to forecast certain aspects of its evolution. The idea of universal service, the liability of every able-bodied man to bear arms, is not new. It must have been perfectly familiar to the cave man. The Greek city states applied it, so did the Romans in the days before their army became professionalized, and Machiavelli suggested it in the sixteenth century. Its employment on a modern scale, however, dates from a forgotten French law passed in 1798, which placed at the disposal of the military authorities all men between twenty and twenty-five, and by so doing made possible Napoleon's boast to Metternich: "I can afford to expend thirty thousand men a month."

Passed by that relatively obscure body, the Council of Five Hundred, in defiance of French public opinion,

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this law has had an incalculable effect upon the fortunes of Europe for more than a century, and even now its influence is without end. The beginning thus made during the Napoleonic Wars of throwing against the enemy the entire man power of a whole nation has ever since been a central fact not merely of warfare but also of diplomacy and even of industry. The eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published only four years before the war, quaintly observes that conscription "forms even at the present day the chief guarantee for peace, stability, and economic development upon the Continent of Europe!"⁷

It was now possible to find men enough to make an army of modern dimensions; but not until the growth of railroads, motor transport, and telegraphy—with or without wires—was it worth while recruiting the entire manhood of any nation. Neither the means of getting them on the battlefield, nor of controlling them when there, had yet been devised. As the size of an army is limited to the number of men who can be organized, manœuvred, and—most important of all—supplied with food and munitions by the staff and controlled by the commander, armies were inevitably small so long as they had nothing better than horses for transport and messengers or flag signals for communication. In the Great War, however, the chief Powers were able to call to the colors every man who was physically fit and not absolutely essential in civil life; and because of the amazing extent to which women replaced

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men behind the firing line, few men were indispensable.

Wars are therefore no longer fought by small professional armies whose operations scarcely affect the civilian population outside of the immediate theatre of operations. (During the War of the Spanish Succession the export of mannequins from Paris for the benefit of fashionable ladies in Vienna went on between the two hostile capitals quite undisturbed.)⁸ Even nations whose citizens do not relish the idea of a draft and whose legislatures dare not place universal service laws upon the statute books in time of peace, will, under the pressure of hostilities, resort to conscription, as both the United States and Great Britain were compelled to do during the Great War.

Now so far as the next war is concerned, all this has its quite obvious moral—which, we may be sure, is not being wasted on the General Staffs of the world. Every great war begins by being like the last one and ends by being something entirely different. 1914, for example, was 1870 on a larger scale—a leaf out of history. 1918 was itself and nothing else—a leaf out of a Wells romance. The opening year of the next great war will be a decorous imitation of 1918 plus the inventions of 1919 and their subsequent developments. As it goes on it will itself develop—though just what it will develop into it is more comfortable not to think; and if it is a leaf out of any book at all, that leaf will have to be torn from the Recording An-

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gel's ledger or the more lurid passages in Revelations.

As all the great Powers except England and America maintain huge conscript armies, and as both these Powers—not being likely to fight each other—will have to match their enemies' numbers, the next great war, no matter what Powers are involved, is certain to begin with the conventional huge array of conscripts in the field. As we shall see later, there is some reason for thinking that it may end with a return to small professional armies—old-fashioned in size but intensely up-to-date in tactics and equipment. The enormous initial levies of conscripts will have to be supplied with immense quantities of munitions and with weapons yet unguessed, which can only be provided if women and men who are physically unfit for the firing line again move into the places left vacant in the industrial systems of the belligerent nations—much as they did in the last War but on an even larger scale. We shall then no longer have the spectacle of armies fighting armies but of a nation or group of nations in arms—and also in factories—fighting other nations similarly arrayed.

From the huge numbers engaged in the struggle a consequence logically follows. The dividing line between soldiers and civilians, which wore perilously thin in the last war, will vanish altogether in the next great war; because from the military standpoint there is no great difference between the soldier who wields the weapon and the woman who makes it. Killing or

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wounding either is a handicap to the enemy; and to handicap the enemy is one of the immediate ends of war. All this is the logical outcome of conscription, plus improved transport and communication.

It is further influenced by one new element: aircraft.

When the Great War first broke out, the primitive military planes of those early days were used mainly as a means of reconnaissance above hostile armies. Even for this purpose the airplane was adopted rather half-heartedly by most soldiers, with their traditional suspicion of new arms and methods. As recently as 1910 distinguished British soldiers still seriously questioned its value; while professional soldiers as a group did not awaken to its significance even in reconnaissance, until the French manœuvres of 1910-1911 left no doubt about the matter.⁹ Even after the War had broken out the offensive value of the airplane did not occur to anyone for several months and was not exploited except for some rather futile bomb-dropping. The later employment of aircraft was a rude surprise to the victims, and one indignant Russian general threatened to hang the German airmen who bombed his headquarters—a perfectly legitimate target by all the rules of war.

War has hitherto been waged in two dimensions. It has been a matter of battle lines and of columns moving forward to victory or backward in defeat. Now a battle-line obviously amounts to little as a defense for

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the civilian population when the enemy can sail over and hundreds of miles behind it, perhaps taking it in the rear by landing hostile armies from aerial transports, and in any case sowing propaganda leaflets broadcast and leaving a wake of devastation. In the future, therefore, we shall hear less of battle lines and more of battle areas; while the difficulty of distinguishing between military, industrial, and civilian targets is almost certain to obliterate such trifling humanitarian distinctions between them as the last war permitted to remain.

One bright spot slightly relieves this dismal prospect. There was a time when war, proverbially the sport of kings, could be indulged in by any monarch with an army available and an inclination that way. The people, since they did not fight the war, did not have to be consulted about it; and though they did have to pay for it, old-fashioned wars were not, by modern standards, expensive. The people paid without too much grumbling. Today, however, warfare reaches directly into every household of the belligerent nations; and even the super-patriot who is wont to cheer lustily as his boy marches away, begins to find warfare a little less thrilling when he learns that his factory stands a chance of being taken over by the government or his sacred person bombed by an inconsiderate and ungentlemanly foe.

Consequently no statesman can initiate a war with any hope of success unless he can carry his people with him—witness Lloyd George's inglorious failure in

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1922. Aircraft and conscription have made armies more powerful, but they have also imposed a limitation upon them. It is no use going to war unless the majority of your voters favor it or can be induced to favor it; and unless, once the war is started, morale on the home front can be kept at fighting pitch until the victory is won. Otherwise you have a smash like Russia's.

Future wars are therefore likely to occur much less frequently but to be vastly bigger when they do occur; and we shall probably see some extensive and exceedingly modern employment of an exceedingly ancient device, propaganda, both to assail the enemy's morale and to sustain our own.

The next great war, then, will be a war of peoples rather than of armies, because on both sides whole nations will be involved—either as soldiers or as workers behind the lines; and because the use of aircraft, aerial bombs, and gas will make it impossible to differentiate between soldiers and civilians or even between women and children. Whether the next war will end that way is another question.

Lt.-Col. J. F. C. Fuller, gold medalist of the Royal United Service Institution, suggests that the war of the future will eventually resolve itself into a struggle of aircraft, tanks, artillery, and gas, sweeping the traditional conscript soldier entirely aside because the new devices will strike so swiftly that he will have no time to come into action at all. Colonel Fuller assumes that

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warfare must inevitably continue; but, nothing if not an optimist, he also foresees a future "reformation of war," in a happy time to come when states will enforce their wills—and to do that is the ultimate end of war—not by useless slaughter but by the skill and swiftness with which they get in their first blows; and when whole fleets and armies will be overcome in a twinkling, not by violence, but by new gases that will put troops *hors de combat* just long enough to be made prisoners but without permanent injury to anybody.¹⁰ The trouble with this beatific vision is that it could happen only once; and that the unlucky nation thus overcome by superior scientific strategy would instantly put its own laboratories to work devising means of revenge. The second war that would follow immediately on the nation's recovery might be fully as unpleasant as the wars we now indulge in.

✓ A second world war, if it comes soon enough, will be fought with the weapons of 1919 in a more developed and perfect form. ✓ If the economic exhaustion of the post war world or—a less probable supposition—the wisdom of our leaders postpones its coming, it will very likely be fought with weapons and mechanical devices still more novel, though their nature can fairly well be guessed at.

Formal declarations of war are going out of fashion. In 1904 the Japanese simply sailed into Port Arthur and opened fire. In 1914 war between Great Britain and Germany began with nothing more formal than an

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ignored ultimatum, though other states, including ourselves, were more old-fashioned and indulged in the usual courtesies appropriate to the occasion.

Quite probably the next great war will begin unceremoniously with a sudden rush of invading airplanes. France, for example, maintains in constant readiness an "Independent Striking Force," several hundred planes, over and above the number supposedly necessary for defense. But as there is actually no satisfactory defense against attack by air, the mere existence of a powerful air force in one country produces constant uneasiness among that country's neighbors. Only a few years after the great war ended, the English were in an agony of alarm over the superior air forces of their late ally, whose territory offers a starting point for air attack far better than anything the raiding German airmen ever enjoyed. \The air raids with which the next great war is almost sure to start will be directed against the industrial and strategic centres of the hostile country, or upon its principal cities and railroad junctions, and will be designed to terrify the population and enforce submission to the assailant's will. \

What will these aircraft be like, and how will they be manned and armed?

That depends on how long we can stave off the next war. Probably they will be heavier-than-air machines, for in the last war the huge Zeppelin showed itself extremely vulnerable and little suited to combat, however useful for raiding defenseless cities. In the next

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war the enemy's cities are pretty certain to be defended as well as attacked by swarms of planes. Many of them will probably have crews of several men. We shall be getting along toward the "aerial navies" of Tennyson's uneasy vision; for airplane designers, while not abandoning fast little one-man scouts and fighters, are also moving toward larger planes for bombing and fighting and already are using light armor. Even during the last war, airplanes had begun to mount artillery as well as machine guns.¹¹ Perhaps future war planes will carry no crews at all, but will be automatically controlled (one can hardly say commanded) by the skilful manipulator of a wireless switchboard, hovering in an airship at any convenient distance out of the enemy's range. Something of the sort can already be done on a small scale, and the military possibilities of the scheme are not likely to go long unexploited.

Loaded with poison gas or bombs, these venomous steel birds will go whirring through the air to the appointed target, freed from all the limitations of mere human flesh and blood and nerves, and, having reached it, will release their destructive freight. Perhaps they will carry neither gas nor high explosive, but instead thousands of tiny test tubes containing choice assortments of disease germs—a kind of self-perpetuating ammunition—which in spite of recent treaty-making are quite likely to find their place some day on the battlefield, where so many other forbidden weapons have in the past put in an appearance.

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The airplane has one further capacity whose possibilities must not be overlooked. It is an ideal troop transport, for the essence of successful war is mobility, and the airplane is the swiftest vehicle that man has ever devised. Any of the passenger planes whose regular routes criss-cross Europe is capable of becoming a transport for half a platoon of infantry, or a couple of tons of supplies. Now imagine a country at war which is powerful enough to secure air superiority and retain it—as France, under present conditions, could probably do against any two European nations. Air superiority is necessary in all future war because without it the relatively slow and heavy transport planes would fall easy victims to any hostile aircraft they might encounter, and because troop movements on the ground are under constant observation and fire from the air.

Until required to transport an invading army the victorious air fleet could amuse itself by unloading three hundred tons of bombs a day for weeks at a time, greatly to the detriment of the hostile capital and hostile industrial centres, with their waterworks, power plants, bridges, tunnels, pipe lines, oil tanks, and the other machinery of what is by courteous convention styled civilized existence.¹² The task is well within the capacities of several air fleets of the present day. Modern cities would cease to be—a very considerable compensation for the undeniable inconveniences of the war; but a compensation which the unfortunate inhabi-

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tants of the ruins, dying in a refined variety of torments, cannot reasonably be expected to appreciate.

A scant two hundred tons a day of gases now well known and easily employed would paralyze any great city—if a sufficient concentration could be produced, a possibility as to which chemists with war experience differ. If a lethal gas were chosen, the populace could be exterminated and the city left unharmed for the conqueror's occupation; and sneezing gas, tear gas, or colic-producing gas would leave the people grotesquely and pitifully helpless until they were in the conqueror's power. If some hardy souls had sufficient presence of mind to sit indoors with the windows down and the fire out—a simple means of escaping most of these inconveniences—they must soon succumb to the disorganization of the life about them and the impossibility of escape through gas-filled streets. If other measures failed, the simultaneous use of smoke and explosive bombs, plus such incendiary materials as might be required, would speedily drive them from their snug retreats out into the deadly gas. Such measures would require a sacrifice on the conqueror's part, however, for there would not be much city left for him to occupy when the process was over. Triumphal entries into conquered cities, once so popular among the tinsel warriors of a vanished generation, would become passé, simply because no city could possibly survive the treatment necessary to conquer it.

This is no more inhuman—indeed, all things con-

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sidered, it is rather less inhuman—than any other kind of war; and as Dr. Norris F. Hall of Harvard observes: "The progress of technology has for the first time made these attacks *feasible* at the very moment when the interlocking of industries, the mechanization of war, and the increased dependence of armies on their home industrial organizations have given such attacks a greatly increased military importance."¹³

But suppose our aerial transports carry troops. For years the Great War was a deadlock simply because there had ceased to be any flanks and because manœuvring was impossible so long as the battle line stretched from the sea to neutral and impregnable Switzerland. Against wire, machine guns, and artillery a frontal attack was costly and even if successful was speedily brought to a halt because it was impossible to bring up supplies across the impassable ground where the battle had raged. Under these conditions each side could hold its own; neither side could win a decisive victory.

In the next great war matters will be quite different. Instead of the conventional two flanks that history has made familiar, we shall now have a "third flank" at any point behind our battle line where the enemy chooses to land his fleet of transport aircraft. That most dreaded of all military disasters, a surprise attack in the rear, becomes a certainty for the side that has lost control of the air. Captain Hogg, of the Royal Engineers, estimates that a fleet of two hundred planes could transport a brigade a day, and if allowed to continue its

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work for a few days—a very simple matter so long as air superiority was maintained—could land two or three divisions at any convenient place in the middle of the enemy's country, where a continuing stream of aircraft could keep them supplied. It is even suggested that planes may eventually be big enough to land light tanks,¹⁴ while a tank-carrying submarine is also in prospect.

If Great Britain was disturbed, prior to 1914, by the building of a German Fleet, picture the British frame of mind as Britain contemplates the present immense numerical superiority of the French air force, which is immensely swifter than any navy and has potential bases almost within sight of English soil. With good reason may Bleriot's landing from the first cross channel flight be declared the most momentous event in British history since the Norman Conquest, for with the coming of aircraft, Great Britain ceased to be an island. Just now there is peace between the two late allies. Just now French aerial transports—as distinguished from fighting planes—are negligible in number. But how long will they remain so? And what of the forty-five hundred planes for which Italy clamors?

If the development of aircraft will restore mobility and manœuvring power to armies, the development of the tank will do as much or more. Now and then, indeed, one finds some fine old crusty warrior like Major-General Sir Louis C. Jackson, of the British Army, declaring that the tank was a mere freak and that "the

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circumstances which called it into existence were exceptional and are not likely to recur."¹⁵ Such an attitude, though not infrequent, is nothing more than an example of the conservatism inevitable in human nature, more particularly human nature when contained within a uniform.

The tank was made necessary by the development of machine guns; by the destructive capacity of artillery, which obliterated roads and left the country in such condition that only vehicles equipped with caterpillar treads could negotiate it; and by the sheer impossibility of breaking the line of modern entrenchments without it. All these conditions will persist in future war and to them—in spite of the present treaty prohibitions—will probably be added developments in gas warfare that will make gas-proof tanks—equipped with devices to filter air for their crews—absolutely indispensable, if armies are to move at all. When the Great War closed, soldiers had been experimenting with the airplane for ten or fifteen years and with the tank for but two. The early tanks were clumsy monsters that crawled along irresistibly but at a snail's pace. In the seven years that have elapsed since the War ended, the designers of these land battleships have been hard at work. Today their speed is growing so rapidly that a maximum rate of twenty-five miles an hour for light tanks and fifteen miles an hour for heavily armored tanks is quite possible.

Within less than a year after the War, the British

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had produced a machine with a speed of twenty miles an hour, which after a thousand hours of running showed few signs of wear. Experimental machines long since made twenty-five miles an hour, and it is only a step from experiment to practice. The lightest American tank can be loaded on a motor truck and hurried forward at top speed to the point where roads vanish, there to be unloaded and pursue its way under its own power across country of almost any kind. The amphibious tank, which floats across streams and, climbing out on the other side, continues its noisily placid course on land, is already a practical device.¹⁶

The first tank operation ever planned was a landing on the Flanders coast; and we may yet see tanks navigating both land and sea, or submarines plunging securely beneath the waves to transport amphibious tanks to the hostile coast and there release them. Quite clearly the tank is destined to play an enormously important part in the warfare of the future. It has already become a kind of land battleship to which naval tactics roughly apply, and the war of the future will include many a struggle between these clattering iron-clads—gas-proof, bullet-proof, the only thing on earth that can rumble calmly over trenches, shell holes, or barbed wire, and confront machine guns with supreme indifference.

Many military critics believe that the tank will almost entirely take the place of cavalry and that its development will in the future prevent any such

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stalemate as that on the western front, by restoring to strategy the art of manœuvre. The British Army has been experimenting with a tiny tank operated and fought by one man—for all the world like a knight in armor with a gasoline motor instead of a horse—and has been studying the co-operation of tanks and cavalry advancing behind a wall of smoke.

In the conventional tactics of earlier wars, cavalry was used for reconnaissance, and after battle had been joined was the general's chief arm for swift manœuvring, for the knock-out blow—the spectacular charge beloved of painters—and for the grim, unpicturesque, and bloody business of cutting up the retreating enemy. Bit by bit most of these duties have been taken over by other arms. Airplanes are incomparably more efficient for reconnaissance—at least by daylight and in fair weather. Machine guns have pretty well ended cavalry charges, and the shell holes and barbed wire of the modern battlefields do not favor the movement of mounted troops. And yet it is still too early to disband our regiments of horse. Cavalry still has a place in war. It was useful in reconnaissance in 1914. Allenby's desert campaign was mainly mounted warfare. Beersheba was captured by a charge of mounted infantry in the face of machine guns—which all the text books unite in declaring cannot be done.

Non-technical writers underestimate the value of cavalry for reconnaissance in the open warfare of the future—which is an important consideration since all

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warfare is open warfare at the start, and since in the next war mobility is likely to regain its old importance. Airplanes are of little use for reconnoitering by night. Tanks are too noisy for reconnaissance of any kind. Infantry patrols have obvious limits. Here is a niche that cavalry alone can fill and may continue to fill for a long time. Elsewhere the light tank, moving twenty-five miles an hour or better, has a mobility that the horse cannot equal and will become the swiftly manœuvring light cavalry force of the future, while the heavier tanks will move forward in lurching clattering legions to replace the charge once delivered by the heavy dragoons. It is idle to suppose that tanks will be too terrible for troops to face—men can be disciplined to endure anything—but the moral effect of these onrushing monsters with their uncanny din and remorseless indifference to anything save direct artillery hits will certainly equal the terror inspired by the old-fashioned thunder of hoofs and rattle of brandished steel.

The future of gas warfare is not difficult to guess. In 1914 most of the principal nations, though the United States was not among them, were pledged by the Hague Convention of 1899 not to employ "projectiles the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases"; yet within less than a year the Germans were discharging chlorine from cylinders placed on the ground, which technically were not projectiles—though shells containing liquid gas and fired by artillery like any other projectiles, thus clearly fall-

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ing within the limits of the prohibition, were swift to follow. Today all of the principal nations, pledged to make no military use of gas whatever, are industriously carrying on experiments with new gases and means of defense against them—all this, of course, in case the enemy should try it first. It is not unreasonable to predict that after the next war has broken out, the stress of combat will force some Power that finds itself hard-pressed, to fall back on its gas reserves; that its enemy, with loud protestations of righteous indignation, will follow suit; and that the knowledge of 1919, and all the research that has gone on since then, will come once more into play.

Nor is this quite so regrettable as the squeamish may imagine; for dreadful though gas warfare may be, its horrors are in no wise comparable to those caused by other weapons. Much of the outcry against the use of gas in war is simply the instinctive repugnance of people who forget that war and suffering have always been inseparable. New weapons are usually greeted by the protests of their victims. The Lateran Council¹⁷ banned the crossbow in 1139, Bayard and Marshal Saxe tried to prevent the use of small arms, and even Shakespeare's *Henry IV* contains a protest against "these vile guns."

Both the pain and the probability of death from injuries produced by gas are less than from wounds inflicted by the bayonet, by small arms, or by shell fire. In the bombardment that preceded their March offen-

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sive in 1918, the German artillerymen fired a hundred and fifty thousand mustard gas shells into an area of some twenty square miles about Cambrai. From these forty-five hundred casualties resulted, of whom but fifty died, and even these merely because they were in too great haste to remove their respirators. Of a hundred and fifty thousand mustard gas casualties in the British Army but one in forty died, and but one in two hundred was permanently incapacitated. In the American Army less than two per cent of the gas casualties died, whereas twenty-four per cent of the casualties caused by other weapons died.¹⁸ German writers estimate gas fatalities at three per cent.

The heavy losses from gas came during the first attacks when means of defense had not been perfected. In these one man in four perished. The "small box respirator," popularly known as a gas mask, which was used by the Allies during the last years of the War, was capable of stopping almost any gas while letting the purified air pass through to the lungs of the soldier. Since the war it has been made more comfortable and has been fitted with a diaphragm through which its wearer is able to talk, give orders, even deliver an address.

One further reason why gas is certain to be used in future war is its incomparable value as a surprise weapon. To quote once more from Dr. Hall's brilliant little essay, "If you are making a sixteen-inch gun or a tank, you cannot persuade an inspector or a spy that your

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product is a drain pipe or a house boat. But you may be carrying out a research to discover a new gas, and even the other chemist at the next bench can hardly be sure you are not making some harmless dye or perfume." Moreover, a quite peaceful and innocent chemical plant manufacturing anilines or fertilizers can be changed over with a minimum of adjustment and will in a twinkling be turning out the most diabolically deadly gas.

Here is one of the most vexing aspects of the Franco-German problem. Immense numbers of Germans quite frankly yearn for revenge. Amid all the changes of the German Cabinets, the Minister of Defense has remained always the same man. The Germans may—it is not in the least certain that they will—eventually reconcile themselves to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, but their eastern frontier, notably the Danzig corridor, they can never accept; and France, having created Poland to help hold Germany down, must back up her ally. Germany may make security treaties—but Germany has made treaties before.

A Franco-German struggle being thus distinctly in prospect, the French naturally do their best to keep Germany disarmed; but to their dismay they discover that though they may limit the size of armies and destroy weapons and equipment, they can neither destroy nor exercise effective surveillance over the Rhineland chemical works, which constitute by far the largest chemical industry in the world and one of Germany's

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chief military assets. At any moment some German chemist may discover—perhaps he has already discovered—a gas that will render useless every gas mask in the world. Meantime all the General Staffs are prosecuting secret researches of their own; and half of them probably have secret formulas—improvements on the innocent concoctions of 1919—up their braid-adorned sleeves at this very moment. The consciousness that other nations may be holding back such secrets as this—the military chemist does not observe the laudable scientific practice of sharing his knowledge with his fellows—ready to spring them as surprises after war is declared, promotes the uneasiness and the desire to get in the first blows which were so potent to hurry Europe into death grips in 1914.

Even if no new gases should be discovered, the possibilities of those already known are sufficiently appalling. "Paris," M. André Michelin assures us, "could be destroyed within a few hours. Paris covers an area of about eight thousand hectares (about twenty thousand acres). Its atmosphere, calculated at a height of ten metres, is therefore eight hundred thousand cubic metres.

"If we agree with the chemists that a gramme of toxic vapor is necessary to make an atmosphere impossible to live in, eight hundred million grammes—that is to say eight hundred tons—would therefore be sufficient to make it impossible to breathe in the Paris atmosphere and consequently to kill the population."

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Eight hundred planes of types now quite common would suffice.²⁰

It is not necessary to accept M. Michelin's figures uncritically. Many of these planes, as he himself observes, would never reach their goal; but no device has been discovered that will keep determined pilots from their target. It is also true that no power save France herself for the moment possesses aircraft sufficient to carry out such an attack; but though German production of German airplanes on German soil may be strictly controlled, there is no possible way of controlling the labors of German aircraft factories in Russia and elsewhere from which, in view of the high speed of air travel, surprise fleets could be assembled in a few days.

It is possible to agree with Mr. Haldane or with Dr. W. Lee Lewis, inventor of the terrible American gas, Lewisite, that these dangers are exaggerated by alarmists. But we must still admit the appalling possibilities of even partial success in such a stroke, which would paralyze the public administration of France, the aeronautical factories, and general reserves, and by crippling the Gennevilliers power station would cut off electric current from all the factories in Paris and the suburbs—a worse blow than any dealt in 1870 or 1914. And what can happen to Paris can happen to any other capital that has a foe within striking distance. For France the situation is especially grave because the greatest chemical industry in the world is concentrated

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in the Rhine Valley at her very doors and in the hands of men who have good cause to hate her.

Classified according to their effect upon troops, gases fall roughly into three main groups—those which temporarily disable, bringing tears and causing temporary blindness, or producing sneezing, vomiting, and headache; the vesicant gases, of which mustard gas is the best known, which blister the skin wherever they come in contact with it, so that gas masks are of little avail; and the lethal gases, which cause death by spasmodic contraction of the throat, by congestion of the lungs, or by absorption into the blood through the lungs. Tactically, however, there are only two sorts of gases, those that temporarily disable and those that kill. To the former Colonel Fuller pins his hope of “reforming war,” by making future hostilities a mere matter of superior skill in putting the enemy’s army comfortably to sleep or temporarily disabling them until you can find time to round them up and carry them off to prison camps, where they may be allowed to come to life—considerably chagrined but otherwise none the worse for their adventure.

Something of this sort actually occurred on a small scale in the Argonne in 1915, when the German Army used tear gas for the first time. The unprotected French troops were deluged with the new gas. Anyone who has ever experienced its effects will understand that they were almost instantly helpless—temporarily blind, though entirely unhurt. The German troops, with

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their own eyes protected by goggles, now walked across from their lines, collected the French rifles, formed the French soldiers in column, and conducted twenty-four hundred of their adversaries, weeping but uninjured, into captivity for the rest of the War. When the Germans subsequently announced the number of their prisoners taken in this affair, the French protested that this was a patent falsehood, as the figure was practically the same as the total of French casualties. But it was true, because all the casualties were then recovering their health in prison camps. It had been an idyllic battle in which almost nobody got hurt, but naturally it never happened again.²¹

Nor is it likely that war will ever become so humane as Colonel Fuller bids us hope; for, as any anæsthetist in any hospital can testify, such gases, though harmless in weak concentrations, are deadly in strong ones. Only under the ideal conditions of the operating room can the happy medium be struck. Of the other gases it may at least be said that they are infinitely more humane than artillery, machine guns, or the bayonet; for the study of casualties in the last war shows that the gassed soldier has twelve times as good a chance for life as the soldier who suffered from good old-fashioned shrapnel or high explosive.²² In years to come new gases may be devised which will induce general paralysis. The eyes, the respiratory system, the digestive tract, and the skin all offer convenient avenues for the chemist's attack. It is also possible that the semi-circular canals

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of the inner ear, which are believed to control bodily balance, may be affected so that whole armies will reel drunkenly to defeat.

It is not necessary to be a sailor or a naval critic to understand that submarines as well as aircraft will have an immense part to play in any future war that may break out. The most violently disputed naval question of our day is the future value of the battleship in view of the submarine's development and the capacities of future aircraft. The extreme school vehemently assert that the day of the capital ship is past, a view which they justify by pointing to the submarine successes of the Great War and the experiments in bombing battleships from the air that have been carried out since the War. The other school, admitting the importance of aircraft and submarines, hold that they are merely auxiliary to the capital ship—the official view of the British Admiralty. Officers of this school remind their critics that no capital ship has ever been destroyed by airplane or submarine; and that even the sinking of three armored cruisers in 1915, the most successful submarine exploit in history, was a feat never repeated by the German U-boats.

The submarine torpedo-boat is not by any means the novel device of popular imagination. Three hundred years ago Cornélis van Dribel, a Dutchman, devised a submarine rowboat in which King James I made a journey beneath the surface of the Thames, and to which Ben Jonson refers in his play, *The Staple of*

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News: "One Cornelius-son hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel, to swim the haven at Dunkirk and sink all the shipping there."²³ By 1652 the submarine had developed into a vessel with a length of seventy-two feet. Unsuccessful submarine attacks were made on the British Fleet during the American Revolution and the first successful attack on a warship was the sinking of the U. S. S. *Housatonic* in Charleston Harbor by the Confederate submarine *Hundley*, which was equipped with ballast tanks and diving planes, quite in modern fashion, but which in default of gas engines was propelled by hand. This attack, in which the submarine went down with her victim, was the last that succeeded until the World War; but by 1901 the United States Navy had ordered six submarines and the British five, while between 1886 and 1901 the French had built twenty-nine.

The invention of the automobile torpedo in 1864 spared submarine navigators their principal peril—the practical certainty of being blown up along with the enemy whom they sought to destroy because they could not get far enough away from the clumsy torpedoes which they carried on long spars ahead of the attacking vessel.

When the World War opened the submarine was a craft of some six hundred and thirty tons, with a surface speed of fourteen knots and a surface radius of fifty-five hundred miles, a maximum submerged speed of ten and a half knots and a maximum cruising radius,

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submerged, of sixty-five miles. Armed with the torpedo only in the beginning of the war, it was not long before the submarine was mounting small naval guns with calibres up to six inches. As early as 1917 its displacement was ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand tons, and since the War the new British submarine X-1, which was completed in 1923 and finished her trials in 1924, has attained a displacement of nearly three thousand tons on the surface and more than that submerged, with corresponding speeds of thirty-three and eighteen knots. The post-war submarine is sometimes large enough to mount a twelve-inch gun—as large a weapon as any surface warship carried only a few years ago. It is quite possible that submarines will be adapted to carry small airplanes and almost certainly tanks as well. Colonel Fuller draws a startling picture of an attack on a hostile coast by amphibious tanks, carried to a convenient point just off the hostile coast by submarines.

At the present moment this is a bit of fantastic imagining; but it is disquieting to reflect that all aerial warfare was merely imagination in 1905 when no heavier-than-air machines were practical devices; and to recall the fact, already mentioned, that as lately as 1912 the armies of the whole world possessed but a few hundred planes and the possibility of aerial combat was still regarded as highly doubtful. One authoritative work on aircraft written at this date hazarded the daring guess that France might quite possibly construct as many as a

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thousand military airplanes within a few years; and the date set for this dazzling future achievement was by ironic chance 1914.²⁴ At this time the tank was not even dreamed of, though its precursor, the war chariot, was centuries old. Just as the grotesque improbabilities of 1912 became the deadly realities of 1915, so the fanciful speculations of our day—which nevertheless possess a substratum of scientific fact—may become the dreadful realities of tomorrow. Or they may not. There is always a ray of hope—even in international prospects.

Whether submarines and aircraft completely drive out the capital ship or not—a question which the experts have not yet settled and which the layman may be excused from attempting to decide—they have certainly limited its field of action. Hence the graceful ease with which the Powers at the Washington Conference acquiesced in scrapping warships that might be useless and were certainly expensive, while most of them insisted there must be no limitation on the small cruisers which were large enough for commerce raiding if the bigger ships were barred, and in which a new naval rivalry promptly sprang up.

The next naval war is certain to be heralded by fighting in which aircraft—including probably torpedo-carrying planes—submarines, light cruisers, and destroyers will play a tremendous part. Whether the giants of the two—or more—fleets will ever come to grips is still to be decided. Battles between capital

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ships were sufficiently rare in the last war, and though they may not vanish they are not likely to increase in frequency or become commonplace occurrences.

If submarines begin to carry airplanes, raids on coastal cities will become dismayingly easy, since no patrol, however vigilant, can catch all hostile submarines, and a single plane-carrier, penetrating the defensive line and releasing even a solitary airplane, could do incalculable damage to vital and crowded centres like New York, San Francisco, London, or Tokyo. The employment of submarines and aircraft as commerce destroyers will raise once more the question that brought America into the World War; for though both plane and submarine can sink merchant vessels, neither can take off crew and passengers; and almost any nation, if driven hard enough, is likely to resort to these brutal but highly effective tactics.

All these are logical and possible developments of weapons at present in existence; but now as always before, throughout the whole history of warfare, there remains the possibility—say rather the certainty—that some entirely new weapon may be devised. Thousands of years ago, for example, the bow and arrow was a startling new departure from the clubs, spears, teeth, nails, and fisticuffs which were the utmost in military science that that happy age could conceive. This new and highly scientific ballistic weapon revolutionized prehistoric tactics. A few centuries ago the introduction of fire-arms similarly startled and disgusted Euro-

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pean soldiers. It was not a matter of improving an old weapon, but of devising a brand new one which entirely altered warfare. More new and revolutionary weapons are pretty certain to be developed in the future.

It is of course impossible to predict what some unknown scholar may at this very moment be cooking up in his laboratory for the discomfiture of his country's foes; but several possibilities, still more or less obscure, are worth mentioning. There is, first of all, the possibility of warfare with bacteria. Test-tubes of pathogenic germs probably could not be fired into the hostile lines by artillery because of the heat generated as an incident of explosion; but there is not the least reason—except humanitarian considerations, which really do not count—why they should not be sowed broadcast by airplanes or even inserted casually in the enemy's streams, reservoirs, and stores of food by a few hundred active and devoted intelligence agents. Most of the germs thus broadcast would probably die, but enough might survive to start epidemics which would have a certain military value. A recent German writer on the weapons of the future asserts that bacteriological warfare holds out "great possibilities" and reminds us that the bacteriologist can increase as well as decrease the virulence of his germs.²⁵

The great difficulty in such warfare would be to keep the pestilence once generated from spreading back across one's own frontier, but a refinement of methods may some day make this possible. A country whose

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scholars have devised a new specific—preferably a prophylactic rather than a remedy—against some particular disease which they have withheld from the rest of the world (Germany is now said to have such a secret remedy for sleeping sickness, the bane of the tropics) could start a pestilence which might be world-wide, with complete equanimity—providing always it could salve the public conscience. With efficient propaganda this is usually quite easy. It would be desirable, however, to be absolutely certain of the new medicine's powers before trying to play any such international tricks. A first-class bacteriologist with Napoleonic leanings might contrive to ascend a planetary throne without much difficulty, the chief safeguard against attempts of this sort being the extreme disinclination of scientific men to take Napoleonism seriously, their unique capacity to think internationally, and their honorable tradition of pooling knowledge and resources.

The possibility of attacking the enemy's army through the ear canals of its soldiers has already been alluded to as a conceivable future development of gas warfare; but there is no reason why this desirable end should be accompanied by the use of gas. Any new device, a ray, a method of producing violent concussion—though how the effects of high explosive can be greatly exceeded in this direction with any degree of safety to their users it is difficult to imagine—would be equally "good." Perhaps we shall discover a destructive use for atomic energy.

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Ray warfare is a distinct probability, if only because it is one of the imaginings of Mr. H. G. Wells, who introduces it in his romance *The War of the Worlds* and who has lived to see so many of his impossible and ridiculous prophecies become living—and also dying—realities. The discovery of the so-called “death ray” by an English inventor convulsed the British press and Parliament not long ago; but the invention was eventually rejected, the War Office explaining that the new device was not a genuine discovery and accomplished nothing that could not already be accomplished by other means. As no one questions that the new ray did actually kill mice, and as the step from mice to men is not, in an experimental sense, very large, the War Office’s admission that similar ray-producing mechanisms exist is, to say the least, interesting to the General Staffs of other nations.

Men may never slay one another with deadly rays, and yet it is quite possible that rays or waves of some other type may be discovered which will at least make it possible to stall motors at a distance; and even this would have far-reaching military effects. Experiments of this type in France are said to have advanced as far as taxicabs, to the considerable mystification of the disgusted drivers who were the unconscious subjects of the trials. Such an invention, which might be quite simple and inexpensive, could conceivably be kept secret until the declaration of war and then turned out in immense numbers—very much as the French tried to do

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with the mitrailleuse in 1870. That attempt was a fiasco because the mitrailleuse was a complex weapon, the secret of which had been kept inviolate with such success that no one knew how to work it.

The new device might be made so simple that pointing it and pressing a button would suffice to bring fleets of airplanes tumbling from the skies, and leave dirigibles nothing more than uncontrollable bags of gas, floating helplessly through the air; while the enemy's tanks, motor lorries, artillery transport, and staff cars could be stopped simultaneously.

The prospect opens an alluring possibility of bringing war literally to a halt at a cost no greater than a few broken necks for aviators. After all, broken necks are a part of the air force's profession; and the total number would be vastly less than that necessary in a long war.

CHAPTER XIII

EPILOGUE: AND FINALLY—

We have examined the forces that are slowly drawing us down the road to disaster. The strange thing is that though all our feet are set upon that road, we go reluctantly. No one, not even the maddest statesman who is ready to send other men out to die, least of all the soldier who will face death, desires the new war that the whole human race is so blithely preparing. It is not fatality that pursues us but our folly. For though we solemnly avow our love of peace, we make no effort, while there is still time, to check the forces that are making new wars.

None of these forces is likely to produce war overnight, perhaps not even in the immediate future; for modern wars do not spring up quickly, however often they may seem to do so. Quite the contrary, their germination is very long. All the causes of the World War can plainly be seen in operation at least twenty years before its outbreak, and a little investigation shows that most of them were not new even then. Nations harbor long grudges. Italy had cherished her irridentist longings for more than half a century before the favorable opportunity of 1915 came, which enabled

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her to hand in her bill to the Hapsburg Empire and declare war when it was not paid. French grievances were almost as old. Anglo-German rivalry was at least a decade older than the century. And all these causes of the War had been recognized so long and had occasioned such frequent vain alarms that many peaceful citizens of many lands were inclined to regard all the alarms as false. But, for all that, war came at last, as war will come again unless—an exceedingly improbable event—its causes are rooted up completely.

To varnish over symptoms is not enough. That process may procure a respite; but it can do no more so long as the forces that created the first World War are allowed to go on working with the same deadly efficacy as of old.

Nor can we Americans lay to our optimistic Yankee souls the most soothing but the most perilous of all flattering unctious—the notion that because we are distant and because we try to be aloof, we are therefore secure. Tribesmen fighting in Morocco, naval rivalries in the Mediterranean, population pressure in Europe or the Far East, nations struggling to the sea, irriden-tist problems and other peoples' naval bases here and there about the map, seem far enough from these safe and rich and comfortable United States; but they are no more distant than the sleepy little Bosnian town of Serajevo. Our world is closely interwoven—a truism worth emphasizing in spite of its triteness; and because this interweaving of relationships and interests grows

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR

ever closer with the new inventions of every year that passes, no neutral nation dare think itself secure or safe when hostile states are reaching for each other's throats. Wars have always had a habit of spreading. Modern wars spread with greater ease and swiftness than the less terrible struggles of a gentler and more leisurely age.

Fortunately for ourselves the next war may be some time in arriving—though we dare not reckon with undue certainty upon such a piece of luck. If the forty years' delay that Mr. Wells prophesies is too much to hope for, the space of twenty years that General Maurice suggests, though far from certain, is not improbable. For this anticipation there are two sound reasons: one the general economic exhaustion of the world; the other a profound war weariness which is apparent even in our own country, scarcely conscious of the meaning of modern war, and which in European countries is fairly certain to throw out of office any statesman who proposes war for several years to come. In other words, most of the civilized world is for the present unable to fight another great war; and practically all of the civilized world is unwilling to fight another.

Yet though these facts may promise a respite, they guarantee no permanent relief, and even the respite is not quite certain. There is abundant cause for friction in the relations of America and Japan. Because these are the only two great modern Powers that have been

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strengthened rather than weakened by the War, such war weariness as exists among their people is not likely to be of long duration,—especially as neither has experienced a really disastrous war for generations. Should the long-discussed Pacific war break out some day, it is not unreasonable to suppose that China, Russia, or Great Britain might become involved; after which—barring the most extraordinary luck—the other Powers, war-weary or not, would be fairly certain to become entangled.

Of the lasting cessation of warfare there is no sign on the horizon. When Europe succeeds in bringing about her economic rehabilitation, the most potent check upon the tendencies that lead to wars will have been removed. The gradual passing of the generations that have known at first hand the true meaning of war and the horror of its aftermath will mean the disappearance of their expensively-acquired wisdom and their unwillingness to fight again. Meantime, unless all signs fail, populations will be denser and industrialism will have grown apace. The gradual industrialization of the undeveloped lands that now produce raw materials and provide markets will deprive the older industrial countries of the two things they chiefly need; and the rivalries engendered of the struggle over what remains will be correspondingly embittered.

If the rehabilitation of Europe should prove impossible and the Great Powers should sink to the rank of petty states, the situation would be no whit improved.

FAILURE OF THE WAR TO END WAR

The new Great Powers of the future would be a little farther west, that is all; and Europe might become a new Balkan Peninsula, weak and backward, but full of bitter hatred still.

The solution of the whole problem is simple enough—so simple and so evident that there is little hope anyone will pay the least heed to it. We need but study the underlying causes of modern war, spread a knowledge of them among the people who must do the fighting, demonstrate the relatively slight chances of profit in warfare under modern conditions,—and suppress the peace-at-any-price folk, whose emotionalism interferes with the strenuous intellectual endeavor such a task requires.

Given an intelligent comprehension of the issues at stake plus ordinary good-will, we should be rid of most of our difficulties; but intelligence and good-will are unhappily not qualities likely to be allowed any very extended part in the affairs of our planet for some centuries to come.

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